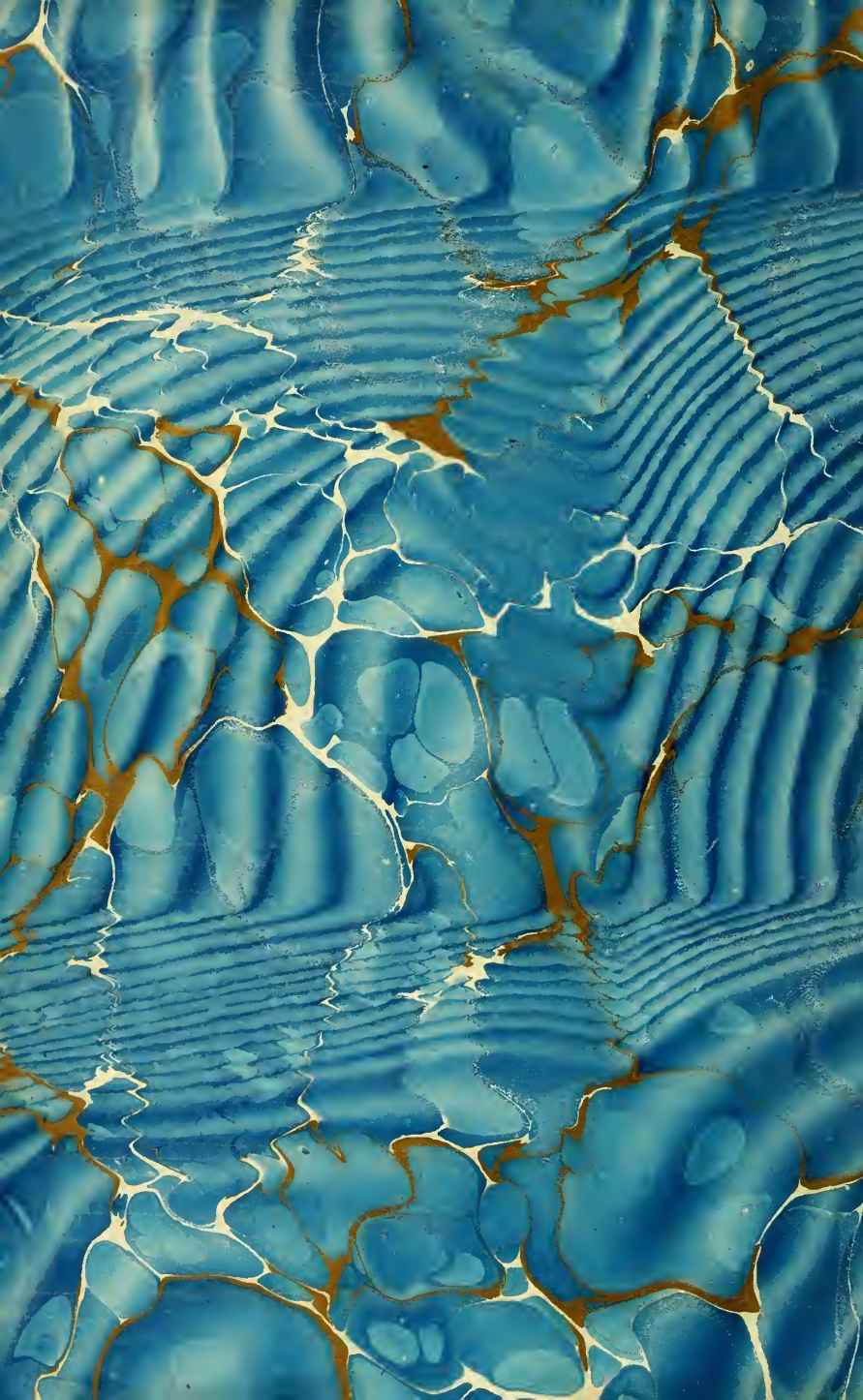

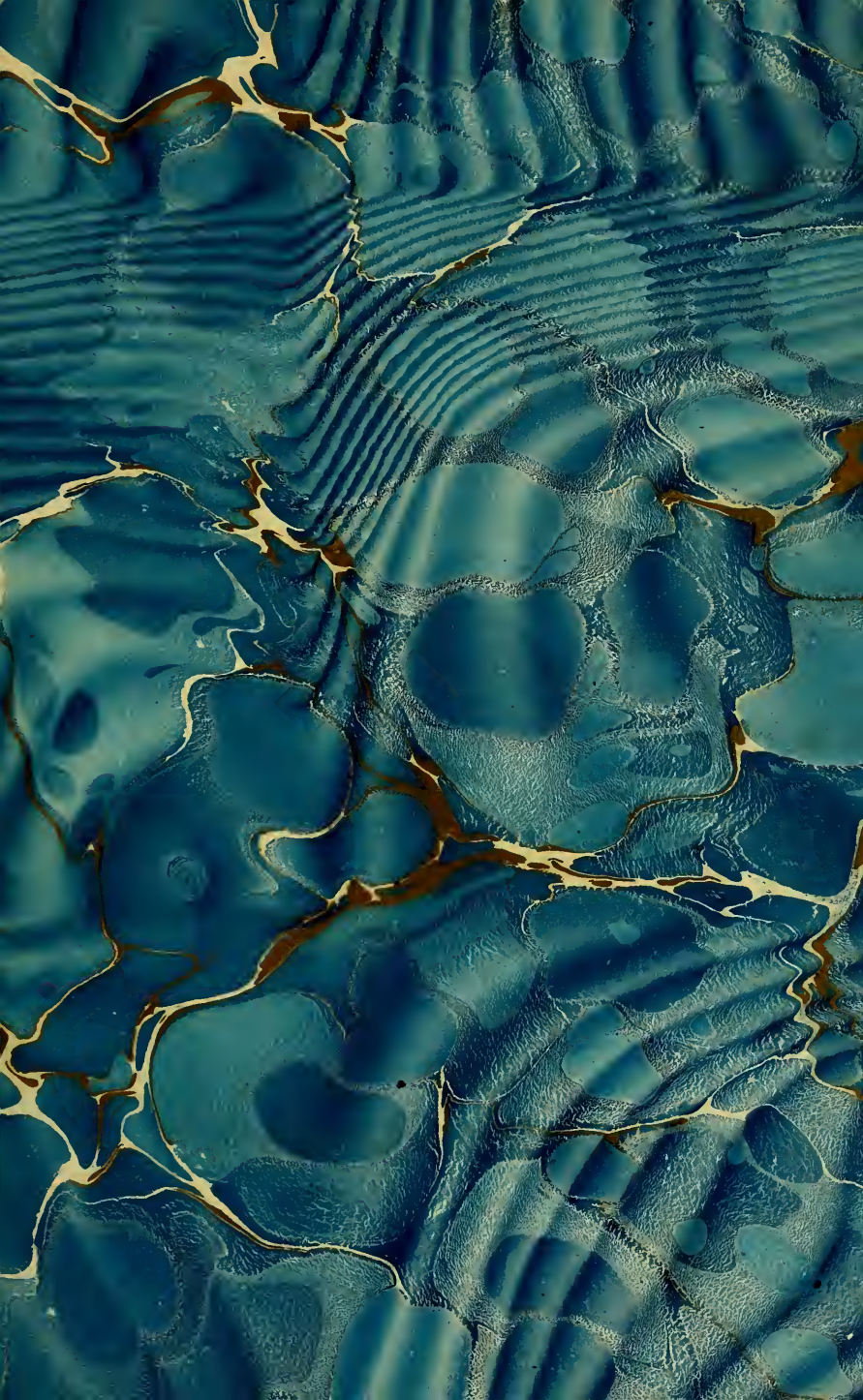

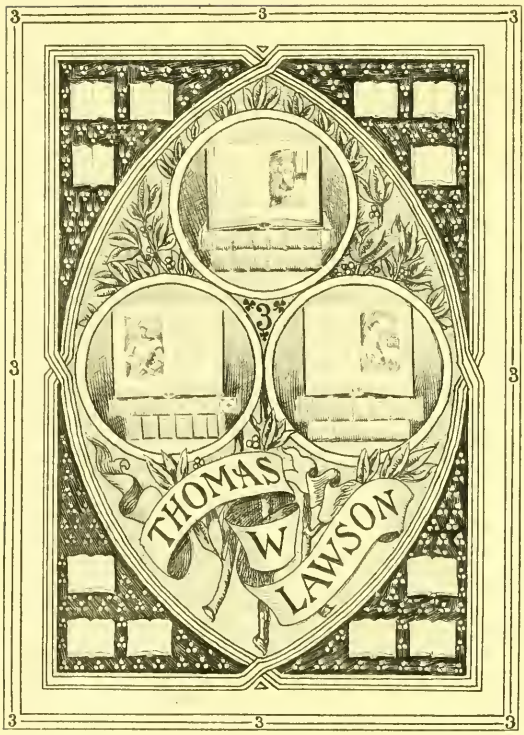
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A MIRROR OF THE TURF.

A MIRROR OF THE TURF

OR

THE MACHINERY OF HORSE-RACING REVEALED

SHOWING

THE SPORT OF KINGS AS IT IS TO-DAY.

"A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse."
SHAKESPEARE.

BY

LOUIS HENRY CURZON,

AUTHOR OF "THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE TURF."

LONDON: CHAPMAN AND HALL, LD.

1892.

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CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS,
CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

AN

EXERCISE GALLOP TO BEGIN WITH.

THE details of the "Sport of Kings" embraced in the following pages, do not claim to be a consecutive history of the turf, nor are they intended for the instruction of professional racing men. The author makes no pretensions to teach trainers how to train horses, or jockeys how to ride them, and in no sense, except that it is offered for their perusal, is the work intended for those who make the "business" of the turf the work of their lives; the book has been written for other persons and other purposes.

It is necessary to state this much plainly, because when a paper or an article pertaining to the "great national sport" appears in a review or magazine, it is at once stigmatised by the sporting journals as containing only "pipers' news," and in the view of the critics it may be so; but such articles are not written to instruct the critics, but to inform the public.

Histories and other works dealing with horse-racing have at intervals been published, while at the present time there are three daily journals as well as a dozen weekly papers exclusively devoted to what has been called "the great game," and other sports. In addition to these, nearly all the daily

newspapers contain full accounts of the race meetings, and also publish weekly commentaries on the sport at considerable length, the reading of which tends to excite interest and provoke inquiry regarding the incidence of "the turf."

"Pray, Mr. Curzon," said once upon a time a worthy lady to the writer, "what kind of horses are these which I notice are being milked on the turf, and what becomes of the milk?" The ignorance of that most respectable female, and her excellent husband as well, to whom she had previously propounded the same riddle, is undoubtedly shared by thousands, and it is for the edification of these and other thousands who have never seen behind the mirror that this book has been written.

It will, perhaps, be thought by some persons that the dark side of things is too much dwelt upon in the following pages, that too much is said about the frauds and chicaneries of the turf, and too little about the brighter aspects of the sport, but it must be borne in mind that racing has unfortunately become a "business" of the most sordid kind; the majority of the men engaged in the "sport" run their horses only as "instruments of gambling," whilst not a few of them to ensure success condescend to practices that will not bear the light of day. The turf gambling of the period has become enormous, but few outside the range of racing circles have hitherto had much knowledge of the immense amount of money which changes hands day by day in the various betting rings, or in the numerous turf clubs

that abound in almost every city and large town of the kingdom.

The betting in connection with horse-racing which has of late been so fiercely denounced, and the rationale of which is so little understood by even the best informed economists and legislators, is described at considerable length in the following pages, whilst the practice of betting on credit is honestly denounced for the reasons given. Chapters of this book are also devoted to other phases of turf organisation; the powers of the Jockey Club are detailed and explained, the rules of racing are criticised, and the every-day work of trainers, touts, tipsters, and jockeys set forth.

Sporting writers, when turf matters are being considered, and the sordid motives of the majority of those who frequent racecourses and other turf resorts are being called in question, cry out loudly about the unfairness of attacking the turf, and allowing the more gigantic gambling of which the Stock Exchange is the theatre to escape censure. But as the proverb says, "two blacks will never make one white"; besides, this book is not "an attack" on horse-racing, it is simply, as its title indicates, "a mirror of the turf."

It is the "Sport of Kings" only which is treated of in the following pages; the author willingly leaves the wide subject of commercial morality or immorality, to be treated by other pens.

MAYFAIR.

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A

MIRROR OF THE TURF.

BEGINNINGS OF RACING.

The origin of horse-racing cannot be fixed by any quotation of dates, as none are extant to show by whom the first race was planned, the terms on which it was run, the distance traversed, the kind of horses which ran, the men who trained them, or the jockeys who rode them.

It may, however, be taken for granted that, as an English sport, horse-racing began in homely fashion, and, in the days of old, centuries ago that is to say, was a very different pastime from what it is to-day.

Attempts have often been made to trace the beginnings of horse-racing, but not with much success. It has been assumed by writers on the subject, that there would in the first place be trials of strength of a friendly description among neighbours, matches, perhaps, between horses which their owners looked upon as being animals above the common run. Scientific, or planned racing, in other words, the elaborately arranged contests with which, as a nation, we are familiar is, it may be said, a comparatively modern pastime. But the sport of horse-racing, as we

know it to-day, has undoubtedly been elaborated from those simple trials of equine strength that took place centuries ago, which may, in many instances, have been arranged to promote the selling of horses.

"Look ye, sir, let us try our horses against each other, and if yours prove better than mine I'll buy it," is a saying that might represent the idea entertained; and so, on an improvised course, ridden very likely by their owners—"owners up"—at what are called catch-weights, there would off hand be run a race of the kind indicated. At village feasts, fairs, and other gatherings of a popular kind, as has been often told, races of a rough-and-ready sort—precursors of the more elaborate meetings with which the public are now familiar—were long ago run.

Accustomed as we have long been to very complete records of racing, we look with some impatience on the dry fragments and supposititious statements, in which are embodied what is known regarding the birth of horse-racing. Our public journals day by day contain more in one publication than can be gathered from the historic records of the country about the horse-racing of a hundred years, when the compiler requires to carry his search back to days before good Queen Bess began to reign. In those days neither "our racing reporter" nor "our sporting correspondent" had come upon the scene.

We know more about the sports enjoyed in olden times by the people of Greece and Italy than we know about those of our own country. There was, as all who please may read, an Oaks in the Grecian Games of the 71st Olympiad, 496

years B.C. With the aid of Dr. Smith's classical dictionaries, it would be possible to compile an interesting account of those races, which afforded sport many hundred years ago to Greeks and Romans. That horse-races were run in this country in the time of the Romans is exceedingly likely. Not, however, till two centuries had elapsed after the departure of the Romans from Britain, do we read of much that is of interest about the horse and its uses in this country. King Athelstan, it is recorded, received as a gift several running horses of German breeding.* That King is said to have shown a great love for the horse, and in his time running horses were much prized, so much so that none were allowed to be sent out of the kingdom, except as Royal presents. Athelstan's liking for horses was so well known, that he received many gifts of fine animals, so that at the period of his death, he was presumably in the possession of a numerous stud.

During the reign of Henry II. various documents record the fact of the English people having become interested in horse-racing. At Smithfield, where a market for horses had been established, races were run from time to time, chiefly perhaps with the view of testing the capabilities of these animals before purchasing them. "Hackneys" and "Charing Steeds" is the description given of the horses raced in order to show off their paces at Smithfield. That the running which took place

* In Whyte's "History of the Turf" it is stated that the earliest mention of running horses is of those in the 9th century sent by the founder of the Royal house of Capet, in France, as a present to King Athelstan, whose sister he was soliciting in marriage.

was other than would be incidental to buying and selling need not be argued, there being no indication of any set race being run for a stake of money or other prize.

Some historians of the turf, desirous of establishing the fact of these contests being other than simple trials of speed and stamina—that they were organised races, in fact—endeavour to prove their case by the oft quoted description of an old chronicler, Fitz Stephen, who thus describes what took place: "When a race is to be run by this sort of horses, and perhaps by others, which, of their kind, are also strong and fleet, a shout is immediately raised and the common horses are ordered to withdraw out of the way. Three jockeys, or sometimes only two, as the match is made, prepare themselves for the contest. The grand point is to prevent a competitor getting before them. The horses themselves are not without emulation; they tremble, and are impatient and are continually in motion. At last the signal once given, they start, *devour* the course, and hurry along with unremitting swiftness. The jockeys, inspired with the thought of applause and the hope of victory, clap spurs to their willing horses, brandish their whips, and cheer them with their cries."

The writer of these lines, as all readers of history know, was the secretary of Archbishop A'Becket, and was himself a monk of Canterbury, and Drayton the poet bears testimony to the accuracy of what he has stated.

The word "jockey," as used in the above extract, may denote a professional horseman; but at the time in question the word was applied

generally to dealers in horses, and related, as has often been argued, more to bargaining and pricing than to riding.

In the succeeding reign horse-racing as a pastime — that is organised racing — appears to have been established, grafted most likely on the practice already referred to of "showing off," by a few runs, the paces of such animals as were exposed for sale. When the pastime was first established, racing took place only at fixed periods, generally during the Easter and Whitsuntide holidays. The racing of those days is alluded to in an old metrical romance:

> In Somertyme at Whitsuntyde,
> When Knights most on horseback ryde;
> A Cours let they make on a day,
> Steeds and Palfraye, for to essaye
> Which horse that best may run.
> Three miles the Cours was then,
> Who that might ryde him shoulde
> Have forty pounds of redy golde.

Records of racing and notices of the horse as a courser begin after this time to be frequent. In the latter part of the reign of Edward II., and in the beginning of the reign of his successor, prices are occasionally quoted for that class of horse.

Taking now a leap to the reign of "bluff King Hal," the belief that horse-racing, as a pastime, had by that time taken root, and was gradually deepening its hold on the affections of the English people, can hardly be resisted. In a document relating to the Royal household, mention is made of His Majesty's horses as follows: "Coursers, young horses, hunting geldings, hobies, Barbary horses, stallions, geldings, mail

bottles, pack, Berage Robe, and stalking horses." In this list is comprised the elements of the modern stud.

During the reign of Henry VIII. various enactments were made with a view to improving the breed of horses. To make sure that the country should possess horses of commanding strength and size, the proportions of both sires and dams were regulated by an Act, one of the provisions of which was that no person should put in on forest, chace, moor, or heath, any stoned horse above the age of two years not being fifteen hands high, nor under fourteen hands, on pain of forfeiting the same. This Act, which discriminated the sizes in different counties, was undoubtedly judicious in its results, which ultimately proved beneficial to the general breed of horses throughout the kingdom. Some curious regulations devised by the King were from time to time made public. He obliged all men of a given position, especially clergymen, to keep a certain number of horses. Thus Archbishops and Dukes were enjoined in this reign to keep seven trotting stone horses of fourteen hands in height for the saddle. Clergymen also who possessed a benefice of £600 per annum, or laymen, whose wives wore French hoods, or velvet bonnets, were ordered to keep one trotting stone horse, under a penalty of twenty pounds.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, public racing was not much in vogue; still, in the days of "good Queen Bess," the race-horse continued to be prized. Her successor on the throne, James I., was remarkable for his attention to horse-breeding. He ordered £500 to be paid to Mr.

Markham for an Arabian, the first animal of that breed seen in England, while in the time of the same king, races were run in many parts of England for silver bells, notably at Gatherly, in Yorkshire, Chester, Croydon, and some other localities. At this period the condition of the competing horses began to attract attention, their wants being methodically attended to, the weights to be carried adjusted, their exercise gallops and sweats being also properly defined. The repute of English race-horses during the reign of the first James became so great that they attracted attention in France, to which country several were exported, the methods of keeping and training them which then prevailed here being adopted by the French.

In the year 1640, in the days of Charles I., the first Newmarket meetings were inaugurated, and, as will by-and-by be shown, horse-racing has been a feature of that famous town ever since. An account is given in another chapter of the rise of horse-racing in different localities, in which the further progress of the sport in its earlier days will be alluded to.

Many apropos squibs and satires were published during this and the succeeding reign of Charles II. One of these is entitled "Newmarket," and it shows that the town had at that date become celebrated as the chief seat of horse-racing:

> Let cullies that look at a race,
> Go venture at hazard to win;
> Or he that is bubbl'd at dice,
> Recover at Cocking again.
> Let jades that are foundered be bought;
> Let jockies play crimp to make sport,

Another makes racing a trade,
And dreams of his projects to come,
And many a crimp match has made,
By bubbling* another man's groom.

Oliver Cromwell kept a racing stud, and was noted somewhat for his patronage of the turf, no doubt with the view of personally studying how best to improve the breed of English horses. Cromwell's master of the horse was Mr. Place, who was the means of bringing to England a celebrated horse known as the White Turk. Charles II. did more for the improvement of the race-horse than any of his predecessors, he may be said, in fact, to have "made it." During his reign horse-racing took a really firm hold of the affections of the English people—a hold never since relaxed and that is now firmer than ever.

It has taken long to bring the English race-horse to that perfection indicated by the paying of two or three and even four thousand guineas for a yearling, and ten thousand pounds for a three-year-old on the mere chance of its winning a Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger, or a big handicap; not to mention the giving of equally large sums for stud horses, many of which have realised during the last ten or twelve years what at one time would have been deemed fabulous prices. That attention was turned to horse-breeding at an early period, seems pretty certain; men, indeed, had begun to study "the niceties of the business" more than three hundred years ago, their studies having resulted in the lines of superb coursers now on the turf.

* Bribing.

Briefly stated, the growth of the British race-horse has been pretty much as follows. When Britain was invaded by the Romans, Cæsar found plenty of horses, such as they were, in the country. As all know, the horse is, and has ever been, widely diffused; great dubiety, however, exists as to its origin or native land; its remains have been found in the most unlikely spots, and some naturalists suggest Arabia as the native region of the animal; but no distinct proof of its being so has been brought forward, nor in ancient history is there any mention of Arabia as being distinguished for its horses. No matter to what country we are indebted for this useful animal, it is now found in nearly every part of the world.

Much that is romantic has been written about the Arab horse. The following is one account of its creation: "Allah created the horse out of the wind, as he created Adam out of the mud. When Allah willed to create the horse, he said to the South wind, 'Condense thyself and let a creature be born of thee,' and the wind obeyed. Then came the angel Gabriel and, taking a handful of this matter, he presented it to Allah, who formed it into a horse, dark bay or chestnut. 'I have called thee horse,' said Allah; 'I have created thee, Arab; I have attached good fortune to the hair that falls between thy eyes. Thou shalt be the lord of all other animals; men shall follow thee whithersoever thou goest. Good for pursuit as for flight, thou shall fly without wings.'"

According to the Venerable Bede, the English people were in the habit of using saddle horses so early as the year 631, but how these animals first came upon our island no one has ever said,

nor will any person be ever able to say; those we read about in the early times referred to, must have been very coarse and of small value compared to the blood stock of the present day. But even before there came an infusion of foreign blood, much care was evidently being exercised in mating the sexes, and in the modes of feeding and treating various kinds of horses; they seem to have been classified at an early age according to the uses for which they were designed. In 1512, there were "gentill horsys," superior cattle, a kind which made good chargers; there were also "palfreys," or horses of an elegant description, trained for the use of ladies and invalids of rank; "hobys" were horses of a strong and active kind, held at one time in high repute and useful for many purposes; "every man has his hoby," is a phrase that probably originated from the commonness of these animals; the other kind was deemed useful for the carrying of burdens. There were also chariot or "charotte" horses, curtals or horses with a short tail, parade or show horses known as "gambaldynges," as also the "amblynge" horse much used by ladies.

A considerable impetus was given to horse-breeding in England in 1588, in which year several fine Spanish horses were washed ashore from some of the wrecked vessels of the Armada. These animals were reputed to have been taken to Newmarket and other places with the view of improving the native breed; but as regards this, and indeed most of the so-called facts about the horse-breeding of that period, no very reliable evidence exists.

It was, during the reign of James I., however,

that the race-horse as now known to us began to be developed. That monarch, determined England should be foremost in the art of horse-breeding, purchased from a Mr. Markham an Arabian horse that set a distinct mark on the national stud; the animal is reputed to have cost £154, a very considerable sum of money in the days of the first James. The horse proved a "duffer" on the racecourse, but was doubtless of service in "blooding" the then courser of the nation. The King, not disheartened by the want of the quality of speed in the foreigner, purchased the White Turk from Mr. Place. The Duke of Newcastle having taken a dislike to the Arabians, endeavoured to write them down in his work, the "General System of Horsemanship." His opinion of the horse was that it possessed size, but, lacking substance, was not a weight carrier. During the reign of James I., horse-racing began to grow into a popular sport, and the rules and regulations then introduced for its conduct developed in time into the elaborate system with which we are now familiar.

Of the Darley Arabian which laid the foundation of our modern stock of racing horses, a brief account may not be without interest.

The Mr. Darley who obtained and sent to England this celebrated animal, was a merchant in the Levant with a wide circle of acquaintances; being a hunting man and Yorkshire to boot, he was possessed of good knowledge of horse flesh. Knowing the value of the Arabian horse, he exerted his interest to procure a famous example of the breed, and was so successful as to obtain a very fine animal at a moderate sum. The

horse being quickly sent over to this country, was placed in charge of Mr. Darley's brother at Buttercramb near York, where he soon distinguished himself at the stud; he got Almanzor, Childers, Cupid, Brisk, Dædalus, Dart, Skipjack, Uranica, Aleppo, as also brother to Almanzor, which, however, from meeting with an accident, never ran on the turf.

Before the advent of the Darley horse in the reign of Queen Anne, other Arabians had been brought to England. The Leedes Arabian, the sire of Ariadne, was first known as the Northumberland Arabian, his name being changed on becoming the property of Mr. Leedes of North Melford, Yorkshire. Foaled in 1755, that horse was purchased in Zemine from the Immaum of Sinna in Arabia Felix, and was brought to England along with another horse, known in Lord Northumberland's stud as the Golden Arabian, by a Mr. Phillips, well-known in his day for his "good judgment of horses." The Brown Arabian served in the Northumberland stud until the year 1766, when he was used by Mr. Leedes. Although this foreigner was not in great demand, he was the sire of some good winning horses. Other foreign horses which have left their mark on the English stud were Mr. Honeywood's White Arabian, and the horse which was sire of Makeless, and also of Bald Frampton, likewise of the far-famed Scottish Galloway, which beat the Duke of Devonshire's Dimple. The Arabian mare (by the Cullen Arabian out of an Arabian mare) was bred by the Duke of Cumberland. One of the finest of the Eastern horses brought to this country

was known as the Newcombe Bay Mountain Arabian. Standing at John Giles's farm near Southgate, Middlesex, he sired several very good horses.

The Cullen Arabian just referred to was brought to England by Mr. Mosco, from Constantinople; the horse had been bred in the Royal stud, and was of grand descent and greatly esteemed for his pure blood; he was presented to the British Consul by the Emperor of Morocco, and ultimately became the property of Lord Cullen. The Cullen Arabian, after covering at Rushton in Northamptonshire (at ten guineas), died in the year 1761. Another foreign horse of some repute was the celebrated Damascus Arabian, foaled in 1754 and brought to England in September, 1760. He covered at various places, and was considered a very fine specimen of the Eastern horse.

The following account of this animal was written on stamped paper and exhibited at Smeaton, near North Allerton, Yorkshire, where he at one time covered, and could be seen as lately as 1807. "He was bred by the Arab who was Sheick or Chief of Aeria—a person who was noted for his breed of horses, and was presented when a foal to the Bashaw of Damascus, and given by him to a rich Turkey merchant at Aleppo with whom the Bashaw had heavy dealings in money affairs. He was bought at two years old by an English gentleman, in whose possession he continued till his arrival in England."

The Damascus Arabian was the sire of Signal and other animals. The Chestnut Arabian may

be next referred to. He was brought to England by the Earl of Kinoul, from Constantinople, having cost the British Ambassador over £200. He got several useful race-horses, being sire of Narcissus, Nimrod, and Polydore, the property of Lord Northumberland. The fee charged was five guineas, with five shillings to the groom.

The pedigrees of some of our best race-horses can, it is said, be traced back to Lord Lonsdale's Bay Arabian, sire of Monkey and Spider. The name of the Coombe Arabian, sire of Methodist, may also be included in the catalogue of those celebrities which came to England from a foreign land. The history of Mr. Bell's Grey Arabian must be given at some length. It was industriously circulated that this horse had cost much more money in purchase, bribes, and transport than any animal of the kind previously brought to England. He was bought at a place that was thirty days' distance from the port at which he would have to be embarked for England, namely, St. Jean d'Acre. Mr. Bell, his ultimate owner, employed a person named Philip John, an Armenian, to negotiate the purchase at any price of a first-rate Arabian to be sent to England for breeding purposes. Philip John did his very best in the way of bribing and bullying, and was granted the favour in the end of purchasing Bell's Arabian, as the horse was called, out of the personal stud of Berrysucker, a chief of Arabs, receiving at the same time a certificate of its pedigree and of it being of the right Jelfz's blood—a perfect descent and a true Arab steed of the desert. The covering fee for this Arabian was ten guineas, and he stood

at Mr. Carver's, Goulder's Green, near Barnet, in the year 1765. He was the sire of Sir C. Bunbury's Orlando and many other good horses. Nothing romantic is connected with those horses; they were sought for and purchased as a matter of business, and doubtless in the hope they would some day leave an impressive mark on British racing stock.

Another foreign horse which proved of undoubted value to the British stud, was the Godolphin Arabian.

Different tales have been told regarding the history of this notable animal, particularly that he was found in the ignoble employment of a Parisian carter, so little was the value put upon his possession at one time. Although called an Arabian, more likely the horse was a *barb*, as his "points" were chiefly of that caste. This animal was supposed to have been foaled in the year 1724, and when he attained full growth he stood about 15 hands high. The probability is that Godolphin was sent from the Emperor of Morocco as a present to Louis XIV. He was brought to England by a Mr. Coke, who gave him to Roger Williams, of the St. James's Coffee House. The horse was presented by Mr. Williams to Earl Godolphin, who kept him in his stud till the period of his death. The Godolphin Arabian was the sire of Lath, one of the finest animals of his day. In Whyte's History, in addition to other valuable information utilised in these pages, a list of forty colts got by this Arabian is given; as also of twenty fillies. "Every superior race-horse since his time up to the present day partakes of his valuable blood." The Godolphin Arabian

"died at Gog Magog in Cambridgeshire in 1753, being supposed to be then in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and is buried in a covered passage leading to the stable with a flat stone over him, without any inscription."

The roll of distinguished foreigners is not completed by the Godolphin Arabian. Louis XIV. received another present from Muley Ishmael, King of Morocco; that was a horse known afterwards as the Curwen bay barb, from the name of the gentleman who brought him to England. He was not much used, except in the case of Mr. Curwen's own mares. Among the horses of the desert, which had been brought to England, there was also the Sedley Grey Arabian, he was the sire of Coquette and also of Bistern, who was the property of Lord Bolingbroke; there was likewise the Toulouse barb, sire of the famous Ryegateman, dam of Cinnamon. The Marshall of Selaby Turk, which played an important part among the race-horses of the period, ultimately became the property of Mr. Marshall, the stud-groom of King William, Queen Anne, and George III. The Byerly Turk cannot be passed without some notice: he was ridden by his owner as a charger in Ireland, during King William's wars, and became the sire of Sprite, a really good horse, the property of the Duke of Kingston. The names of Ancaster Turk, the Belgrade Turk, the White Turk, can only be mentioned.*

Much scorn has been evinced at the poor

* The foregoing notes, it is proper to state, have been "collected" and adapted from a variety of books and periodicals too numerous to mention, and must be taken "errors excepted."

part which was played by some "horses of the East" on Newmarket Heath, when they ran in one or two races, alongside, or rather behind some of our national bred horses. Racing critics have perhaps been rather hurried in coming to a conclusion, they have apparently forgotten that these Eastern animals have not been accustomed to do what our horses are trained to accomplish. Although these imported Easterns are not fit to figure on a race-course alongside our English animals, they may yet become of value, by invigorating the race-horses of a future day. What has been done before may be done again. As is well known, many good judges are of opinion it is "in-breeding" which is depriving the race-horses of the period of stamina, and that, in consequence, it may prove advantageous once more to resort to the fountain-head. Mr. Blunt, some years ago, brought this matter before the Jockey Club, and he deserves commendation for doing so. His argument was that the speed which characterises the English horses of the turf was developed from Arabian blood, and that we should, in short, begin again to breed from the Arab.

This idea has been ridiculed by many racing men; but much that is useful and profitable has been born of ridicule, and there is no reason why the experiment advocated by Mr. Blunt should not be tried, and, moreover, meet with sympathy. Who can tell what the result might prove to be? not of course in one year, or even four or five years, but ultimately. Let the blood be given time to tell. The splendid animal, the galloping machine which is now in use, has taken hundreds

of years to make; it is unfair to expect, therefore, that any great improvement of our old stock, or the making of an entire new breed, can be accomplished off hand. The blood of the Darley Arabian has had a long descent in its two lines from his sons, and how it has become mixed with the blood of the Godolphin horse and the Byerly Turk in a line of splendid horses, any pedigree-table will show.

It has been argued that in the days of old there was really good work to be done, as English horses, previous to the advent of the illustrious foreigners, were "nothing to speak of," and, consequently, in need of the very elements which the Arabian horses were formed to supply, and which, having been got, now remain with us for all time. As has been pointed out by competent authorities, there are horses in the East, other than those of Arabia, which deserve consideration; the difficulty is how to obtain good examples of them. It is supposed that not one of the really fine Eastern Barbs or other horses can be purchased for any amount of money. As a matter of fact stallions are rare, being owned chiefly by the heads of tribes, who only can afford to keep them; poorer persons are quite contented to have a mare—"a mare," they say, "that produces a mare is the head of riches," and all Arabs are strong believers in the proverb of their country that "the foal follows the stallion."

NEWMARKET IN EARLY DAYS.

"NEWMARKET may truly be styled the classic ground of racing, and it is there only that this delightful sport may be said to exist in perfection. No crowd, no booths impede the view; none of those discordant noises which make a perfect babel of other racecourses distract the attention. The number of spectators seldom exceeds 500, and they are mostly of the higher classes, the majority on horseback, with perhaps a few close carriages and barouches."

The words given above were written previous to 1840, by a well-known turf historian. Since then numerous changes have occurred at Newmarket, the sacred heath having even on occasions been invaded by "the roughs." At one period the place was doubtless all that has been pictured, and, as "head-quarters," the metropolis of the turf, it has always been of importance to racing men, and a well-known seat of training for horses and riders. As many probably as 1,000 race-horses of all ages, it has been computed, are housed in the training stables of Newmarket.

In considering the part which Newmarket has played in the history of the turf, it will be as well, however, to begin at the beginning.

In the days of the second Charles, Newmarket was highly favoured by King and Court. Although the breezy downs of Epsom were much nearer London, His Majesty, with a party of friends in his train, visited Newmarket much oftener than he did any other centre of racing or hunting sports.

The earliest time at which racing took place at head-quarters was in the reign of James I., who is said to have "permanently established meetings, and first attended in person in the third year of his reign (1605)."

During the reign of this monarch, racing made considerable progress, the reputation of Newmarket as a centre of sport being enhanced for a time by the arrival of some of the horses saved from the wreck of the Spanish Armada. During the reign of Charles I., racing fell off as a consequence of the Civil War, only to be revived with greater éclat in the following reign; from the moment that Charles II. ascended the throne, racing began again to flourish at Newmarket. The "Merry Monarch," being particularly fond of racing, and indeed of all kinds of pastime, passed much of his time at the chief seat of sport, having erected there a palace for himself and a fine stable for his stud. In a work on the horse, written by John Lawrence, it is stated that at one time there was to be seen on Warren-hill, what was termed the King's Chair, from which His Majesty viewed the horses at exercise; it was customary for persons who took an interest in the pursuits of the turf to visit that part of the heath at Newmarket once a year—on a certain day in springtime—to see the coursers gallop up to this

seat, on which occasions both lads and horses were clad in new clothes.

The King's partiality for Newmarket is often alluded to in the literature, or rather written records of the period. In Pepys' Diary, more than one entry refers to the "Merry Monarch's" fondness for the pastime of racing; as for instance, May 22nd, 1668: "The King and Duke of York and Court are at this day at Newmarket, at a great horse-race;" again on March 7th, 1669: "I hear that the King and the Duke of York set out for Newmarket by three in the morning, to see some foot and horse-races." Having recourse to the Diary of Pepys once more, we find him saying, in an entry dated March 8th: "To Whitehall, from whence the King, and the Duke of York, the Duke of Monmouth, and the Prince Rupert, at the King's gate in Holborne; and the King all dirty, but not hurt. How it came to pass I know not, but only it was dark, and the torches did not, they say, light the coach as they should do." Again, a few weeks after this mishap, on April 26th, Pepys tells us: "The King and Court went out of town to Newmarket this morning betimes for a week."

These extracts not only illustrate the fact of the sport of horse-racing being in progress at Newmarket at the period indicated, but are also valuable as an illustration of the travelling facilities of the time and the risks endured by Royalty.

A peep at the kind of racing then in vogue has been vouchsafed to us by the Duke of Tuscany. The races of May 9th, 1669, at which the King and the Duke of York were both present, are thus described in his Grace's "Journal of his Travels in England": "The racecourse is a

tract of ground in the neighbourhood of Newmarket, which, extending to the distance of four miles over a spacious level meadow, covered with very short grass, is marked out by tall wooden posts painted white. The horses intended for this exercise, in order to render them more swift, are kept always girt, that their bellies may not drop, and thereby interfere with the agility of their movements. When the time of the races draw near, they feed them with the greatest care and very sparingly, giving them for the most part, in order to keep them in full vigour, beverages of soaked bread and fresh eggs."

The dish of sport set before His Majesty was not "up to much" when compared with the Newmarket racing of to-day. Only two horses started with riders in "white" and "green," the latter proving victorious; the race, of course, witnessed by the King and his retinue, all mounted. It appears to have been the fashion of the day for the retinue to accompany the running horses, and to head them, waiting at the winning-post for their arrival and the coming of His Majesty with his numerous train of ladies and gentlemen. A blaze of trumpets and a flourish of alarm drums announced the victory, after which the Royal party adjourned to the house. The Duke of Tuscany, in describing the race, says that "the horses were not let out at first, but were much reserved lest strength should fail them; but the further they advanced in the course, the more their riders urged them, forcing them at length to full speed."

This primitive kind of racing probably continued for fifty or sixty years; it was, however

very much thought of by those who saw it, and Newmarket, as the seat of sport, continued to attract much attention. In Evelyn's diary of date July 20th, 1670, there occurs this entry: "We went to see the stables and fine horses, of which many were here kept at a vast expense, with all the art and tenderness imaginable."

That the "Merry Monarch" and his friends enjoyed Newmarket there is abundant evidence to show. "I lodged this night at Newmarket," says Evelyn, 21st October, 1671, "where I found the jolly blades racing, dancing, feasting, and revelling, more resembling a luxurious and abandoned rout than a Christian Court." A few days previous to that entry there is the following: "I went after evening service to London, in order to a journey of refreshment with Mr. Treasurer, to Newmarket, where the King then was, in his coach with six brave horses, which was changed thrice; first at Bishop's Stortford, and last at Chesterford; so by night we got to Newmarket, where Mr. Henry Jermain (nephew to the Earl of St. Albans) lodged me very civilly. We proceeded immediately to Court, the King and all the English gallants being there at their autumnal sports. Supped at the Lord Chamberlain's, and the next day after dinner I was on the heath, where I saw the great match run between Woodcock and Flatfoot, belonging to the King and to Mr. Elliott of the Bed-chamber, many thousands being spectators; a more signal race had not been run for many years."

A remarkable set of rules for the guidance of those taking part in the competition for the original Town Plate was devised in this reign,

and, as will be evident from the following extracts, afforded a foundation for many of the rules of racing, which afterwards came in use all over England.

One of the rules is worded as follows : "Every horse that rideth shall be bridled, saddled, and shod, and his rider shall weigh twelve stone, fourteen pounds to the stone, and every rider that wanteth above one pound and a half after he hath rid the heat, shall win no plate or prize." Another rule says: "Whosoever doth stop or stay any of the horses that rideth for this plate or prize, if he be either owner, servant, party, or bettor, and it appears to be willingly done, he shall win no plate, prize, or bets." Moreover, "Every rider that layeth hold on, or striketh any of the riders, shall win no plate or prize." Another rule confers on the judges the following power: "Any of the judges may call any of the riders at the end of any of the heats, and if he be found to have fraudulently cast away any of his weight and want any more than his pound and a half, he shall lose the plate, prize, and stakes." One more extract from these rules will suffice: "Whosoever winneth the plate or prize shall give to the clerk of the course twenty shillings to be distributed to the poor on both sides of Newmarket, and twenty shillings to the clerk of the race, for which he is to keep the horse plain and free from holes and cart roots."

Betting and "turf profligacy" of all kinds were in these times indulged in at Newmarket to an extent far beyond the bounds of morality and prudence, and, although King and Court were, so to put it, in "the swim" of all that occurred,

an Act of Parliament required to be passed to restrain gaming and betting on race-horses to an excessive amount "on tick or credit." It was upon the Act which was then passed that the celebrated *Qui Tam* actions, brought in 1843-44 against certain noblemen and gentlemen to recover penalties for betting, were chiefly or at any rate partly based. It may be as well to state here the scope of the Act, which was entitled, "An Act against deceitful, disorderly, and excessive gaming."

The preamble of this piece of legislation was decidedly couched in severe language; it asserted that all games and exercises, when not used in an innocent and moderate manner, encourage idleness and tend to a dissolute course of life, and to the debauching of the nobility and gentry and others; to the loss of their precious time, and the utter ruin of their estates and fortunes. Following this exordium, it was duly enacted that no person, by the exercise of deceit, could obtain any sum or sums of money or other valuable lost to them at any of the games of the period, which, as set forth, were Cards, Dice, Tables, Tennis, Bowles, Kittles, Shovel-board, Cock-fighting, Horse-racing, Dog matches, and Foot races; but, on the other hand, would be required to forfeit and lose treble the sum or value of money, one moiety thereof to be given to the King, the other half being destined for the person aggrieved. It was also at the same time enacted for the better avoiding and preventing of all excessive and immoderate playing and gaming for the time to come, that no person could recover any sum betted on credit which was above the value of

one hundred pounds, and that persons betting on tick or credit above that sum shall forfeit and lose treble the value of all such sum or sums of money or valuables which they shall so win.

In the brief reign of James II., nothing occurred at Newmarket, or, indeed, at any other seat of racing sport, of any great interest to followers of the turf. The reign of William and Mary is equally barren; but in the days of Queen Anne, the pastime of horse-racing flourished exceedingly. That august sovereign not only added considerably to the number of Royal plates, but actually ran for them in her own name, as the following entry in the "Racing Register" will show.

York, *Monday, July 28th*, 1712.—Her Majesty's Gold Cup, value 100 gs., for six years old, 12 st., four mile heats.

Mr. Watson's dun horse, Farmer	...	1	...	1
Mr. Carr's gr. h., Sturdy Lump ...	...	4	...	2
Her Majesty's gr. g., Pepper ...	...	5	...	3

Also ran, Monkey, Spot, Milksop, Blackfoot, and Mustapha.

Her Majesty evidently had a companion to Pepper in Mustard, a nutmeg grey horse by the Taffolet, or Morocco barb, which ran at York on August 3rd, 1713, but only got seventh and fifth in his heats.

The following information regarding the different contests at Newmarket is derived from Whyte's "History of the British Turf":

"At Newmarket, till the year 1744, there were only two plates run for in October, viz., the King's Plate and the Town Plate; but in 1744, the trading inhabitants of Newmarket raised two plates of 50 gs. each: one for five years old,

9 st., and the other free for any horse, 9 st. 4 lb., mile heats. There was also 50 gs. raised by the contributions of persons of property, for four years old, 8 st. 7 lb. each, four miles. At this period there were only two meetings at Newmarket, the first in April and the other in October; but in 1753 there was a Spring Meeting added, in which two Jockey Club Plates and several matches were run for. In 1759 the Weights and Scales Plate was begun; in 1762 a second October Meeting commenced of sweepstakes and matches; in 1765 the July Meeting; in 1770 the Houghton Meeting; and in 1771 the Craven Meeting, with a subscription of five guineas each, twenty-one subscribers, called the Craven Stakes, for all ages, from the ditch to the turn of the lands, which stakes were won by Mr. Vernon's Pantaloon, beating thirteen others."

"All the above meetings," adds Mr. Whyte, "are still continued, and several plates and sweepstakes are added to each" ("History of the British Turf," 1840). In the year 1727, eleven Royal plates were run for in England, one of these being run for at Newmarket.

Turning now to the annals of racing as recorded in the "Register" (Baily's), it will be found that the pastime had become regular at Newmarket by the year 1718; in October of that year twelve races took place, extending from the 1st to the 31st. In the following year, the Spring Meeting is recorded as being held in April, on six days of which month there was sport on the classic heath; in October and November, ten days of racing was provided. Next year, 1720, the racing at Newmarket was considerably augmented, nine-

teen days being devoted to the sport in April and May, and the same number of days in September and October. A Royal plate always forms one of the trophies to be run for, in heats of course. Both King's plates in this year were won by the Duke of Rutland, who took the plate of April, 1721, also by the aid of Fox, who won it in the previous October. Twenty-four races took place at Newmarket in 1721, most of them matches.

Passing to the year 1731, fifteen days' racing are noted as having taken place during April and May, whilst ten days were devoted to the sport in October and November; most of the races being run in heats; matches, however, begin about this period to be noted among the results. In 1742, six races only are recorded as being run at Newmarket, of the October Meeting only the race for His Majesty's Plate is mentioned, which was won by Mr. Panton's Spinster. Making a jump of twenty years, it may be stated that the kind of racing in 1751 is much the same as the races previously chronicled. In the spring there are "His Majesty's Plate of 100 gs. for six year olds, 12st," the same for mares, two fifty guinea purses, a sweepstake of 100 gs. and the subscription plate of £100 11s. for five years old, 10 st. "Nine days were devoted to the sport in September and October; one of the races during that month was a sweepstake of 135 gs. for the first, and 30 gs. for the second, weights 12 st.; it was run in heats."

In 1781, the fashions of the Newmarket races had somewhat changed; sport began in April, with the Craven Stakes of 10 gs. each for two, three, four, five, six, and aged horses, from the ditch to the turn of the lands, each class of horse

carrying the same weight. Racing took place on only two days, but in that space of time eleven races were decided. The First Spring Meeting followed on April 16th, lasting to the 21st, during which period some important contests took place for large stakes. The Second Spring Meeting of that year was held from May 7th, to May 12th, when no less than forty-three races were run and decided, most of them being matches. There was a meeting in July, beginning on the 10th, and continued on the 11th and 12th. Then came the First October Meeting, which lasted six days, and during which thirty-two races were run. The Second October Meeting commenced on the 15th, with "Fifty pounds, the winner to be sold for 150 gs. if demanded," twenty-two other races followed, and sport terminated on the 20th. At the Houghton Meeting, which began on October 29th, nineteen different events were decided, the greater number of them being matches; only four races, indeed, were run which were not matches.

At the present time (1891), seven meetings are still held at "head-quarters," they are as follows: Newmarket Craven, four days; First Spring Meeting, four days; Second Spring Meeting, three days; July Meeting, four days; Newmarket First October, four days; Newmarket Second October, five days; Houghton Meeting, from Monday till Friday.

During the last thirty-five years, Newmarket has greatly flourished, and is becoming every day of greater importance. At the time indicated above it was a poor place, many gentlemen declining to send their horses to be trained there, some of them would not believe its being possible to train

a Derby winner on the heath. For several years, no winner of the Derby was trained at Newmarket. By 1860, however, fortune had begun to smile on the place, which may be said, with the advent of the Dawson family, to have commenced a career of prosperity which still goes on. Mr. Joseph Dawson came first with the horses of Lord Stamford; Mr. Mathew Dawson followed, and to that gentleman's care Lord Falmouth entrusted his horses; Mr. John Dawson likewise took up his quarters at Newmarket. Other trainers speedily blossomed into importance, and Newmarket horses began to make their mark on every racecourse in the kingdom, so that the town speedily became important as a great training centre, the best training talent of the kingdom indeed became centred at headquarters, and from 1863 to the present year the town has flourished exceedingly. Land has of late become so valuable that it is difficult to procure a site for a house or a stable under an impossible price. The numerous persons engaged in the training stables create a large amount of remunerative business to the tradespeople, whilst the building operations of the last twenty years have given employment to a regiment of mechanics and labourers.

It is affirmed that the business of horse-racing is seen at its best at Newmarket; but such a statement may be taken for what it is worth, as the arrangements made at the gate money meetings are remarkably perfect. It is quite on the cards that the racing tracks at Newmarket will speedily be so enclosed that no outsider will be able to witness the sport, various movements in that direction having already taken place.

OTHER SEATS OF HORSE-RACING.

I.

Racing of some kind, good or bad as may happen, is carried on, not only at Newmarket, but at many other places all the year round. When flat-racing ceases, steeple-chasing follows, and proceeds till what is called "the legitimate season" begins; it occupies the period from about the end of March till the close of November. Hardened turfites, that is men who make racing and betting the business of their lives, long, it is said, in the early part of the year to hear the saddling-bell sound at Lincoln where the first meeting is held; and from that much-talked-of seat of sport they journey to Liverpool, and thence to Northampton and other seats of horse-racing, pursuing their business most industriously, shouting the state of the odds with stentorian lungs and booking no end of bets, for wherever half-a-dozen bookmakers assemble, there will also be found an army of bettors eager to take "the odds," some of them with "systems" by which they hope to make their fortunes; others, too, are there, who trust to luck, or the bringing off of an

occasional good thing by means of a tip, which they may receive from some acquaintance or friend, or they put faith, perhaps, in the two horse or other wires of some brazen charlatan of the tipster tribe, of whom for the time they become victims.

The Lincolnshire Handicap is the principal betting race of the springtime; many horses are usually selected by bettors to win that event, and one or two of the number will be heavily backed by men, who, in the end, may see all their cherished mind's eye visions vanish into thin air, as some quite unthought of outsider romps home an easy winner. The meeting held at Lincoln occupies three days, and before it concludes, some of the green hands, who have come on the racing scene as *débutants*, determined to give the ring a fright by backing many winners, will have made the old, old discovery over again that "all is not gold that glitters." New-made owners of horses, too, will have found out before the expiry of the three days, that men quite as clever as themselves are ready to fight every inch of the ground. "Keep thy head cool, lad," said, on one occasion, an old turfite to an irate young owner, who felt annoyed, or rather aggrieved, at his horse being placed second in a race which he fancied it had won, "you will get other chances for your horse; the season is but young, hide your feelings, you won't do much good at racing if you wear your heart on your sleeve."

To-day the railways convey the masses in large numbers to the different seats of sport. Thousands are now seen at Lincoln for the hundreds of the olden time; but in olden times

the classes were more in evidence: county people came in their own carriages, often from considerable distances, to be present at their local meetings, "ladies in gay attire, and gentlemen in brave apparel;" but county ladies are somewhat chary at the present time of braving the rough-and-ready element which has become incidental to modern racing, and the very pronounced rowdyism by which it is accompanied.

The spectators of the various races who assemble on the course near Liverpool represent all classes, the middle class element being particularly strong. The favourite race at Aintree at the spring meeting is the Grand National Steeple-chase. On the day set apart for the decision of that event, the trains and other conveyances from the great port take tens of thousands to the scene, all anxious, if not to witness the exciting event, to gamble upon it, for it is not the sport that attracts the multitude, it is "the money." Men go upon racecourses for whom the horses and the work they are set to do have no charms; what they interest themselves about is the state of the odds. "Oh," said a so-called Liverpool "sportsman," "I don't care a copper about seeing the race. I never look at the performance. The horses go up in the air and come down in the ditches too often for my taste; one trembles for one's money as one sees the exhibition." There are doubtless many who hold similar opinions; indeed, it would be curious to know what proportion of the thousands who attend such a meeting as that held at Liverpool are there only for the sake of the sport, not probably ten per cent. of the number!

By the time Northampton is reached, the racing fraternity has been well shaken down, and the new hands in betting and bookmaking have got pretty well mixed up with the old. Acquaintances and "pals" have met once again, and Bill and Tom, and Dick and Harry, have shaken hands, compared notes, and exchanged small talk. All meet on the hail-fellow-well-met system. There is no formality. Nomenclature among the majority of racing-men seldom gets further than the Christian name, and even that must be abridged. The wealthiest bookmaker, no matter that he is able to keep a carriage for "the missus," and half-a-dozen gardeners to grow his grapes, and as many grooms to attend to the horses of his children, is only Ned, or Ted, or Jack, or Jim, to his fellows. In these matters the turf is a sad leveller. I have myself heard Mr. Dawson hailed as "Mat, old man," by a turf loafer whose whole wardrobe would scarcely fetch two half-crowns, and, "Well, Johnny," has been addressed to Mr. Osborne by a half-drunken cabman who fancied he was patronising that well-known horseman by addressing him so familiarly. The late Mr. Merry of St. James's Street, who was long connected with the turf, I remember knocked down a very cheeky turf vagabond, who had the impudence to address him as "Sam" in the presence of some members of his family.

It is not my cue to follow the racing crowd on tour, or to fill many of the following pages with an account of what takes place at every place of meeting. The seats of horse-racing are too numerous to admit of their being so dealt with; all I desire to do at present, is simply to give a

brief notice of such of the classic horse-racing resorts as are endowed with a history, such as Chester, York, Doncaster, Ascot, Goodwood, and Epsom. The meetings which take place at Sandown and Kempton Parks I leave to be dealt with by other historians.

II.

To Chester must be awarded the merit of having first established regular meetings. Racing sport at that place has been traced back to the year 1511, since which 380 years have elapsed, and the races at Chester still flourish ; the theatre of the annual sports being, as at the time indicated, the Rood Dee, which had always been the arena in which the Chester people displayed their powers. It was there where they contested the palm in archery, pedestrianism, wrestling, and similar sports, and also the place where they exhibited their skill in mimic warfare.

Although for nearly a hundred years racing of a kind took place between the walls of the city on one side, and the river on the other, it was not till 1609 that racing at Chester came to be organised in something like the shape of the racing contests of to-day. The first prizes given appear to have been a bell and a bowl, to be run for on St. George's Day ; the donor of those gifts was the sheriff of the city, and the trophies were presented with much civic pomp and pretence. Trifling nowadays seem such gifts in the face of the thousands of pounds of added money, and the sideboard pieces of silver and gold which signalise many of the race-meetings of to-day throughout the three kingdoms.

The races held at Chester were originally promoted by the traders who carried on business there, such as the Company of Shoemakers and the Company of Drapers, and were celebrated, of course, on the various annual holidays of the far back times just mentioned. A quaint account of the original races run on the Rood Dee was drawn up in 1595, by "that Reverend man of God, Mr. Robert Rodgers, bachelor of Divinitie, Archdeacon of Chester, parsone of Gooseworth and Prebend in the Cathedral of Chester." This clerical worthy tells us that at Chester "there is held every year three of the most commendable exercises and practices of war-like feates, as running of men on foote, running of horses, and shootinge of the broad arrowe, and the butt shaft in the long bowe, which is done in very few (if in any) citties of England, soe farr as I understand."

The same authority in his notes tells how the saddlers' ball, "profitable for few uses or purposes," being a ball of silk, of the bigness of a bowl, was changed into a silver bell weighing about two ounces, "the which saide silver bell was ordayned to be the reward for that horse, which with speedy runninge, then should rune before all the others." In the notes it is also stated that the shoemakers' footeball was before exchanged into silver gleaves. Without taking up space with particulars which can be obtained in county histories, it may be mentioned, in passing, that horse-racing was undoubtedly looked upon at Chester as a national pastime more than two hundred and seventy years ago. In the pageant for the inauguration of the first great festival of St. George, horses played a distinguished part, the victors in the various

races being rewarded with the "cups and bels" provided. It will interest lovers of the turf to learn that the silver bell was of the then value of three shillings and fourpence.

In a "History of Horse-racing," published in 1863, appears the following summary of the early history of the sport at Chester: "In the year 1511, the silver bell of the value of three shillings and fourpence was first run for as a prize; in 1609 or 1610, the bell was converted into silver 'cupps,' the value of which is not stated, and from this date the race was annually run for on the Rood Dee, was then named and henceforth known as 'St. George's Race'; and in 1623 there was another alteration made in the prize run for, as in that year the three cups were changed into 'one faire silver cupp,' of about the value of eight pounds. With regard to the prizes, the silver bell run for in 1511 was apparently an absolute gift to the winner. The cups offered in 1609, however, were only temporary rewards, held by the winners for the space of twelve months, when the holders were under bond to deliver up the cups to be again run for; but they retained the amount in cash of the value of the cups as subscribed for by those who ran horses for the prize, and which was a condition of the race. But this again was altered in 1623, when the prize was once more to be held 'freely for ever by the winner.'"

Various alterations were from time to time made in the value of the Rood Dee prizes; in 1629, the city companies contributed to St. George's Race, to make up a certain sum of money; in the year 1640, the sheriffs contributed a piece of plate of the value of £13 6s. 8d. to be

run for on Easter Tuesday, in place of a breakfast of calves' heads and bacon, which it had previously been the custom for the two sheriffs to shoot for on Easter Monday. In these early days of the pastime of horse-racing, there was only one day in which a race took place, one race only being run, and occasionally there was no lack of excitement; in 1665, for instance, there was a "row," because "the High Sheriff borrowed a Barbary horse of Sir Thomas Middleton, which won him the plate; and, being master of the race, he would not suffer the horses of Master Massey of Paddington, and of Sir Philip Egerton of Dalton, to run, because they came the day after the time prefixed for the horses to be brought and kept in the city; which thing caused all the gentry to relinquish the races ever since."

Having established Chester's pride of place in the chronology of the turf, the history of horse-racing as then carried on need scarcely be further alluded to, except to show how gradual was the change from the meagre sport of 1665 to the prolific pastime of the present period. In 1745, Chester races, we learn, occupied four days, but only one race took place each day; a case of linked sweetness long drawn out. During the year just named, the four prizes contended for were the St. George's Purse, of the value of £50, for which there was a field of nine horses; the City's Golden Cup of £60, five starters; the Contribution Plate of 50 gs., for which four horses ran.

Lloyd's Evening Post of 21st March, 1780, gives the worth and conditions of the chief race as then run, which are as follows: "On Thursday, the 4th May, the Annual City Plate, valued £30,

with a purse of £20, given by the Corporation, for five, six-year-olds, and aged horses; five-year-olds to carry 8st. 2lb., six-year-olds, 8st. 11lb., and aged, 9st. 5lb., mares to be allowed 3lb.; the best of three four-mile heats. To pay five shillings to the clerk of the course, and three guineas of entrance." The races decided at Chester continued to multiply, as time went on, till the institution of the race for the Tradesman's Cup, in 1824.

It would have been interesting to be able to chronicle more exactly the rise of racing at Chester and other seats of the sport; but in early days the records of the sport enjoyed were, in all probability, never committed to paper, at all events they do not exist, so far as is known to historians of the turf, in any consultative form. It would be a sight worth seeing if the race for the St. George's Cup, with all its surroundings of two centuries and a half ago, could be reproduced on the Rood Dee "some fine morning in the merry month of May," to be viewed alongside the struggle for Chester's greatest prize of to-day. At the time when "the Cup" was instituted, the sport of racing had attained a high position both at Chester and some other parts of England, "the races" formed a meeting-place of the county people which was largely taken advantage of for assemblies and other social gatherings; but that is not the case to-day, when people arrive to see the races by some fore-noon train, and the moment sport ceases, depart as hurriedly as they came.

III.

"The great County of York" was famed at an early date for its seats of racing. The "Turf Annals" of York and Doncaster have an historian in John Orton, keeper of the match-book and clerk of the course, York. The capital of the great county, as that gentleman tells us, was the first to chronicle her sports, and to Yorkshire, "the British turf," he says, "has perhaps been more indebted for the superior breed and present perfection of the high mettled racer, than any other portion of the kingdom."

Orton in his compilation—a most useful work, to which writers about "the turf" have often been indebted—only deals with the accredited figures of racing, when the results began to be chronicled in a somewhat formal manner. But long before the date of the first race given in his volume, "York, 1709," the sport of horse-racing had been inaugurated, the prize as usual in those early days being a small golden or silver bell, to be carried presumably, in all time coming, by the victorious horse. In Camden's "Britannia" (1590) we are told of horse-racing having taken place in a forest on the east side of the city of York.

A horse-race it is recorded was run on the River Ouse when it was frozen over in 1607, and also in the following year. There is plenty of evidence as to the fact of horse-racing having taken place in these early days (1590); but it was long after that period before the sport was made to assume the shape which immediately preceded the business kind of racing with which so many persons are familiar at the present time.

Some racing commentators have asserted that racing began on Knavesmire, so early as 1709, and that the races at once became successful. The citizens, it is said, in that year "made a collection, with which they purchased five plates, which were run for over Knavesmire, and from that period to the present the annual meetings have been supported with much spirit." But the first race contested on that now famous course was in the year 1731. It was run on Monday, August 16th, being for His Majesty's 100 gs. for six-year-old horses, etc., 12 st., four-mile heats, the race being won by Lord Lonsdale's c. h. Monkey, by his lordship's bay Arabian, dam by Curwen's bay barb; racing continued throughout the whole week, four of the contests being in four-mile heats, the other race being the Ladies' Plate of £60, for five-year-old horses, etc., carrying 10 st. The racing, as established in Yorkshire in 1709, took place over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, about one and a half miles north of the city. From that year onwards, racing was kept up over the same course, and the reason given for changing to the Knavesmire was the races having on one occasion to be postponed on account of the River Ouse having overflowed its banks.

It will, perhaps, give a good idea of the times now spoken of, when it is stated that, during the running over Clifton and Rawcliffe Ings, on Monday, August 2nd, 1714, when the race for a gold cup of the value of £60 was being decided, an express arrived with news of the death of Her Majesty the Queen (Anne), upon which the nobility and gentry immediately left the field,

and attended the Lord Mayor (William Redman, Esq.), and Archbishop Dawes, who proclaimed His Majesty King George I., after which most of the nobility set off for London.

In the year 1715, there was run at Black Hambledon, a race for His Majesty's Gold Cup, value 100 gs., for five-year-old mares. This cup, it has been explained, was originally free to be run for by any horse, mare, or gelding not exceeding five years old; but in the reign of Queen Anne, the conditions were altered, mares only being allowed to run. The first Hambledon Gold Cup was won by Sir William Strickland's horse, Sphynx. The Gold Cup continued to be run for apparently till 1775, when, by His Majesty's commands, it was ordered to be run for alternately at York and Richmond.

Two hundred and eighty-five years ago, there was a racecourse at Doncaster; there is a record, in the year 1600, of action being taken to clear the course of some impediment that had been placed upon it. So far back, indeed, as 1595, there were two racecourses at Doncaster—there is said to be a plan or map, still extant, showing the lines of the track. Various interesting notes of incidents in connection with the Town Moor, in what by a little license may be called its prehistoric days, might be gathered into a focus, more particularly the particulars of how sport was encouraged in its infantile aspects by the Corporation of Doncaster; but these, in the meantime, for divers good reasons, must be passed over.

For the year 1728, we are in possession of the printed record of two races run on the Town Moor; these were: "On July 22nd, a plate of

twenty guineas, for horses ten stone, four-mile heats, 'won at two heats, by Captain Collyer's b. h. Drummer, beating five others;' and on July 23rd, a plate of forty guineas, for six-year-old horses, four-mile heats, won by Trentham, the property of Lord Gower, which beat three others." In the following year, there was at least one race run at Doncaster, while in 1730, there were three different four-mile heat races contested; in 1731 and 1732, sport again went on, a contest for "Galloways" having been instituted in the latter year, which was continued for some seasons. In 1738 there appears to have been an autumn meeting, of which, however, in the years immediately following we find no further notice; indeed, for the four years preceding 1751, there are no returns of races run at Doncaster in print, but, in that year, three plates of £50 each were contested.

The Marquis of Rockingham comes to the front in 1752, when he gives a plate of £50, to be run for by four-year-olds that had never won £50—the trophy was taken by Cato, the property of Mr. Bowes. At Doncaster, in the year 1755, we find a programme of five races provided, and a match thrown in the bargain. In those days, sport was taken in leisure, the programme being spread over the week, at the rate of one race per diem. Matches, in 1756, seem to have been "all the go," as no less than seven were brought off on the Town Moor in that year, three of them being won by the Marquis of Rockingham, who had by this time begun to play a prominent part in the Doncaster struggles.

IV.

Epsom must now be noticed, if only to say that racing took place there long before the Derby was thought of, or the Oaks either; but the beginning of sport on the now famous downs cannot be determined by any mention of dates. The place, however, was long, long ago largely frequented as a health resort, becoming at certain seasons the temporary residence of fashionable people who assembled to drink "the waters" and hold social communion. Sport of some kind became a necessity, and King James I., who dwelt in the palace of Nonsuch, at Epsom, passed much of his time on horseback, being fond of hunting and also of "horse matches," which frequently took place, to the great delight of the visitors.

In the reign of Charles I., horse-racing on Banstead Downs would appear to have been pretty well established on an organised plan; references to the sport by Pepys are numerous. Looking over the pages of a "Racing Register" for 1727, the writer found a notice of meetings held on the 2nd, 3rd, and 6th of May, when various "give and take" plates were run for and decided. For the time, the trophies raced for at the meetings in question were of some value, one of them being a gold cup worth forty guineas.

Beginning in the year 1730, racing became annual at Epsom, and was thereafter carried on with great regularity, and continued to grow in importance. In 1736, five days' racing was arranged to take place at intervals. Ten years later, a plate of the value of £50, bestowed by

the Prince of Wales, was one of the trophies run for. In 1756 the total sum of £200 was raced for at Epsom; in 1766 the amount had been raised by fifty pounds. In 1782 two meetings were held, in the course of which a good many events fell to be decided.

The celebrity of Epsom as a seat of sport is, of course, due to its being the place where is run England's most celebrated race, "the Derby," some notes on which will be found in this volume. More than a hundred years have elapsed since Diomed carried the colours of his owner to victory in the first race for those now popular stakes, under circumstances of social life which have greatly changed. Not one of the spectators who witnessed Diomed's Derby victory would, in all probability, be endowed with the power of forecasting the growth of the pastime, or the ability to see in his mind's eye the huge proportions it would in time attain, or the money value which would attach to the winning horses, or "the annual expenditure of the tens of thousands of pounds," which would mark the recurrence of the event as it grew in popularity alike with the owners of competing horses and those who came to witness the race.

V.

It was the Duke of Cumberland, William, uncle to George III., who instituted the Ascot Meeting, more than a century and a half ago. The first reliable notice of racing at this Royal seat of sport gives 1727 as the year of commencement, when two prizes were contended for, the larger

being of the value of forty guineas, the other ten guineas less than that sum. In the following year one race also of the value of forty-two pounds took place. For some years afterwards the racing at Ascot was of an intermittent sort, as no sport took place in the years 1729, 1731-4, nor yet in the years 1737-8, nor in 1740-3. A Yeoman Pricker's Plate of £50, for hunters only, was instituted in 1744, and, twenty-five years later, namely, in 1769, the Members and Corporation of Windsor each subscribed £50 to be raced for. The Duke took immense interest in the sport at Ascot, which, in its earlier days, was of a somewhat primitive kind, as were the surroundings vastly different in every way from what they are to-day.

"A memory has been kept up" of some races contested on the Royal ground, more particularly of one race, the Oatlands Stakes, run on the 28th of June, 1791, when it was said a hundred thousand pounds changed hands. The victorious horse on the occasion was the Prince of Wales's Baronet, which won the race from eighteen competitors. There were forty-one subscribers of a hundred guineas each, half forfeit, and the value of the stakes to the owner of the winning horse was 2,950 gs. The race is said to have been witnessed by about 40,000 persons; but order was so badly maintained that the venue of the race was shifted in the next year to Newmarket, where the Oatlands Stakes was run for in April, the money value involved being 3,725 gs., a large sum for those days.

During the close of the last century, Ascot races enjoyed immense popularity; they lasted for a week, and afforded a fund of amusement to

all who witnessed them. They were beloved of the King—"the good old King George III."—who, for a number of years, never missed being present. He was, at any rate, never absent when the hundred guineas was run for, which he gave for horses that had been out with the stag-hounds.

The gambling pure and simple which, for a long series of years, was a leading feature of the Ascot festival, is not now tolerated, although unlimited betting is permitted. There were E. O. tables by the score, the owners of which were made to subscribe a hundred guineas for the benefit of the racing fund. These tables were established in tents and marquees, where all were suited who pleased to try their fortune; even those who gambled with pence were made welcome. In these "Royal old days," Ascot, in the way of the times, was quite as fashionable as it is to-day. Every house and cottage within two miles of the course was occupied either by pleasure-seekers, or persons who had business to transact in connection with the horse-races. The rents charged were exorbitant; the persons who could give accommodation having learned to make hay while the sun was shining. But sport was good, and the surroundings were exciting. A feature of the scene, which has long since been dispensed with, was the hundreds of booths erected for the accommodation of visitors. Some of these canvas houses were most commodious, and were used both for dining and sleeping in. The King and Queen and "the first gentleman of Europe" used to pass along the lines of the booths.

"Royal Ascot" is richly endowed with racing prizes, and it is gratifying to know that, although

the sum of added money is very large, the meeting is not only self-supporting, but profitable. It is but fair to give much of the credit of the success of the Ascot meetings of recent years to Lord Hardwicke, who, when he officiated as Master of the Buckhounds, did all he could to add to the attractiveness of a meeting which had long been celebrated as providing one of the most fashionable gatherings of London society. Ascot, which has been a seat of racing for so long a period, has seen several generations of sportsmen come and go; but to-day it is more gay and brilliant; more attractive to fine ladies and gay cavaliers than it ever was before. Princes and Princesses continue to give it their patronage, and the most celebrated horses of the kingdom compete on its green turf for the liberal prizes with which the meeting has been endowed.

It is not so easy as it may appear to compile an exact history of any racecourse. As regards Ascot, one writer tells us that the racecourse, or, as he calls it, the "Manor of Ascot," is private property, whilst another authority distinctly states that it is "the property of the Crown," and that, in consequence, no rent is exacted for the racecourse. Fees of all kinds, however, are taken in the various enclosures, and, as a matter of course, admission to the grand stand and paddock has to be paid for as at other meetings; but as much of the money taken is given to be raced for, the charges may be tolerated. The accommodation now provided for the public at Ascot is something like what it should be; although it still might be improved, it is wonderfully good when compared with what it was half a century since.

The first stand erected at Ascot for the accommodation of the public was built by, or at the cost of, a Mr. Slingsby, one of the Royal tradesmen of the period, a master bricklayer, who was a favourite with His Majesty "King George III. of blessed memory." This stand, which was a substantial structure, capable of affording a view of the races to about 650 persons, was in use till about the year 1840. Two or three years before that date, a movement for the erection of a larger and more convenient structure took place, and resulted in the formation of a company with a capital of £10,000, subscribed in hundred-pound shares. The money, after considerable difficulty, having been found, the chief corner-stone of the building was laid in its place by the Earl of Errol, on the 16th of January, 1839, and the occasion of the opening of the stand was signalised by the presence of Her Majesty, who sent for the jockey who rode the winner of the Ascot Stakes, a boy of the name of Bell, and after complimenting him on his skill and judgment as a rider, kindly presented him with a ten-pound note. The excellent riding of this tiny jockey excited an immense amount of admiration, the boy being almost a mere child, and only weighing fifty-six lbs. When before the Queen, upon being asked his weight by Her Majesty, he replied, much to the amusement of the Royal suite: "Please, ma'am, master says as how I must never tell my weight."

The constitution of the new stand company provided for the application of the profits realised in the following fashion: To begin with a dividend of five per cent. to be paid to the shareholders,

but curiously enough, according to the constitution of the company, this dividend fell to be paid before the wages of the stand servants! When the dividend, the check-takers and other servants had been paid, a sum of £500 was then to be allotted for the redemption of five of the shares, selected by ballot out of the total number. Of the money which might be left after that had been done, two-thirds was ordained to be applied to the enrichment of the race fund, and one-third to be divided among the shares, by way of a bonus, so that, in the course of twenty years, the stand would become altogether the property of the racing fund. This, as it may be called, Tontine plan of dealing with the shares of the Ascot Grand Stand proved, in a sense, a little gold mine for the shareholders who were so fortunate as not to be balloted out of the concern, which, from the first, was exceedingly remunerative.

In the very first year, the substantial benefit accrued of £700, whilst a bonus of eight and a half per cent. was paid to the shareholders. As in each year the number of participating shares became reduced, the dividend, of course, was correspondingly increased in amount, the final dividend on the last five shares having been the handsome one of £175. It should be stated here, that whilst all the profits of the stand and paddock were absorbed by the company for division in the mode which has been stated, the Master of the Buckhounds drew money from those "betting" on the course, for booths, also for stands for carriages. The sum taken in the first two or three years was moderate enough, but from £300 taken in the first year, it had increased

in the third racing season to £1,500, and the money received from these sources of income is annually increasing. About £15,000 were expended a few years ago in improving and adding to the accommodation provided by the grand stand, every department of which is now regulated by the Master of the Buckhounds; and as the renewed lease obtained from the Crown has still over forty years to run, it is probable that additional improvements will be entered upon.

The Ascot Meeting is the next great event in the turf world to the Epsom Summer Carnival. How rich and varied the stakes are which are now run on the Royal heath, has been indicated. The various courses are in fine condition; and the attendance at the meeting, which lasts for four days, and with which no racing fixture is allowed to clash, is, in fine weather, enormous; and, although it appears to be impossible to eliminate the welshing element, Ascot is kept tolerably free as yet, notwithstanding its proximity to London, from the rowdy element.

During the lifetime of Prince Albert, Her Majesty frequently patronised the meeting, riding up the course with a numerous suite in what was called "Ascot State." The Prince and Princess of Wales now take Her Majesty's place in this ceremonial, and as they come upon the scene receive a most cordial welcome from the assembled thousands. The fashionable day *par excellence* is "the Cup day," a day on which the upper ten assemble on the Royal heath in their greatest numbers, "the ladies ablaze with dresses of gorgeous hues, tempered with trimmings of taste." This racing trophy — the Cup — which many

owners of race-horses would rather win than any other race however richly it might be endowed, was founded, in 1771, by the Duke of Cumberland, the subscription being limited to 5 gs. each.

VI.

The rise and progress of the Goodwood Meeting may be briefly recorded. Like Ascot, it is one of the fashionable gatherings of the season. The Duke of Richmond and Gordon, on hospitable thoughts intent, opens wide the doors of his commodious mansion; but as he can only entertain a limited number of his own personal friends, the wonder is that the stands are so crowded with spectators. The distance of Goodwood Park from London is more than twice the distance of Ascot, and yet as many persons seem to frequent the one meeting as the other; hundreds are contributed from Brighton, Portsmouth, and other towns, and hundreds go from and return to London every day of the meeting. All the towns and villages in the vicinity of Goodwood Park are crowded by the strangers who have come to assist at the meeting, Chichester, in particular, being the abiding-place of a host of visitors. The houses and cottages round about fill with lodgers, and country seats are crowded with guests, all eager to take part in the brilliant scene which, in fine weather, is worth making a day's journey to see.

The annual meeting in the Duke of Richmond's park forms a fine theme for the pen of the descriptive reporter, and has been "gushed" over, in certain of the daily newspapers, in "a perfect paroxysm of word-painting phrases" during

the last twenty years on each succeeding anniversary of the race. Nor is the work of the "Economist," who translated the silks and satins of the toilettes of "England's fairest daughters" into vulgar money's worth, to be ignored. His estimate that the dresses and "other belongings" of the four hundred and fifty most fashionable women, from their dainty morocco shoes and silken sandals, up to the wondrous head fabrics which crowned the high-born, delicate ladies seen at the two great fashionable meetings of the season, would cost at the least £200 for each person, is, perhaps, even too moderate; the total cost of the toilettes of that army of the fair would, perhaps, on the average of the Goodwood season, be full a £100,000. Was it not, for instance, recorded by the public press in a scandal case, that the Ascot and Goodwood trousseau of one fair but frail dame, of twelve dresses and the accordant "other things" of shoes, fans, gloves, lace and lingerie, had been charged £1,128? The "Economist's" argument is that horse-racing, despite its evils, must be tolerated for the good it does to trade, for the crowds it sends over the railways, for the gospel of eating, drinking, and dressing which it so eloquently preaches, all employing tradespeople, and, consequently, circulating money.

Coming to the facts connected with the institution of the Goodwood Meeting, it has to be stated on the authority of various historians, that the meeting was founded in a sportive moment by some officers of the Sussex Militia, in conjunction with the members of a local hunt club. The races so organised first took place in the course of the month of April, 1802, a good be-

ginning being made with a purse of £613, a little more than the half of which was public money, the sweepstakes entered for amounting to £300.

The meeting was in every respect a successful one, and was continued in 1803 and 1804, but with less popularity, the subscription having fallen off to a very serious extent. In 1810, there were but two days of sport, the money run for being a little over £200. Nor up till the year 1827 was there much improvement; till 1825 the public money subscribed did not total up to a large sum, it varied from £80 to £300, whilst the money received as sweepstakes amounted to something between £60 and £600. Two years later, as has been stated, a great improvement began in the financial resources of the meeting, as was obvious enough from the amount of money which was run for, the total sum in that year exceeding £2,000. In 1829 the racecourse was altered and improved, and the amount of cash expended in the shape of stakes was £3,285. The year following the new grand stand was opened; and in 1831 the Royal purse of 100 gs. was procured to be annually run for.

From this period Goodwood races made great progress; and between the years 1832 and 1835, the average annual amount of the stakes contested for was £6,000. In 1837 the amount had increased to £11,145; and what with the large sum of money spent upon improvements by the Duke of Richmond, and the personal exertions and good management of the late Lord George Bentinck, this meeting made such wonderful progress, that in time it not only rivalled, but even eclipsed many of the other principal meetings.

In 1845, the value of the stakes run for amounted

to the large sum of £24,909, a substantial proof that the title of Princely Goodwood was not misapplied. These races, however, fell off somewhat after Lord George Bentinck's death, but yet rank in the first class.

Ascot and Goodwood have been dwelt upon at some length, when compared with the few pages devoted to Epsom and Doncaster; but in the case of these meetings, a considerable portion of space has of necessity been devoted to the Derby and St. Leger, which helps to make an even balance.

VII.

I do not intend at present to say much about gate-money meetings. The premier position must undoubtedly be accorded to that held at Manchester. The best proof of the success which has attended the company carrying on business at New Barnes is, that it has been able to pay enormous dividends to its shareholders, and that its hundred-pound shares, when any are offered for sale, command six or seven times the original price. The Whitsuntide meeting at Manchester, when the weather is favourable for such out-door sports, is attended by hundreds of thousands of persons, all of whom have to pay for their admission to the race-ground at the rate of one shilling or sixpence a head—those desirous of making use of the grand stand, the paddock, and other accommodations, pay for these at the usual rate. It is but fair to say that the vast assemblage of spectators at Manchester conduct themselves wonderfully

well. When anything exciting occurs—when a giant roar is set up, it is of course "the voice of the people" that is heard—it is the horny handed "sons of toil" chiefly who rush to New Barnes on the great racing days, and in every respect the scene presented is a contrast to the shows of Ascot and Goodwood, where the "silks and satins" of the upper ten outshine the cottons of Lancashire. But the aim of its promoters is achieved, inasmuch as it brings plenty of grist to their mill, ten thousand shillings counts as five hundred pounds, and ten times that amount is "money," even in "brass-loving" Lancashire.

There is abundance of racing at Manchester, many of the handicaps being enriched by the addition of munificent sums of money. But in respect to the "added money," is it all gold that glitters even at Manchester? It has been complained at any rate that, when the management seem to give a pound, they in reality only give half of that sum; they get back, such is the accusation made, a moiety of what they give in entrance fees or in shares of surplus money from the disposal of winners of selling races. In this matter of what is called "added money," a writer, who comments on the subject, explains that such sums must be taken with the proverbial pinch of salt. For instance, in the matter of a Nursery plate in which a hundred pounds is given from the race fund, it must be taken into account that thirty-two subscribers pay three sovereigns each, so that in such case all that is really given is four pounds, the subscribers running their horses for ninety-six pounds

of their own money. There is no charge of any kind made for admission to the heath during the four days of Ascot, and yet the value of the stakes run for there in 1881, as has been stated, amounted to more than thirty-two thousand pounds.

The principal shareholders of the Manchester racing company are reputed to be bookmakers, and if the meeting did not pay as a meeting, there is such a plethora of gambling, of laying and backing, as, in the four days at Whitsuntide alone, will be represented in hundreds of thousands of pounds. It is quite certain, in regard to this racecourse, that the amount of money taken at the gates, no matter what may be said, is really enormous; on the Cup day, the mere shillings of head money, not taking into account the receipts of the stands, will be over five thousand pounds.

The controversy which has raged at intervals over the establishment of what have in a somewhat contemptuous spirit been called "gate meetings," has not ceased. "Prejudice," say they who approve of this system of racing, is "ill to kill"; but it is far better that a race meeting should be made self-supporting than that all kinds of contemptible begging should be resorted to to keep up the pastime in the half-hearted way that it used to be kept up in many localities, by appeals to the lord of the manor and other country gentlemen, by donations from licensed victuallers and miscellaneous shopkeepers who are supposed to reap pecuniary benefit from the bringing together of crowds of people to witness the sport, or by doles from interested railway companies.

It would be easy to prove that all the suc-

cessful race meetings of the period are, in a certain sense, "gate-money meetings — Epsom, Ascot, Doncaster, York, Goodwood, and Liverpool, as well as some others." The charges made for the accommodation of the patrons of these meetings are so high that they produce a large profit. The promoters of the sport can therefore well afford to allow all who cannot afford three or four guineas for the privileges of their stands and paddocks to see what they can of the sport for nothing, and thousands upon thousands avail themselves of the chances offered. To say that many hundred thousand persons obtain a gratuitous view of the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, is only to tell the truth.

As an argument, say some of the writers on this subject, what more would you have than the crowds which patronise the meetings of Manchester and Derby? They are four or five times larger than the crowds that assemble at Newmarket even to witness the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire. That is so, doubtless; but in reply it may be asked, what of the contributing area of population as between the two places? Newmarket has only a few thousand residents, but the Manchester racecourse, with its yearly half-dozen meetings, draws the spectators of racing from an immediate population of more than a million persons.

It is difficult to say how a race meeting should be constituted; it is a matter in which there is room for argument, and on which much may be said on both sides of the question; and as nothing succeeds like success, why should there not be gate-money meetings, if the people are willing to

support them? So far as the writer knows, it is not the duty of any particular body of persons to provide gratuitous pastimes of any kind for the people, especially horse-racing, which is a sport of a very expensive description. The fact that the "gate meetings" recently opened "pay," settles the question, and renders any defence of the policy which has resulted in their establishment unnecessary. That they afford opportunity for a still greater amount of gambling, and that at some of them the "sport" is exceedingly poor, is only what, under such circumstances, is to be expected; still, as all familiar with the turf and its surroundings very well know, it is as easy, nay, easier, to institute a big gamble on a contemptible race as on a contest for a St. Leger.

The author has no intention of saying anything in the meantime about the modern meetings instituted during recent years, as for instance, those charming reunions held at Kempton and Sandown Parks. Some old race meetings, too, are also passed over without notice, such as that held at Stockbridge; a time may come, however, when it will be apropos to run over the racing records of such institutions, as also to furnish a brief record of several meetings that have been long since relegated to the domains of past history.

THE L. S. D. OF THE TURF.

I.

THE question of greatest importance in connection with horse-racing is—does it pay? Does it pay to breed horses or buy expensive yearlings, and run them merely for the stakes which can be won? Certainly not! The race-horses of the period are mostly used for gambling with, and, on the average, do not earn in stakes enough money to pay trainers' bills and miscellaneous expenses. It is chiefly as factors in the "great game" that "yearlings" bring those extraordinary prices so often chronicled. Horses of utility do not fetch sensational sums as yearlings. Some of the animals, however, which bring small prices at the yearling sales may, if thought suitable, be bought for hunters, or for the use of ladies. Messrs. Sangers, of Astley's, have before now bought horses of choice strains of blood to perform in their circus.

How can horses which cost two thousand pounds and upwards be made to pay, except by betting? When an animal is not quite good enough to figure as a Derby or Cup horse, he may, as the phrase goes, be "bottled up" and kept to win a large sum of money in a big

handicap. That is the way some men manage to make their horses pay ; but even that plan is precarious, so many are playing the same game. As to winning money on the turf without betting, it has been shown that, with the aggregate expenses at double the sum which can be won, it is, as a rule, impossible. The majority of those now running horses on the turf are simply gamblers, many of them having gone into the business on a large scale.

A round dozen of the most enthusiastic supporters of racing, it is said, do not bet, but are said to breed and run horses for their own pleasure ; but among the many who have registered their colours will there be a dozen ? Mr. Houldsworth is one, and Lord Falmouth was another. His lordship is reputed to have once betted with and lost a sixpence to a lady—the wife of his trainer, in fact—to whom the coin was in due time presented, set in a brooch, and surrounded with costly gems.

It has often been observed, as a curious feature of the racing world, that the horses of gentlemen who do not themselves bet become at times more prominent in the turf market than the animals of those who bet heavily themselves, either *in propriâ personâ*, or by the aid of a commissioner ! How comes that ? It is probably because the owner does not bet that the public, believing in his *bona fides*, and that his horses will run on their merits, and independent of all betting considerations, rush into the market, and by largely supporting them, bring them to what is called a short price. Still the horses of some reputed non-bettors often figure in the quotations of the turf market in a

rather suspicious way, just as if they had been given over to a clique of bookmakers to do with them whatever they pleased. That most of the gentlemen who keep race-horses use them as instruments of gambling, has been often made manifest to those who can read the signs of the times. Instances of such being the case are daily thrust upon us.

It is somewhat difficult to make up an accurate account of the finance incidental to horse-racing; but by way of providing means of argument and illustration in that department of turf economy, we can take stock—it can only, however, be done in a rough-and-ready way—of the number and value of horses at present used in breeding and racing. The cost of maintaining and running these animals may then be estimated, and the interest on the money paid for them can be calculated, and the figures then obtained will give the best idea that can be formulated of the cost of the sport. Stakes run for and won can be subtracted, and the balance exhibited will form profit or loss, as the case may be.

According to "Ruff's Guide to the Turf," the money won by horses running under Newmarket rules, in 1889, amounted to £480,889 18s., and if for illustrative purposes the sum won by steeplechasing and hurdle-racing be set down at the modest amount of £20,000, we thus obtain a grand total of half a million sterling. As a rule, the money won in racing is that of the gentlemen whose horses run for it. With the bright exception of Ascot, can a meeting be named that gives twenty-five or thirty per cent. of its drawings to the

men who supply the horses? Who finds all, or, at all events, say seven-eighths of the money for the leviathan stakes now becoming so marked a feature of the racing of the period? The gentlemen, of course! As a matter of fact, it may be said that a hundred or two hundred gentlemen place a large sum of money in a pool, that one of their number may win it in a race which tens of thousands of people pay money to see run. In plain language, these gentlemen contribute say £10,000 to a particular race, in order that speculators, who have formed a racecourse and erected a grand stand and numerous refreshment bars, may make as much as the winner; the rent of the racecourse and the wages of the *employés* being deducted, the profit derived from the venture must still be enormous, and might as well find its way into the pockets of those who supply the horses and the stakes.

"Owners," as is well known, provide in reality most of the so-called "added money," while in the classic races, namely, the Two Thousand Guineas, the Oaks, Derby, and St. Leger, it is simply their own money which the patrons of these stakes run for. In such contests as the Derby and St. Leger, as many as one hundred and eighty or two hundred horses may be entered. As only one animal can win, the owner of the horse which accomplishes the feat is paid by the gentlemen whose horses prove unsuccessful; and were it not that so much gambling can be accomplished by making the matter dependent on a race between a few horses, the persons interested might, as has been said, toss up a copper to determine the

result! Of the horses entered as yearlings for the classic events, how many will be found at the starting-post on the day of the race? Probably nine or ten on the average, or, at the most, fourteen.

Yearlings? These baby horses often turn out dire failures! An animal costing £2,000 may never win a race! One or two horses, which cost large sums of money, are at this moment probably travelling the country as "sires" at merely nominal fees. On the other hand, a horse which proves successful on the turf attains greater value with each new success it achieves, and at length, like Doncaster and Springfield, it may come to be "worth its weight in gold." "Yearlings" said the late Mr. Merry when he purchased All Heart and No Peel, afterwards known as Doncaster, "are a fearful lottery." He was right in saying so, although at the time he was drawing a prize and didn't know it—he was, in fact, for a sum of 950 gs., purchasing the Derby winner of 1873.

The following anecdote related in Parliament by Mr. Gerard Sturt is apropos: In 1825, there was a little mare which belonged to a country apothecary at Newcastle, and her vocation was to go up one street and down, whilst pills and what not were being delivered; well, this little mare of nominal value produced, in as many consecutive years, three of the best animals of their periods, namely, Rubens, Selim, and Castrel. The Deformed was purchased as a filly for £15 with her engagements in four large stakes, all of which she won! She was afterwards sold to a Captain Salt for 1,500 gs., was repurchased for a brood mare at 300 gs. and sold again for 600 gs. to the Marquis of Waterford,

at whose sale she was purchased for Her Majesty's breeding stud.

II.

There are not less, so it has been computed —counting mere foals, yearlings, two, three, four, and five-year-olds, as well as sires and dams—than 10,000 horses devoted to the service of the turf. The brood mares at the stud number, on an average, 3,000, and the number of sires may be estimated at say 350 ; the net produce of the stud, deducting casualties of many kinds, such as barren mares, slipped foals, deaths, and exportation, may be taken as being 2,000 foals—colts and fillies—per annum. Of that number a considerable percentage never comes upon the racing scene ; unfitness for the work of the turf, accidents, and death, being constant factors in determining the L. S. D. of racing. It would be curious to trace the many calamities that occur to prevent horses distinguishing themselves. Two hundred horses may be entered as yearlings for the Derby, but only about five per cent. of the number may contest a given race. Say that there are fourteen or even sixteen runners ; what has become of the others? Several will have died; many after being trained will be found to have no chance ; and not unlikely several of those entered may be found in the shafts of a cab. Some foals of last year, for instance, may ultimately be trained as horses for ladies ; others may be drafted to the hunting-field or to the circus, whilst not a few may ultimately find their way to tramway stables Many a time and oft has a high-bred horse changed hands for a twenty-pound note.

In forming an estimate of the value of the racing stock of the period, the price paid for the yearlings which change hands at the public sales must first of all be noted. In 1889, according to "Ruff," 851 of these baby horses were purchased at prices varying from 4,000 gs. to 8 gs. During the last twenty years large numbers of yearlings have changed hands at big prices, one, two, and three thousand guineas being often paid in the course of a sale for animals that purchasers fancy, colts or fillies, that look as if they would, when properly trained, "make race-horses," and probably in time reward their owners by winning a few of the great prizes of the turf. Other horses, mature animals, ready-made racers, that is to say, or those suited for breeding, occasionally fetch very high prices; but it is possible for illustrative purposes to strike an average as between those which sell for thousands and those which only bring tens. It should not be an over estimate to fix upon a sum of £300 each as being the value of the 10,000 animals of all ages, from colts to matrons of mature years, which would represent a total sum of £3,000,000, the interest on which, calculated at the rate of five per cent., would amount to £150,000 per annum.

There then comes the question of the annual expenditure incurred in keeping up the various racing studs of the country. The board and lodging of a race-horse varies, according to the stable in which he is kept and the status of the trainer, from two pounds or two guineas a week to a half more than that. Of horses told off for breeding purposes, no note need be taken, as

breeding is a business that is at least self-supporting, and sometimes, as in the case of Hermit, immensely profitable; nor shall foals be considered. It will be about correct to consider half of the 10,000 as being in racing trim, horses ranging from two years of age to six, and 5,000 at £156 per annum for board and lodging — including various extras, in some of the stables—represents a total sum of £780,000.

In addition to the amount paid for board and lodging, the expenses attendant on the entering of a race-horse for the different events in which its owner may desire to see it run, are very heavy. These vary exceedingly. Some proprietors are in the habit of entering their animals in from half-a-dozen to twenty races, the forfeits in which for non-runners range from perhaps five to twenty-five pounds. It is not an easy matter to fix upon a figure that may be taken fairly as representative of these forfeits; but if ten pounds per horse be fixed upon for the whole 5,000, it will be much within, certainly not over the mark. A sum of £50,000 would thus be added to the account of outlays.

The travelling expenses of trainers and stable attendants when in charge of horses, and the fees paid to the boys who ride them, form an important item in the cost of a racing stud. Many horses in the course of a season will be taken to eight or ten meetings, some of which are situated a few hundred miles from the training quarters of the horses. The only mode by which an illustrative sum can be arrived at, is by adopting an average; some horses will cost over a hundred pounds a year for railway travelling and other

expenses, including the fees paid to the jockeys who ride them in their races, and if a sum of £25 per annum be placed against each of the 5,000 horses assumed to be taking, at present, an active part in the sport of kings, in name of travelling and miscellaneous expenses, it gives a total of £125,000.

A recapitulation of these figures gives the following result:

Interest on capital sunk in race-horses...	£150 000
Cost of keeping horses	780,000
Amounts paid in entries and forfeits ...	50,000
Travelling and other expenses	125,000
Making a grand total of	£1,105,000

It becomes apparent, then, that the sum of £1,105,000 ought to be obtained every year in stakes, to recoup gentlemen and others engaged in the pastime of horse-racing for the outlays they make. But no such sum has ever been realised, and, in consequence, gambling has to be resorted to to provide the difference; hence that extensive betting, which is the most remarkable feature of the turf. The preceding figures are given with the view of illustrating the proposition that horse-racing, except in rare cases, cannot be made to pay. It happens every season, that one or two owners are so fortunate as to win from £10,000 to £20,000 in stakes—they may even experience a run of good fortune during three or four consecutive years, and, after all, the game may not have paid them, or done more than make ends meet. No matter the good

fortune that may attend individuals, it is, as has been demonstrated, an undoubted fact that the cost of racing in any one year is far beyond the total amount which can be won.

The foregoing facts and figures must not be taken for more than they are worth, they are simply offered as being more or less illustrative of the L. S. D. of horse-racing, and the simplest methods of illustration have been resorted to. Columns of figures on the subject might have been given for the inspection of the reader; but probably the mode adopted will give a better idea of the L. S. D. of the turf (betting excepted), and the facts briefly stated may make a more lasting impression than a more formal statement would do.

What must be kept well in mind in connection with racing finance, is the great fact that the money expended is not hid away in a napkin, but is circulated. Stables and stores have to be built or extended, hay and corn has to be provided for the horses, the lads who groom them and ride them at exercise have to be paid, so have the fees of the jockeys who ride them; travelling expenses of horses, trainers, and jockeys help to swell railway receipts, and to augment the dividends of not a few who look with horror on the turf and the ways of life of those connected with it.

It has been calculated, for instance, that no less than £120,000 will be expended on the Derby Day by visitors to London and Epsom in travelling and personal expenses (*i.e.*, eating and drinking), and there are at least 250 days

in every year on which large sums are spent in the same direction. Travelling, hotel expenses, and entrance to race grounds soon take the corners off a ten-pound note, and there are thousands at that kind of work nearly all the year round. It has also been "calculated" that, in all probability, ten thousand persons are employed in various capacities in direct connection with racing, in stables, on stud farms, etc.; and if men and boys be set down as earning over-head, including board and lodging, £1 a week all the year round, the sum so expended will exceed half a million sterling.

III.

The following brief *résumé* of the yearling sales of 1889-90 will give readers a good illustration of the prices referred to in the preceding pages:

Recent sales almost indicate a return of the sensational prices which were the rule a good many years ago, when baby blood stock seemed to many buyers worth "thousands upon thousands"; very fair averages have at all events been obtained, and in one or two individual cases, big prices were the order of the day. The number of yearlings of both sexes which changed hands throughout the season of 1889, ending about the middle of October, was 662, the produce of 189 different sires. The average reached was, as near as possible, 300 gs., the total sum realised by public sales in that year being 195,358 gs.

The figures which follow will afford a means of comparing the average prices obtained for year-

lings sold during the seven years ending with 1890

1884	...	544	Yearlings	...	Average of	268 gs.
1885	...	524	„	...	„	257 „
1886	...	521	„	...	„	215 „
1887	...	639	„	...	„	200 „
1888	...	592	„	...	„	151 „
1889	...	662	„	...	„	300 „
1890	...	454	„	...	„	362 „

The price of 1889, it may be mentioned before going further, was 4,000 gs., paid by Colonel North for a colt by St. Simon, out of Garonne. Four colts by St. Simon changed hands at the very excellent average of 2,150 gs., but the distinction of yielding the highest average belongs to Isonomy, five colts of that celebrated sire fetching the splendid total of 11,880 gs.

Giving precedence to "Her Majesty's yearlings," we find that a lot of twenty-seven came to the hammer, three of which changed hands for 5,000 gs., one of the number, according to "Ruff," passing to Colonel North at a cost of 3,000 gs., a brown colt by Hampton, out of Landend. In the same lot was a chestnut colt by Bend Or, which brought only a hundred short of these figures, and there was a Springfield, which brought 50 gs. more than the Bend Or yearling; other four passed out of the Royal paddocks at Bushey Park for 1,640 gs., so that Her Majesty's breeding establishment must, in 1889, have earned such a handsome profit, as may help to reconcile Parliamentary economists to the continuance of the Royal Stud.

Coming now to individual sires, the figures show that Hermit, or, at all events, Blankney,

maintained a good place, although his average exhibited a great falling-off when compared with some former years. It, however, reached 921 gs. for each of six yearlings, which is better than the return shown in the previous year, which gave an average of 700 gs. for five. One yearling, by Hermit or Galopin, is put down in the list of sales as having brought a sum of 1,950 gs. sterling. One prolific sire is credited with an average of 464 gs., for sixteen yearlings: St. Gatien, the property of Mr. John Hammond, contributed two of his "get" to the year's sales, at the price of 910 gs., a fair commencement. The Springfields (seven) changed hands at good quotations, making an average of 443 gs. Zenophon has five yearlings to his credit, and Wisdom double that number. The average of the latter horse's yearlings was 801 gs., and of those of the former 504 gs. respectively.

The highest price obtained has been stated above, 4,000 gs., the lowest may now be chronicled; it was 8 gs. for a foal by Savoyard out of Bohemian Girl. The heaviest individual buyer of yearlings throughout the season, and other blood stock, was Colonel North, who would require to write a big cheque in order to square his account. As is shown by the table, the sales have been very good both as regards individual prices, and the average, which as can be seen is more than double that of the year 1888, and considerably above that of 1884, which was thought excellent at the time. Six of the lots brought to the hammer in 1890 realised averages of from £445 to £928. Mr. Snarry's three produced the splendid return of £3,771; one of his, indeed, topped the list in 1888,

and fetched the very handsome figure of £2,800, whilst three others which changed hands, did so to the tune of £2,600 each; in 1887, the big figure of 3,000 gs. was obtained for one colt, whilst a series of good prices were got for a few of the other yearlings.

Some excellent prices were made during the yearling sales of 1890. The Royal foals in particular were in great demand. The twenty colts which changed hands produced the handsome total of about 13,820 gs., which represents a high average; one of the number alone, however, fetched 5,500 gs. Others also brought good prices; large sums for individual yearlings was the rule, close upon sixty animals being knocked down at prices ranging from 1,000 to 3,000 gs., which must have recalled old times and prices to the memories of many racing men, whilst the names of the buyers would probably bring back to very many now on the turf recollections of the Hastings' era and the brave days of the Middle Park sales. The filly by St. Simon, which cost Baron Hirsch 5,500 gs. at the Queen's sale, represents in interest alone for the money expended, an annual sum at five per cent. of pretty nearly £300. A chestnut colt, by Sterling, cost Mr. D. Baird 2,000 gs. Lord Dudley, among his other purchases, gave 3,000 gs. for a colt and filly respectively; at another sale the same nobleman paid 2,100 gs. for a brown filly by Paradox, out of Wheatsheaf.

It would take up too much space to enumerate all the individual sales of the season at big prices; but it may be mentioned that one of the yearlings bought by Mr. Maple cost that gentleman the sum of 4,000 gs. Another big price was 3,100 gs. paid

by Mr. Daly for a Springfield colt, which is 100 gs. less than was given by Colonel North for a St. Simon filly. Mr. H. Bass also figured among the buyers of high-priced yearlings, one of which, a Sterling filly, cost him 3,000 gs.; and, summing up these figures, we find that seven of the yearlings which changed hands at the summer sales, realised a total of 24,000 gs.

Some excellent averages were obtained at Bushey Park, for instance (Her Majesty's), where three yearlings only made less than 100 gs. The Yardley Stud yearlings (first lot) were sold at good figures; only one of the fifteen made less than a hundred, whilst one animal brought as much as 2,000 gs. In the second lot of fourteen was included Mr. Bass's cheque of 3,000 gs. The figures realised by the Park Paddock animals were as follows: 120, 730, 1,050, 300, 3,000, 1,050, and 2,100 gs. Other sales might be pointed to at which fine averages were also obtained, such as that of the Leybourne Grange yearlings, at which the lowest price realised was 120 gs., the highest sum obtained being 700 gs., the total amount given for the twelve lots being 4,460 gs. The lots put up by the Waresley Stud, as also by Mr. Beddington and Mr. Hoole, also brought good figures.

It would serve no good purpose to continue the analysis, but it may be stated that, in the course of 1890, 654 yearlings of both sexes were exposed for sale at the average price of about 362 gs., the total sum realised for the season's sales being 236,608 gs. The two sires which stand out with prominence are St. Simon, with an average for nine of 2,150 gs., and Ormonde, for two, with

an average of 2,000 gs. The highest price obtained for any one of the yearlings has already been chronicled; the lowest sum realised, it may be stated, was 11 gs.

The foregoing statistics will serve to show that the breeding of blood stock is profitable, and that there is still a demand for good strains of blood, for which big sums of money are never grudged, although it is exceedingly rare to find the more expensive purchases showing to advantage on the racecourses of the kingdom.

It is somewhat pitiful, or, it may be said, painful, to find men—and among them members of Parliament — crying, more or less loudly, "down with sport." Such persons assuredly know not what they say, seeing that "sport" provides thousands of families every year with food, raiment, and habitation; the money usually expended on the up-keep of race-horses and hunters being largely distributed among those who are generally termed the "working classes." With regard to the cost of sport on the turf, it must be kept in view that the interest accruing on the prices paid for the animals amounts in itself to a large sum annually.

Take, by way of example, the sums expended by one gentleman in the purchase of blood stock, and let us call the amount £10,000; that of itself means £500 per annum, for which it is just possible he may never see any return, and have the keep of the horses, the entries, travelling expenses for trainer and grooms, and jockeys' fees to pay, a class of expenditure that may certainly be averaged at not less than £300 per annum for each animal.

As to the cry, which has been already referred to, of "down with sport," it is most unjust, and is probably seen to be so, even by the more ignorant of those to whom it was first addressed. "Down with sport," would mean the loss of daily bread to thousands who are employed in stables and in agriculture. Training stables cannot be built without masons, carpenters, and other workmen. Horse clothes employ our weavers, and harness-making gives remunerative employment to hundreds. The farrier in his forge feels all the better for there being 10,000 race-horses in the country, helpers in stables do not go without clothes, and racing grooms and jockeys will annually require, at least, 15,000 suits. Horses are fed on the best of oats and hay, and to provide this forage, two or three thousand persons will contribute a share of their labour. Important race meetings attract myriads of spectators, and so our railways flourish, and our hotel-keepers and their servants thrive. Over one million sterling is earned every year by servants and others who are dependent on the great national pastime of horse-racing. I am taking, in the foregoing remarks, sport as I find it. Some people will say that the oats eaten by horses would be better if given to men as food; but that mode of argument can be made to go in a circle. Men must have recreation, and nothing will prevent them picking out the pastime they like best. So much for the cry of "down with sport."

BUSINESS OF HORSE-RACING:

OFFICERS OF THE TURF.

I.

VERY few of the many thousands who annually assemble on the breezy downs of Epsom to gaze upon the fierce contest which takes place for the "Blue Ribbon" of the turf, or who witness the Cup races at Ascot, have even a rudimentary idea of the "business," the real "work," in fact, which is incidental to horse-racing. They have never been behind the scenes, and have had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the economy of a racing stable, or the labour and anxiety which pertain to training race-horses; nor do they care anything about strains of racing blood, they know nothing whatever about the sires or dams of the animals which win or lose the races on which they gaze with such interest.

The spectacle of the Derby or the Royal Hunt Cup, although brilliant and exciting in the extreme, is but the work of a minute or two and is soon forgotten, and so far as many who witness them are concerned, the whole affair might be an accident. The ordinary

spectator of a great race is much in the position of a child at a theatre during the Christmas holidays, for all that master or missy cares or knows, the wonderful fairy pantomime may have dropped ready made from the clouds; children are concerned only about the sight as they see it, they think not of the brain-work it has cost, or the toil which has been endured in its preparation, or the outlay of money necessitated by its production. The business of the turf —before such a spectacle as "the Derby" can be shown on Epsom Downs—may be likened to the labour undergone in the production of a dramatic piece. Those who train our race-horses and arrange our sport upon the turf, find their work to be of a very onerous nature, it is much divided and much of it unknown to the general public.

The business matters pertaining to horse-racing are, as a rule, arranged by persons licensed by the Jockey Club—judges, clerks of courses, jockeys, all require the authority of the Club before they can act. Horse-racing has so long figured in the eyes of the unlearned in turf matters as a "pastime," that the idea of there being any "business" to transact in connection with it has often drawn from persons, who know no better, an expression of surprise; but before any race meeting can be advertised, or any race be run, much work of a thorough kind has to be got through, the whole machinery of racing has, in fact, to be evoked.

In the event of the meeting being a new one, which, for the purpose of illustration, the writer assumes, the whole machinery requires

to be organised. A site for the meeting has to be selected, and then a racecourse has to be constructed. Commodious stables, either at the place of meeting, or near it, must be provided, as well as offices for the various officials, likewise accommodation for the public, in the form of a grand stand having galleries from which the different races may be witnessed. For the officials, and jockeys, and reporters of the press, rooms must be provided, as well as those bars and dining-places for the sale of viands, which are a prominent feature of our racing paddocks. The administrative officers of the meeting have to be appointed, either before or after the course has been laid down; they are, as a rule, selected before the affair is planned. There is also required a body of gentlemen to act as stewards, who, when necessary, form a court to which disputes arising in the course of a meeting can be referred for immediate settlement. Before a meeting can begin, the course must be approved and have its racing time fixed by the Jockey Club.

The principal officials required for the conduct of a race meeting are a clerk of the course, a handicapper, a starter, and a judge.

The clerk of the course receives—it is his chief duty—the entries for the different races, and also takes charge of the correspondence and general clerical business which pertains to a race meeting. This functionary is usually the mainspring of the meeting, he may, however, be "the hired servant" of the proprietors of the racecourse; in reality his position is dependent on how meetings he is connected with may be

constituted. In addition to a clerk of the course, there may also be a "clerk of the scales": that is, a person entrusted with the important duty of weighing out and weighing in the jockeys, before and after riding, and seeing that each rider carries the exact weight apportioned to him.

The handicapper is an important functionary. Clerks of the course often officiate in the capacity of handicappers, or adjusters of the weights; sometimes, too, the office of handicapper and judge are combined; indeed, at some race meetings, the whole three offices are occasionally conjoined in one person; in theatrical parlance, the clerk of the course very often "doubles" the office of judge and handicapper. During a race meeting lasting over three or four days, the handicapper finds plenty of work, as, in addition to having apportioned weights to all the horses engaged in the larger handicaps, nurseries, and sweepstakes, many days, in some cases months, before the date of the meeting, he has to adjust the weights for those races which are run from day to day, for which horses are not entered till the evening before the day on which they are to run.

A handicapper must be resourceful and ever on the alert, ready on every opportunity to display, in practical fashion, his abounding knowledge of the qualities and previous achievements of horses, so as to be able to place the various animals on an equality in an overnight handicap. Race meetings are largely dependent on "the go" and ability of the person engaged as handicapper, because owners and trainers are a rather jealous class, and quite able to detect at once, and resent,

by withdrawal of their horses for the race, and their non-entry in future contests, any flagrant instance of favouritism. At some race meetings, perhaps, as many as fifty separate weights will have to be adjusted, from day to day, during the progress of sport, besides those assigned to horses in standing events before racing began.

No meeting is perfect without the assistance of the "starter," an official whose business it is to start the competing horses. The duty of the starter, more particularly when there is a large field of young horses (two-year-olds), is difficult to perform satisfactorily, especially when the short distance to be run (say five furlongs) is taken into account; it is of the utmost importance, therefore, that each horse shall start on equal terms. A starter must possess firmness and decision of character in no ordinary measure, as he may have at times as many as forty jockeys under command, several of the boys being mounted on very unruly animals, while others may be wilfully goading their horses into unruliness on purpose to delay the start, thereby so fatiguing the younger riders as to make them lose command of their horses, and thus lose their chance of winning.

Starters have necessarily much in their power; and instances are known of such officials having occasionally favoured a particular horse, by allowing it to obtain what is called, in racing parlance, a "flying start," or some other advantage. Disobedient jockeys may be complained against by the starter to the stewards, who will reprimand them for trivial offences, or perhaps suspend them from riding during the continuance of the meeting for grave faults; or remand consideration of the

case to the higher tribunal of the Jockey Club, as may be deemed right.

The starter officiates at one end of the course, the judge at the other.

A judge on a racecourse is entrusted with very onerous duties, and, seeing the value of the interests with which he is entrusted, ought to be a man of rare integrity; and so far as can be known, racing judges to-day are men of honour in their calling. Not only the integrity of the judge, but his powers of observation are of the utmost importance, when it is considered that hundreds of thousands of pounds sometimes change hands on his fiat—a fiat, be it understood, from which, as a rule, there is no appeal. A race is sometimes so nearly what is known as a "dead heat," that persons express dissatisfaction with the decision of the judge and assert that the second horse undoubtedly earned the verdict of victor. So close upon some occasions is the contest, that the leading jockeys themselves are unable to say which animal has won till its number has been hoisted on the indication board. Where a numerous field of horses compete in a short race, half-a-dozen of the number may gallop so evenly that it is sometimes very difficult for the judge to say which of them has arrived first at the winning-post. A novice in the judge's box during an important race would be a misfortune, the verdict of that official being, in almost every instance, final, even in the case, upon occasion, of an obvious blunder; and, as is well known, blunders have more than once been made by racing judges; because of the winning horse having escaped his notice, the race has in con-

sequence been awarded to a horse which ought to have been placed second.

In addition to the important officials whose duties have been briefly indicated, there are one or two others employed in various capacities, as money and check takers, door keepers, course clearers, etc. One official must be briefly alluded to, he is a self-appointed one, who is not in receipt of any salary, but gets his "chance"; that official is "All right," a man who attends in the weighing room, and who, when the contending jockeys have been weighed in after the race, and it is ascertained that no objection of any kind has been offered against the winning horse, comes into the paddock and shouts out the welcome words "All right," to signify that those who have been betting may proceed to settle accounts. This most useful functionary is paid at the end of each meeting by a voluntary subscription from bookmakers and others interested in the good news which he disseminates.

The racing officials mentioned hold their offices on good behaviour. No starter, judge, or other functionary can afford, by an exhibition of delinquency, to brave the wrath of the Jockey Club. To be "warned off" Newmarket Heath and all other places where the stewards of the Club have power, implies professional extinction. No functionary of the turf under the ban of the Jockey Club would find employment. What being "warned off" Newmarket Heath means to an owner of horses may be quoted: "When a person is warned off Newmarket Heath under these rules (the rules of racing), and so long as his exclusion continues, he shall not be qualified

to subscribe for, or to enter or run any horse for any race either in his own name or in that of any other person, and any horse of which he is part owner shall be disqualified."

II.

Having recited the duties of the chief officials connected with the business department of horse-racing, it becomes necessary to proceed a stage further and explain the constitution of one or two of our principal race meetings, of which only those immediately interested in the sport know very much. The constitution of several of these events is, however, somewhat obscure, inasmuch as the details are not known to the public. At Newmarket it is the Jockey Club which profits or loses by the racing which takes place on the classic heath. At Royal Ascot the handicappers are only the servants of higher powers; at Goodwood the moneys derived from the annual meeting, whatever they may amount to, are placed to the credit of the noble Duke on whose estate the races are run. The revenue from the race meeting annually held in Goodwood Park is reputed to be large, and as in a comparative sense little addition is made to the stakes, the profits are probably considerable. About Epsom and its grand stand, information of an interesting kind has been frequently published. At Doncaster, the various meetings are in the hands of the corporation, the profits derived going to benefit the town. Gate-money meetings are promoted by joint-stock companies, and several of them have become profitable institutions. It

has been computed that on some race days at Manchester, as many as eighty thousand persons have paid for admission to the ground in sums varying from sixpence to a guinea.

New sources of revenue are frequently devised. Tattersall rings, not known of old, yield a handsome sum, and are supposed to be used only by the *crème de la crème* of the sporting fraternity; charges are also made for admission to the saddling paddock; at every turn, indeed, there is something to pay, either legitimately, or by way of *backsheesh.* The various refreshment stations, in the shape of rooms and tents, and often multiplied "bars," likewise yield a considerable revenue.

Newmarket is the capital of the turf in England. It is known as "head-quarters," and is the nominal seat of the turf legislature, which is represented by the Jockey Club. There are thirty-one different racecourses at Newmarket, ranging from a little over a furlong, to the Beacon course of four miles, while, during the year, seven meetings take place at which about two hundred and fifty races are decided. Newmarket, as well as being head-quarters of the turf, so far as sport is concerned, is also a resort of many trainers: several stables of importance being located at that place. The Jockey Club being eminently conservative, none beyond the stewards and its principal servants know anything about its financial position; but it is supposed to be growing wealthy. The numerous racecourses at Newmarket form a puzzle to the uninitiated, and, conservative as the Jockey Club is known to be, the time is not far distant when it will require to remodel its racing ground; race

grounds might be named, which, although less classic, are more convenient.

Before racing can be entered upon, the horses must, as a matter of course, be in a fitting state of preparation to run for them. Trainers to prepare those animals for their work, as also jockeys to ride them in their various contests, is a matter of necessity. Race-horses are very expensive to keep; but it is questionable if more than twenty-five per cent. of the animals in training ever earn for their owners much more than a clear £1,000 per annum. Horses which prove successful in the Two Thousand or One Thousand Guineas Stakes, the Oaks, the Derby, the St. Leger, and the more important handicaps, earn large amounts for those to whom they belong. These, however, are exceptional horses; generally speaking, they are *the* horses of their year. Owners of one or two animals who lay themselves out to win an occasional big handicap, occasionally bag a large sum of money, chiefly in bets, however.

Investing money in blood stock for racing purposes is much like purchasing a lottery ticket. It is the breeders, we suspect, who make most money out of "blood stock." There are, at least, a dozen famous breeding studs in England, kept up at great expense, and introducing to the turf, year by year, many highly bred horses, the greater number of which are sold by auction; two breeders of renown, out of their profits, were enabled to found races of value which are annually decided at Newmarket.

The "business" of racing includes the breaking-in and training of the horses, and on the skill

with which this is accomplished, depends much of the success or non-success which attends the animals during their racing career. Some trainers are particularly fortunate with yearlings entrusted to their care, and are able to bring them to various race meetings trained to perfection. Others, again, less able in their profession, or less fortunate in the ability or stamina of the animals entrusted to their care, do not make so good a show with their horses, and are consequently not looked upon with the same favour by the racing community. It is seldom difficult, however, to win a race with a good horse (or even a bad one) properly prepared for the struggle. Many capable judges of horse-flesh think that horses are occasionally "overtrained," and that, in consequence, when the hour of contest arrives, they are compelled to succumb to some more robust rival. Some trainers have acquired fame in their business from their ability to train a horse to win the Derby; others devote their time and attention to the preparation of horses for long or short distance races, whilst a third class look chiefly to steeple-chasing, and delight to train horses to jump.

III.

It is no part of the writer's intention to describe the economy of a training stable; but the business of a trainer of race-horses is one which is fraught with anxiety; a sudden change of the atmosphere may ruin his prospects of winning an important race, or a horse ridden at exercise by a careless boy may be brought back to the stable so lame

that it can hardly ever again be depended on to run. The modern trainer is usually a man of some education and intelligence, a contrast to his predecessor of sixty years since, who was simply a groom and little more; he knows the anatomy and constitution of the horses placed under his care, and is familiar with them in health and disease. He has also to administer his establishment with care and economy, and has to keep up the discipline of his place; he may be the master probably of thirty or forty lads, whom it is not easy to keep in order.

A trainer who may, in the course of the winter, find he has the favourite for the Derby, or some other great race, in his stable, passes an anxious time, more especially when those who own the animal are addicted to heavy betting, and "the horse has been backed to win a fortune" in bets. To keep a horse in health demands the unceasing attention of its trainer and his servants: to see that its food and drink are of the best quality, that its gallops are properly regulated, that it is carefully housed, and that no improper person obtains access to it, are duties that must be performed with unceasing watchfulness. Sometimes, though a trainer be ever so lynx-eyed and careful, he will be baffled, and will awake to the sad consciousness, some fine morning about the time fixed for a race, that the horse has been "got at" by some interested party, and rendered useless for the coming event.

Derby favourites have occasionally been "nobbled," no one being able at the time to say how. The blacksmith may have pricked it in shoeing, its water may have been poisoned, some

deleterious substance may have been given to it in its daily food, it may have injured its leg in some trap set for it on the racing ground, or its stable attendant may have been bribed to injure it, or a dozen other plans of a like kind may have been devised to place the high-mettled steed *hors de combat.* Day and night the trainer requires to be on the watch: in day-time his eye must be on the training ground watching the boys, and many a sleepless night must he pass in feverish anxiety as to the fate of the favourite, for of such is the business of horse-racing.

Owners and trainers of race-horses occasionally have fortune in their grasp without knowing it; in other words, they may possess an animal capable of winning a Derby, and yet be ignorant of the fact. Horses upon which, at first, very little store may be set, frequently prove of great value, able to win important stakes, and afterwards bring large sums of money for use at the stud. To be in a position to inform his employer how best to "place" his horses, forms one of the chief merits of a trainer. It is useless to enter a slow, plodding horse to take part in a short-distance race where speed is the chief quality required, nor on the other hand is it worth while to enter a horse suitable to a five-furlong course, in the Great Metropolitan or Cesarewitch Handicaps, which can only be won by horses of staying powers.

There are a few owners and trainers of race-horses who possess the happy knack of so placing them, that they win the majority of the races for which they are entered. The Swan, I remember, was a horse which was always so happily

placed that it won a large number of races for its owner, Mr. John Martin; other race-horses of greater celebrity, such as Lilian, might be mentioned as having been equally useful during their career on the turf. A gentleman possessing a stud of perhaps half-a-dozen or eight animals will frequently have a larger winning account at the end of the year than an owner of perhaps three times the number, just because he knows better what to do with them, or how to "place" them, so that he may, by winning a few races, earn their keep and pay for the entries made on their behalf. To be able to do so—to "place" one's horses, so that each may be able to win a couple of races in the course of the season—implies a good knowledge of the business of racing. Men with big studs usually strive to win the larger stakes, but as these stakes are fewer in number and have more numerous competitors, so their chances of success are proportionately lessened; but when a Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, or Manchester Autumn Cup is won, the money gained even in stakes is worth adding to the owner's bank account.

As has been stated, no race-meeting takes place by accident; for the so-called "classic races," the entries—an important feature of racing business—have to be made while the animals are yearlings. In numerous contests, the horses appointed to compete must be named long before the time advertised for bringing off the meeting, so that both owners and trainers require to keep their eyes open and have their wits about them to be able to do the right work at the right time. In several important training stables, there is so much correspondence to be got through, and so

much book-keeping to be done, so many accounts to check and settle, as to render it necessary that the trainer should keep a clerk or secretary, an office filled in some cases by a member of the trainer's own family, perhaps his wife, or a daughter. It would never answer to allow a stranger to become familiar with the secrets of the prison-house.

It will be gathered from the foregoing summary, brief as it may be thought, that horse-racing to those engaged in it is somewhat of a serious pastime. "It takes a bit out of a jockey" to ride two or three races per diem, whilst trainers as a meeting progresses have much to do; owners also, with "thousands" invested in entry moneys and bets, have anxious moments to endure. In short, without devoted, never-ceasing attention to the business incidental to the turf, horse-racing as a pastime for the people would speedily come to an end.

IV.

The foregoing observations on the "business" of horse-racing may be fitly supplemented by a few additional remarks about the officers of the turf—chiefly with regard to former doings by these gentlemen, whose positions to-day are less "picturesque" than they were half a century ago.

Various meetings are becoming nowadays hard to sustain, and there is, in some instances, it is generally believed, a good deal of begging on the part of the clerk of the course to get the requisite funds; in such cases that gentleman performs, or used to perform, a liberal share of

the work. It may be mentioned here that when on a particular occasion a Queen's Plate, usually run for at the popular Scottish Musselburgh meeting, was disallowed by Parliament, at the instigation of a Radical member of the House of Commons, the clerk of the course, Mr. James Turner, along with some friends, conceived the idea of replacing the disallowed trophy by a "People's Plate" of the same value, £100; a subscription was suggested, and the requisite sum of money was obtained in the course of a day or two, mostly in pence.

In a work published forty years ago, which probably few readers of these pages have had an opportunity of perusing—"Turf Characters" is its title—the following summary is given of the higher duties of a clerk of the course :

"The clerk of the course has many obligations to fulfil, the due execution of which requires almost incessant attention throughout the whole period of the year, apart from the race-week itself. For the efficient performance of those obligations, he must bring into full exercise not only appropriate capabilities in his own part, but their judicious application with regard to others. He is an important connecting link; and upon himself depends, in a considerable degree, the success and popularity of the meetings with which he is immediately connected, as well as the maintenance of his own reputation. He should not only be well acquainted with the laws of racing, but with all the matters and propositions—with, in short, the prevailing state of the turf; and, although it may not be needful that he should be, as it were, a walking calendar

with regard to past decisions generally, or to pedigrees in particular, he should arm himself with every needful information to strengthen his energies and aid his success. He should be accurately acquainted with the several studs of horses in training, what has been accomplished hitherto, and what is in anticipation. He should be known to the respectable owners as well as to the trainers themselves. To the former his deportment should be respectful, without subserviency; zealous without intrusion; ready to give every information as to added money on the one hand, and as to weights, distances, penalties, and forfeits, on the other. With the latter, he should be on comparatively familiar terms; as ready to communicate propositions as to listen to suggestions; commanding respect by a uniform civility, and assuring confidence by faithfulness and integrity.

"He should attend all the race-meetings throughout the country, not only for the purpose of obtaining information as to the proposals emanating from other great and competing race-meetings, but for securing additional subscriptions or nominations contained in his own red book, which, at the suitable opportunity, should be submitted to the noblemen and gentlemen then present, although, perhaps, he may have previously communicated with them by circulars through the post.

"By adopting this course, he places himself in the focus of turf intelligence, from which radiates the information which he should turn to the best account. While he thus becomes well known to all parties, and esteemed for the

propriety of his deportment on all occasions, perhaps lauded for his praiseworthy zeal and assiduity, he becomes also the best means of communication with all the owners of horses, and is thus fully enabled to carry out the views of the race-meeting of his own locality, city, or burgh, the most judicious appropriation of the grants of the municipal body, or the subscriptions of the inhabitants, and ensure the success and popularity which in racing matters are the life-blood of the meeting."

V.

Many curious anecdotes have, from time to time, been circulated about the doings of various officers of the turf, not a few of them, perhaps, of a rather imaginative kind. In one or two instances where the clerk of the course acted also as handicapper, as well as being lessee of the grand stand, it is said that it was his custom to "retain" all the big stakes; in plain language, it has been more than once implied that some handicappers were allowed, by certain owners, to keep the stake-money, on condition of the horses entered by them being favoured in the apportioning of the weights. "If my horse wins," would say an owner, "the bets I make will pay me; therefore I shall not trouble myself about the stakes." Such stories must be taken with the usual grain of salt. A story, however, was recently circulated by a well-known turf writer about a small owner, who, having won an important handicap, called on the clerk of the course to lift the stakes; he was received with a most incredulous stare, but after a brief pause, the

official wrote out and signed the necessary cheque. "There," said he, "but learn your business better; don't let this occur again."

This official requires to "look sharp," and he must keep his eyes wide open while engaged in the performance of his duties, otherwise he may become the victim of a tricky jockey or owner, who has an object to gain by perpetrating a fraud. It has more than once occurred that the scales have been tampered with by a piece of lead being fastened to them in a hidden place, in some cases before the boys were weighed, in some cases after that process had been performed, the object being to have the rider of the winning horse disqualified for carrying more or less than the stipulated weight.

The success of race-meetings is greatly dependent on the knowledge and talent of the handicapper, owners and trainers being, as has been said, jealous and exacting. Of late years, increased sums of money have been added by the managers or lessees of certain race-meetings to the races announced, but in several instances without having the desired effect of swelling the acceptances or the field. No handicapper is thought to be successful unless the owners of more than half of the horses entered are pleased to cry content with the weights allotted to them. It occasionally happens, however, that although a handicap may be remarkably well constructed, and every horse be allotted a fair weight, the acceptances for various reasons may be small—so small on occasion, as to render the race to all intents and purposes a failure. He would, indeed, be a clever handicapper if he could

please all who enter their horses in any given race; consequently, when a handicap is published there is very often a loud chorus of disappointment. One owner compares the heavy weight assigned to his horse with the light weight bestowed on some other animal which has beaten it. Owners, dissatisfied with the work of this official, sometimes strike their horses out of the race, without waiting till the date when the acceptances have to be declared, which is altogether a mistaken policy. It very often happens that the views of the handicapper are triumphantly endorsed by the result of the race, when two or three of the horses carrying the heaviest imposts of the handicap will make a bolder bid for victory than any of the other animals, the honours of the race falling, perhaps, to the horse which carries the top weight. Handicappers, "it is said," are occasionally "got at," with the result that some well-planned *coup* is brought off, in which a horse carrying a light impost, by favour of the official in question, is declared the winner.

Persons who have long been behind the scenes of the racing arena could doubtless relate many stories of the kind indicated, and as handicappers, like other men, are bung-full of human nature, it is not to be wondered at if, being sorely tempted, they sometimes fall. But at the present time the official in question is more often a victim of some other man's crime than a criminal himself. Handicappers are born to be deceived. They form a target for owners to shoot their arrows at, if such a simile is applicable; horses are run in all fashions in order to deceive them, and frequently with success.

It has hitherto been a fashion to hold up Admiral Rous to the admiration of the turf world as the greatest artist in the "putting together" of horses that has ever been known, but statements to that effect must be taken only for what they are worth. Such a man as "the Admiral" was not, of course, open to accept any vulgar bribe; no person would have had the hardihood to offer him a "monkey," or even a pipe of fine old port, to be allowed to place his own weight on his own horse. But the Admiral was quite as easily deceived as many other handicappers, with the result of being occasionally remorselessly "sold" in the same way by a well-devised "plant," of which some carefully-kept horse which had been ridden out of its distance at petty meetings was the hero. It is impossible, with the fierce light which now beats on his work, for a handicapper, unless he has been deceived himself, to go far wrong; he does his duty, as may be said, in a glass house, under the eye of all interested, and dare not therefore, if he would, commit any serious *faux pas*, however great might be the temptation held out to him.

The work of the starter is occasionally most onerous and difficult to perform satisfactorily. Firmness and decision of character ought to be the chief characteristic of this officer of the turf. At times as many as thirty, and even on occasion forty horses will assemble to compete in some popular handicap, each jockey being eager to secure an advantage over his neighbour at the start. Many of the lads are mounted on animals difficult to govern, whilst others of the jockeys will, of set purpose, do their best to goad their

horses into a state of unrest, for the sake of delaying the start, until some tiny boy mounted on a favourite is beaten with cold and fatigue before the race is even begun to be run. Such tactics have been often resorted to; they seem to form a feature of "jockeyship." As all who frequent race-meetings know, the starter has a great deal in his power.

That the gentlemen who officiate as starters at the present time are honest in their vocation, men whom no bribe would tempt to go wrong, however large it might be, may be taken for granted. But it was not always so; there was a time in the history of the turf, when the duties of starter were entrusted to any Tom, Dick, or Harry, with the result that they were carelessly, if not dishonestly performed. Nothing is more annoying to an owner of a valuable horse than to see the animal distressed by a number of false starts—especially when it has been heavily backed and is thought to possess a great chance of securing a victory. On such occasions the power of a horse is frittered before racing begins, and its winning chance lessened thereby. At one period of turf history, according to an authority already mentioned, the duties of starter were so inefficiently performed that Lord George Bentinck, who reformed many of the abuses incidental to the sport of kings, used himself voluntarily to undertake the task of starting the horses whenever a great event was about to be decided. From his high position in the turf world, his experience acquired as an active steward of the Jockey Club, and the fact of his being the proprietor of many valuable horses, as well as of an immense breeding stud,

Lord George was well able to keep the most refractory jockeys in order, and so ensure a fair start.

VI.

"It was a glorious sight," says a racing enthusiast, writing under the signature of "Martingale," "to see Lord George Bentinck, flag in hand, walking at the head of a field of horses, and conducting them to the starting-point in as compact a body as possible, every eye pointed in one direction, every elevated position occupied from which a view could be obtained, the course perfectly clear, the sun lighting up the brilliant colours of the jockeys' dresses, gleaming with more hues than the rainbow, the reins handled, the spirit manifested by the equine competitors, the result doubtful, victory or defeat hanging in the balance. The word 'go' was given by the noble starter, and the flag dropped, and away rushed the mighty host with terrific speed, presenting a spectacle so imposing and so exciting as never to be obliterated from the minds of those who had the high gratification of beholding it."

There are votaries of the turf who prefer to see the start rather than the finish of a race; but at some meetings, as at Doncaster, both the beginning and the conclusion of the more exciting contests can be seen.

A race terminates at the winning-post, where sits the judge to determine which of the runners is to be declared victor, and which two horses are to have the honour of being placed.

On rare occasions, in two or three instances only, has it happened of late that a judge has been

required to revise his judgment and alter his verdict; as a rule his decree is final, although, in the opinion of thousands who have witnessed the contest, it may be an erroneous verdict. In the race for the Derby Stakes of 1869, when Pero Gomez and Pretender ran so close together, it was generally considered, till the numbers went up, that Pero Gomez had beaten Pretender, and many who saw the race insist it was so, and that the judge on that occasion committed an error in awarding the Blue Ribbon to the northern-trained horse.

Long ago, say sixty years since, complaints against judges were much oftener indulged in than they are at present. A writer on turf matters, in speaking of the judging of the period (1829), says:

"I have frequently known much dissatisfaction to arise from the manner in which the judge has placed the horses; for instance, at the last Epsom Races (1829), the first race, the first day, was very closely contested by Conrad and Fleur de lis. I was nearly opposite the winning-post, and felt no hesitation in supposing Conrad the winner; I heard great numbers express their opinion to the same effect. The judge decided otherwise. At the Liverpool Meeting in July, 1829, the Gold Cup was decided in favour of Velocipede, though many persons insisted that Dr. Faustus was the winner. Templeman, who rode Dr. Faustus, unhesitatingly declared his unqualified conviction that he won the race. Now, since no person can tell so exactly which wins as the judge, from the situation in which he is placed, I am very willing

to suppose that, in both cases, the decision was correct. Many other instances might be adduced, but as they merely form a catalogue of unmeaning repetition, I shall not state them. However, a judge, in order to be master of his business, or qualified for the important office which he undertakes, should be generally acquainted with the jockeys, the colours, and also the horses; he should observe the running of the horses, particularly when they come within distance, or he will find it a difficult matter, should the race be finely contested, to give a correct decision—a decision satisfactory to his own mind. A judge should abstain from betting, if he wish to avoid suspicion."

The judge occupies, as he ought to do, the best position for witnessing the finish of a race, and of all the hundreds standing near him not one can view the finale from the same standpoint; they are all more or less "angled," and see with a squint, hence the varied opinions which prevail after a close finish. Another point in judging, not generally known, is, that every race terminates *at* the winning-post, and that it is not the horse which is first past the post which gains the victory, but the animal which is first *at* it. This great fact in racing arrangements has led thousands into error, and into asserting that a horse had won when in reality it had not. The judge of an important race, therefore, must be a man of nerve, with a clear head and a cool brain, ready to take in the whole position in half a second—a consummation which is not easy when there is a very close finish with a field of perhaps, say, thirty horses, the first three or four

of which, as they rush past the winning-chair, are as nearly as possible locked together. Other races in which the competitors are much fewer, are quite as difficult to judge; races, for instance, in which the first three horses are running widely apart from each other, on a very broad race-course. In such instances no one but the recognised authority can tell which is first, the guesses of lookers-on during the decision of such events being often wide of the mark.

Curious instances have frequently been related of hats being thrown up by enthusiastic bettors as a token of rejoicing before the winning number has been officially signalled, and great has been the chagrin of these enthusiasts when they saw the number of their horse placed second or third. Upon one occasion a gentleman who had backed a high-mettled steed belonging to a friend of his to win him a sum of about £15,000, watched the race with intense anxiety, and saw, as he thought, his friend's horse just beaten on the post. Imagine his joy, therefore, when the numbers went up, when he found that instead of being just beaten he had just won. Many an opposite tale could be told of men who, before the winning number was hoisted, felt certain they had won a fortune, when alas! their horse was only awarded the second or third place. Still, the judge maintains his high position; he may make an occasional blunder in his award, but his honesty of purpose remains unquestioned, although on some of his judgments are dependent large amounts of money.

On the determination of a race there may be hundreds of thousands of pounds at stake, and

the winning some day of thirty, forty, or fifty thousand may only be accomplished by a couple of inches—a nose, in the slang of the turf; indeed, a horse is sometimes said, when the contest is a notably close one, to win by the skin of its teeth. Under such circumstances, it is consoling to those interested to know that "the man in the box" is above suspicion.

THE CLASSIC RACES.

I. THE ST. LEGER.

CERTAIN races are now designated by common consent "classic." These, in the order of their occurrence, are the Two Thousand Guineas, One Thousand, and the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, but why they should be "classic" more than some other events of the turf I am unable to explain; they have, at any rate, become standing dishes of our racing bills of fare. In point of origin, the St. Leger is entitled to precedence as premier of "the classics." Much controversy has taken place about the exact date of the first of the great Town Moor struggles, caused, no doubt, by the fact that no name had been bestowed upon it when it was instituted. The race in reality should date from the year 1788, when Hollandaise won, but it was first run two years earlier, when Allabaculia, ridden by J. Singleton, proved victorious.

The name was fixed upon, as has been often narrated, at a dinner held in the "Red Lion Inn," in Doncaster. At that dinner the Marquis of Rockingham proposed that "the sweepstakes,"

first run for in 1776, should be named the "St. Leger," in compliment to Lieutenant-General Anthony St. Leger, of Park Hill, and the proposition was unanimously adopted. After a time, the Doncaster race became as famous as the Derby, and its celebration during the last sixty years has, in some degree, become an event of national significance.

The names and performances of the winning horses and successful jockeys of the St. Leger have been sedulously chronicled for many years past, and it may be said that, for good horses and exciting incidents, as well as for the value of the stakes and the betting that takes place upon it, the great Doncaster race is not behind the Derby, which is indebted for much of its success to the fact of its taking place within twenty miles of the populous city of London. Doncaster, where the race for the St. Leger is run, is not so easy of access to large numbers of spectators as the far-famed downs of Epsom; still, on the eventful day, the Town Moor becomes crowded by thousands, chiefly enthusiastic Yorkshiremen, eager to witness the grand spectacle.

The St. Leger, then, originated as a sweepstake of 25 gs. each for three-year-old horses. The days of running have been changed two or three times. The race was originally run on a Tuesday, then Wednesday became for a couple of years the St. Leger day, when it again became Tuesday, and continued to be celebrated on that day for twenty-five years afterwards, after which it was run for a time on Monday, then changed again to Tuesday. Since the year 1845, however, the St. Leger day has been Wednesday.

The distance run in the earlier races for the great Doncaster prize was two miles, and the horses, instead of running as at present, went the other way of the course. In 1812 the race is described as being run "over the St. Leger course," which, in the Calendar of the period, is stated to be 1 mile, 7 furlongs, and 20 yards, and 1 mile, 6 furlongs, and 100 yards on the inside; now the St. Leger distance is given in Weatherby's Calendar as 1 mile, 6 furlongs, 132 yards.

In the early years of the race the stakes were counted in guineas, the weights, 8 st. 2 lb. for colts, fillies carrying 2 lb. less. Since its institution many horses have competed, the highest number started in any year being thirty, when the winner was Mr. Watts's Memnon (1825). As few as four horses, however, have gone to the starting-post, namely in 1783 and 1785, when Phenomenon and Cowslip won. During the last quarter of a century fair fields have competed for the St. Leger Stakes. As many as nineteen horses went to the post in 1870, when victory was awarded to Hawthornden; only seven horses were selected, however, to oppose Mr. Merry's heroine, Marie Stuart. In the five years ending with 1890 fifty-nine horses faced the starter. Taking a rough average, thirteen horses made up the field for the "Sellinger," and as the public form of the year is pretty well exposed by the middle of September, many more competitors could scarcely be expected.

Glancing over the roll of victories as recorded in "Ruff," and other "guides," we see that Lord A. Hamilton, one of the most successful of the earlier aspirants for St. Leger honours, won the

race in three successive years with Paragon, Spadille, and Young Flora, and again, after a lapse of three years, with Tartar, and on each occasion Mangle was "up." Mr. Petre scored three consecutive St. Leger successes by means of Matilda, The Colonel, and Rowton, 1827–8–9, previous to which Mr. Mellish, the Duke of Hamilton, and Mr. Pierse had each taken the race in two successive years, a feat which was afterwards followed up by Lords Westminster and Falmouth. Several Scottish sportsmen have also gained the coveted prize, notably the Duke of Hamilton (thrice), Lord Eglinton (thrice), Mr. James Merry (twice), Mr Ianson (twice), and Mr. Stirling Crawford. In its earlier years few of the Dukes and Lords of the turf won the St. Leger, but since 1876 the Peerage have been more fortunate, only three Commoners having been credited with the race during the last fourteen years, Lord Falmouth having proved successful on three occasions. In 1889–90 St. Leger honours fell to the Duke of Portland, by the aid of Donovan and Memoir.

The winning of the Derby and St. Leger by the same horse has been accomplished in thirteen different years, commencing with Champion in the first year of the century, 1800. For the long period of forty-eight years no horse was able to emulate the great feat of Champion, but just as owners and trainers were despairing, and people were beginning to prophesy that the double event would never more take place, Surplice came upon the scene and solved the problem. In the following year the feat was again accomplished, when Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman

proved successful, whilst Lord Zetland's Voltigeur won the double event in 1850. West Australian accomplished the same feat in 1853, and, curiously enough, in the years 1864–5–6 the feat was successively performed by Blair Athol, Gladiateur, and Lord Lyon. Silvio, a horse belonging to Lord Falmouth, won both Derby and St. Leger in 1877, while the dual victory of the American horse Iroquois is doubtless green in the memory of all who take an interest in the turf. Since Iroquois proved so fortunate, Melton, Ormonde, and Donovan have also achieved double event honours (1885, 1886, and 1889). The annals of the St. Leger have also been signalised by a series of triple events, West Australian, Gladiateur, Lord Lyon, and Ormonde having won the Two Thousand Guineas as well as the Derby and St. Leger.

It will not be out of place to devote a few lines to the famous horsemen of the St. Leger, the jockeys who have won the Blue Ribbon of the North. The rider of the first winner of the race was J. Singleton, who steered Allabaculia to victory in 1766. The five successes of Mangle took place on Ruler in 1780, and on Lord A. Hamilton's three in 1786–7–8, as also on the same nobleman's Tartar in 1792. Among horsemen who flourished on the Town Moor of Doncaster at an early date was B. Smith, who proved victorious on six occasions; but W. Scott was more successful in the great race than any other jockey, as he secured the St. Leger nine times, four of his wins being in consecutive years. Many celebrated English horsemen have ridden in the St. Leger. Jackson won the prize on eight

occasions, and Buckle twice. Job Marson was thrice victorious in the struggle; the latter on Voltigeur ran a dead heat with Russborough, an Irish horse, but in the run-off, Voltigeur, again ridden by Job, proved the better animal, winning the deciding heat with great ease, although the jockey confessed to being a little nervous. Flatman, too, made his mark on the Town Moor by winning two consecutive St. Legers, namely, in 1856 with Warlock, and in 1857 with Imperieuse. Another jockey who earned great distinction on the St. Leger course was T. Chaloner, who gained the prize on five different horses. Maidment won the stakes in 1871 for Baron Rothschild on Hannah, and in the following year won again on Wenlock. The chief jockey of his period, Frederick Archer, also earned his share of Doncaster honours, having thrice won the race for his chief patron, Lord Falmouth, and three times for other owners. Of living jockeys who have taken St. Leger decorations it would be unfair not to chronicle the name of John Osborne, who secured honours by a wonderful effort on Lord Clifden, and who rode "the parson's cripple mare," Apology. Grimshaw, Custance, Wells, and Goater have all in their time ridden St. Leger victors. T. Cannon and J. Watts also deserve mention; the latter has ridden the winner on three occasions.

The history of the St. Leger is distinguished by many curious events and circumstances, one or two of which may be alluded to. Yorkshiremen of all grades have recollections, pleasant or otherwise, of the annual race for the Blue Ribbon of the North, and of the curious characters who

appeared at Doncaster to assist at its celebration, such as the eccentric James Hurst, who came to the paddock dressed from head to foot in sheepskin garments and drawn in a carriage of his own make by his tame dogs, or occasionally by an ass, and sometimes attended by a few tame foxes! On one occasion ten false starts took place before the genuine race was run; that was in Altissidora's year (1813), when seventeen horses came under the charge of the starter. A speculative occupant of the grand stand, after the eighth false start had taken place, laid 100 to 20 against the next attempt being successful and also 100 to 30 against the tenth, and won his money. In the year 1819 the great Doncaster event was run twice! Two years afterwards, Gustavus, which had won the Derby, was expected to win the St. Leger also, but he was defeated by Jack Spigot, a northern horse. This was the first great struggle between the southern and northern trainers, and the latter, who entertained a profound contempt for Newmarket men and their modes of training, prophesied that they could never win a St. Leger—a prophecy that was speedily shown to be erroneous—and the race is now seldom won by a horse trained in the northern stables, the latest Yorkshire-trained winner, if I am not mistaken, being Apology.

Large amounts of money usually change hands over the race for the St. Leger, the horse-loving Yorkshiremen being fond of making a bet; many sums of considerable amount are risked by persons who habitually speculate on the race. It was recently calculated by a gentleman well versed in such matters that during the St. Leger week, over fifty thousand individual bets would be made in Doncaster alone, the

amount standing to be won on the various horses in a good year for betting—when, for instance, there is a strong run on five or six animals—being not far short of a quarter of a million sterling, the stake ranging from a shilling to five hundred, or even a thousand pounds.

The "form" of the horses which compete is generally so well known as to prevent the odds offered against those supposed to have any chance of winning from being high. Upon one occasion, however, "any odds" might in reality have been obtained against the horse which won; as a matter of fact, one bet of a hundred pounds to a walking stick was laid. During these latter years the highest rate of odds laid against a winner at the start for the St. Leger was 40 to 1, the horse being Dutch Oven. About Hawthornden (an outsider) an Edinburgh gentleman obtained early in the year the extraordinary bet of £500 to £1, but the layer, once well known as a big betting man, ultimately proved a defaulter; the taker of the bet, however, was paid in the course of time about a fourth of the sum.

Space cannot be afforded to record the early struggles for the St. Leger. The progress of the race was slow and the stakes nothing to speak of; indeed, it was not till the century had well advanced that subscribers became numerous. In 1804 the nominators amounted to a couple of dozen, five years later the entries exceeded fifty horses by one. In 1839 107 became the figure; in 1864 that number was doubled, 217 having been entered; and in 1879, when Rayon d'Or proved victorious, 274 horses had been nominated for the race.

"Descriptions" of the St. Leger, as we know them, were not written in its earlier years. In 1784, when Omphale won, it is stated by an authority of the time that the filly had been amiss for twelve months preceding, and had only been nine weeks in training, yet won easily. After 1786 the betting about the first three horses seems to have been recorded, and a "place" is about that time apportioned to every horse that took part in the struggle, which was not a difficult matter, seeing that the fields, till 1803, seldom exceeded eight horses. In 1789 a horse named Zanga came in first (it belonged to the Duke of Hamilton), but the rider having been proved guilty of "jostling," the race was awarded to Pewet, the favourite. Champion, which also won the Derby, was victor in the St. Leger of 1800, ridden by Buckle. The betting was 2 to 1 against the son of Pot8os. The St. Leger of 1801 is characterised as "a good race, and much betting," and next year, when Orville won, the legend of the event is extended a little, and is as follows: "Orville took the lead (in a field of seven), was never headed, and won easy." The odds were 8 to 1 against the winner, the favourite being Young Eclipse, which was priced at 5 to 4 *on*. Next year the same story is told of Remembrancer. In 1804 quite a chapter of accidents occurred in the race; several of the horses fell, their jockeys being much hurt.

The following lines convey a description of the race for the St. Leger of 1806, for which fourteen horses faced the starter, the winner being Fyldener by Sir Peter, out of Fanny by

Diomed: "They all went off at very little better than a canter rate, and were nearly together at the distance post, except Mr. Harrison's colt (by Harrison's Trumpator, out of Bonnyface), who was beat several lengths; after which some smart running took place; but Fyldener appeared to win easy at the end of a clear length. On the whole it was a very indifferent race, and they were a long time in running it."

The St. Leger began to be "timed" in the year 1810, when it occupied three and a half minutes. In the year of the ten false starts a note was not kept, but in the following years, with a few breaks, the time was regularly noted, a practice which does not seem to have been followed in regard to the Derby till the year 1846. In 1822 the winner was Theodore, and the race is rendered memorable from the fact that the odds against that horse were 200 to 1, about which circumstance many good stories could be told. In 1823 the race for the St. Leger was actually run twice over. To begin with, twenty-seven horses were saddled and mounted and assembled at the post, three false starts then took place, when twenty-three of the horses again faced the starter, who also officiated as clerk of the course. These horses ran the entire distance, and the first three were placed in the usual way by the judge: Carnival 1, Barefoot 2, Comte d'Artois 3. But to the surprise of all it was pronounced "no race," as the horses had started without the word being given by the starter. There was nothing for it but to run the race over again, which was done, the struggle resulting very much as in the first

trial, except that Barefoot gained the place of honour, Comte d'Artois being again third, to Mr. Houldsworth's Sherwood, which attained second honours, Barefoot winning easily by two lengths.

The annals of the St. Leger are not free from stain. Many a time and oft have whispers gone abroad of "foul play" and fraudulent practices. A calendar of all the suspicious doings which have been incidental to the great race would fill many pages. One or two of them may be referred to. As has been told, the race was won in 1822 by a rank outsider (Theodore). The favourite that year was a colt named Swap, belonging to, or at least nominated by, M. T. O. Powlett. It was ridden by W. Scott, and started at odds of 7 to 4 against it, and finished nowhere. Previous to the race being run there had been displayed a great amount of excitement and temper with reference to the doings in the various betting centres of the time. Ugly rumours were in circulation regarding the favourite; those in "the know" were so anxious to lay against the horse that suspicion was excited of all not being as it ought to be with Swap. And so it proved. "The legs" became jubilant after the race, some of them having netted large sums of money. The betting had been very heavy, and backers of Swap lost considerable amounts. Afterwards, in the Gascoigne Stakes, Swap beat Theodore easily.

In the sporting circles of the period this particular St. Leger long formed a theme of gossip, and the men who managed "the affair"

were well known, but no steps could be taken against them for lack of proof. Ten years after the Swap business there fell out another St. Leger scandal, when a horse entered for the race was purchased by the Bonds, the keepers of a gambling house in St. James's Street. Ludlow, the horse in question, was likely to start a great favourite when it passed into the possession of the Bonds, as was asserted, to be "milked" for the race; at all events, the sporting public became possessed of that idea, which, in some degree, put a stop to speculation. Bond wrote a letter to one of the newspapers in which he maintained that he meant to run the horse on his merits, and mentioning the bets he had taken, and naming the parties he had backed the horse with; but Ludlow was the absolute last in the race, which Mr. Gully carried off with Margrave. It was in connection with this race —in consequence of some dispute—that Gully and Mr. Osbaldeston fought a duel, in which the former had a narrow escape of losing his life.

At Doncaster no individual or private company reaps the benefit of the moneys paid for admission to the stands and rings; the sums drawn, it is understood, go to benefit the town. As regards the exact mode of benefit, or the degree in which the people are benefited, no particulars are published; judging, however, from the greed of those who let their houses during the St. Leger week, the benefits derived cannot be very great, the charges being always exorbitant, ranging from £4 to £7 for apartments that at any other period of the year would be dear at as many shillings.

We do not speak of houses for which four and five times the above sums are charged, but they are equally dear. It has been stated that in consequence of the income derived from the races the inhabitants pay no taxes; if that be really so, lodgings ought to be cheaper at Doncaster than they are at present. One really ought to be able to command a bedroom and breakfast-parlour for not more than ten shillings a night, or two guineas for the four days. Exorbitant prices have led those having racing business to attend to to live for the four or five days of the meeting in the neighbouring towns and villages, from which they can arrive at the Town Moor in good time for business, and depart in ample time for dinner.

With reference to the sum paid as entry money for the race, namely, £25, it is in reality much the same as for the Derby, with the exception that, in the case of the great Epsom event, each runner is mulcted in the full sum of 50 gs., but taking an average of twelve runners, that number would only add £300 to the stakes of the winning horse. Handsome additions ought therefore to be made. That the Doncaster authorities should supplement the St. Leger Stakes with a liberal hand is all the more necessary, seeing that the form of the horses has before September become so exposed as to make it impossible to back them, except at an unremunerative price. An addition of £1,000 to the second horse, and a sum of £500 to the one which runs third, should at once be demanded by those gentlemen who are in the custom year after year of nominating their yearlings for the Blue Ribbon of the

North ; the subscriptions in their entirety should go to the winner, and a given amount ought to be fixed for the first horse—say £5,000.

II. THE OAKS.

If dukes are conspicuous by their absence from the fame-roll of the St. Leger, they figure liberally enough in the list of Oaks winners, the "Garter of the Turf" on sixteen anniversaries of the race having fallen to ducal subscribers. As for lords—"mere lords" as these members of the Peerage were once upon a time designated by William Cobbett (and later by Thomas Carlyle)—they would almost appear to farm the race, especially if the baronets, who have been equally fortunate, be included. On no less than sixty-four occasions has the heroine of the Oaks been the property of a titled personage.

The Oaks takes precedence of the Derby by a year. Only fillies run in the race. The origin of the stakes has been often told. The first struggle for the ladies' prize took place in the year 1779. An Earl of Derby of the period originated the race and conferred a title upon it, and his horse Bridget, ridden by J. Goodison, won the first Oaks. The race derived its name from an alehouse which existed at one time on Banstead Downs. This homely haunt of humble wayfarers was purchased by General Burgoyne, who, by the expenditure of a few hundred pounds, managed to convert the public-house into an elegant hunting-seat. "The Oaks" afterwards became the property of Lord Derby, who enlarged and beautified the house, adding also to

the extent of the grounds by which it was surrounded.

The initial contest took place on Friday, May 14th, 1779. The terms on which the race was run at the date of its institution were as follows: "The Oaks Stakes of 50 gs. each, for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 4 lb., one mile and a half." Seventeen subscriptions were taken for the race, and twelve of the fillies came to the starting-post, those placed being:

Lord Derby's b. Bridget by Herod, out of Jemima ... 1
Mr. Vernon's b. Fame by Pantaloon 2
Sir J. Shelly's b. Lavinia by Eclipse, out of Hyrmn ... 3

The winning jockey was J. Goodison, and the odds laid against the winner at the start 5 to 2. The value of the stake would be 850 gs.

For the Oaks of 1782 the terms of competition were altered to 50 gs. for each filly, with 40 gs. forfeit; the owner of the second received 100 gs. out of the stakes, which would leave very little for the winner. The twelve starters would yield 600 gs., and the non-starters would just add to the account the amount to be given to the owner of the animal which ran second. In 1786 the rubric of the race underwent another change; the following is a copy: "The Oaks Stakes of 50 gs. each, 8 ft., for three-year-old fillies, 8 st. 4 lb., one mile and a half." As will be seen, nothing is said regarding any provision for the second horse, and whether or not the 100 gs. was continued the writer is not able to say; in 1796, however, that sum was again bestowed on the filly to which the judge allocated the second position. In the year 1787 the weight to be carried in the race

was reduced to 8 st., at which it remained till 1808, when it was restored to the former figure of 8 st. 4 lb.; in 1842 the weight to be carried by fillies competing in the race was increased to 8 st. 7 lb.

The progress of the Oaks towards its present condition of prosperity was slow, but, it may be added, sure. It began, as has been said, with seventeen subscribers, and once only fell below that number, namely, in 1781, when there was one less; in 1795–6 42 fillies were entered, but the numbers again fell off, and it was not till 1825 the entries reached so many as 50, whilst fourteen years elapsed before the 100 was topped. It was in 1868, when Formosa won the Garter for Mr. Graham, that the highest number of entries was recorded, namely, 215; in two other years the figures exceeded 200, namely, in 1867, when the race fell to Baron Rothschild by the aid of Hippia (206 entries), and eleven years afterwards when Lord Falmouth's Janette proved victorious, upon which occasion 212 fillies were named. Since that time the entries have been on the decline, as the following figures will show, namely: 189, 187, 182, 182, 145, 148, 144, 138, 142, 133, 112, from 1879 to 1889 inclusive, respectively.

The following averages afford a good idea of the value of the Oaks Stakes: During the first twenty years, the average number of subscribers was twenty-six, the average number of horses competing being 9. In the second period of twenty years these averages increased to thirty-three subscribers, but the field of runners underwent no alteration. In the third twenty years the subscribers had more than doubled, whilst

the competing fields had risen to an average of 13.

The Duke of Bedford, who during the active period of his life was a well-known *habitué* of the turf, won the Oaks in the consecutive years of 1790–1 by the aid of Hyppolita and Portia, while in 1793 his filly Coelia proved successful in beating the nine competitors which started against her. The next duke who comes upon the scene is "the Oaks Duke," *par excellence*, the Duke of Grafton. With Remnant in 1801, and with Parasol in 1803, his grace had proved unsuccessful; but in 1804 his filly Pelisse, beating seven opponents, won the Duke his first Oaks; in 1808, Morel brought him another victory. Music, Minuet, Pastille, Zinc, Turquoise, and Oxygen followed in the footsteps of Morel in the years 1813, 1815, 1822, 1823, 1828, and 1831, respectively, giving his grace eight winners in all.

On two occasions the Garter of the Turf was awarded to the Duke of Rutland, who won in 1811 by the aid of Sorcery, and in 1814 his grace's filly Medora took the prize. The Duke of Richmond comes next in the list of ducal winners; in 1827 his filly Gulnare won the Oaks, and again in 1845 his grace's filly Refraction credited him with the stakes. In what may be called modern times (1886–7) the Dukes of Hamilton and Beaufort have each scored a victory.

Coming now to "the lords," it has first of all to be chronicled that the founder of the race was twice successful in his attempts to win; first with Bridget in 1779—the year of its institution—and again in 1794, when Hermione won. Lord Grosvenor's Faith, Ceres, and Maid of the Oaks gave

that nobleman three consecutive victories in the years 1781–2–3, and in 1797 and 1799 his lordship proved again successful, the winners being Nike and Bellina, followed by Meteora in 1805, making a series of six victories. Lord Clermont was so fortunate as twice to capture the Garter, namely, in 1785 by the aid of Trifle, and seven years afterwards by Volante. Two of Lord Egremont's fillies proved victorious in consecutive years, Nightshade in 1788, and Tag in 1789. Other wins were scored by his lordship in 1795, when Platina proved victorious, and in 1808 by means of Ephemera, whilst Carolina scored for him in 1820, making five successes in all for Lord Egremont. Lord Exeter's successes, three in all, were attained by the aid of Augusta in 1821, Green Mantle in 1829, Galata in 1832. Lord Chesterfield (twice), Lord George Bentinck, Lord Westminster, Lord Stanley, and Lord Londesborough also secured the Garter of the Turf between the years 1838 and 1859. The late Lord Falmouth was fortunate enough to win the Oaks on four occasions. Queen Bertha, 1863; Spinaway, 1875; Janette and Wheel of Fortune in 1878 and 1879, were his lordship's winners. Lords Stamford, Roseberry, Cadogan, Calthorpe, and R. Churchill have each taken the Garter; likewise Count de Lagrange and Baron Rothschild, who twice proved successful.

Only two fillies have scored the double event of Oaks and Derby, namely, Eleanor in 1801, and Blinkbonny in 1857. It is not often the case that mares are entered for the "Blue Ribbon," May being a bad season in which to expect them to perform well along with the colts. Winners of

the Oaks, however, have several times proved victorious in the St. Leger. Queen of Trumps, 1835; Formosa, 1868; Hannah, 1871; Marie Stuart, 1873; Apology, 1874; Janette, 1878; and Sea Breeze in the year 1888, were all credited with the double event.

Of jockeys who had mounts in the Oaks, the Chifneys may be mentioned as having won the race on nine occasions, victory falling to the elder Chifney four times. Buckle, however, the greatest horseman of his time, takes precedence as having been nine times victorious in the ladies' battle; Frank Butler six times landed his horse at the head of the field, four of the races which fell to his prowess being run in successive years, namely in 1849, 1850, 1851, and 1852, Lady Evelyn, Rhidycina, Iris, and Songstress being the names of the fillies ridden by him on these four occasions; their owners were Lord Chesterfield, Mr. Hobson, Lord Stanley, and Mr. J. Scott. John Day rode five Oaks winners; Scott rode the winner on three occasions; Lye also scored three victories, as did Templeman.

Coming to what by comparison may be called modern times, we have to credit that able horseman, George Fordham, with five victories; F. Archer won the Oaks on four occasions, three of the wins being for Lord Falmouth; T. Cannon has been twice successful in the race; that careful horseman, John Osborne, has one Oaks win to his credit; Wood, Woodburn, and Robinson have each had one turn.

For the long period of one hundred and eleven years the subscribers to the Oaks ran for their own money only the Epsom authorities

never having contributed a shilling to the stakes; the winner at one time, indeed, was charged £100 as a contribution to the police expenses!

It is really surprising that owners of horses should have submitted for over a hundred years to contribute thousands of pounds to the exchequer of a public company, who have never till lately offered one farthing by way of *quid pro quo*. There can be no doubt, although the Oaks does not draw so great a crowd to Epsom as the Derby, that the race is highly profitable to the parties who work "the oracle." How the new arrangement begun in 1890 will turn out remains to be determined, but in the past history of the race, as can be seen from a perusal of some of the old Calendars, many gentlemen have, year by year, entered from two to nine of their fillies, and have in consequence incurred forfeits to the extent of from fifty to two hundred and twenty-five pounds, with no other result than that of enriching the Grand Stand Company of Epsom, who, it is said, derive a profit of several thousand pounds from the two great races which are run at their Epsom Summer Meeting. A time is undoubtedly coming when it will be necessary for lessees of racecourses to hand over to the men who supply the competing horses a considerable share of the gains which accrue from the popularity of the meeting; otherwise owners will take the matter more into their own hands, and run their horses for their own profit.

Taken from beginning to end, the progress of the Oaks has probably been less marked by chicanery than the other classic races. As was said by one of the late Mr. Merry's grooms, a

sedate old Scotsman, "fillies are such kittle cattle that it does na dae to trust them ower far," and the man was not far wrong in offering such an opinion. It is a characteristic of their sex to be fickle, and the Oaks is run at a period of the year when such horses may prove most unreliable; hence it is that there is less gambling on the race than takes place on other equine competitions. If a man thinks his filly good enough to win, and is desirous of backing her, he delays his investment till he sees her at the post.

Whispers of occasional frauds in connection with the Garter of the Turf have, however, been heard, and every now and again it has been held "as curious, to say the least of it, that fillies which ran badly in the One Thousand Guineas should alter their form so much in the Oaks," and *vice versâ*. Once or twice ugly tales have been told about owners who were "open to conviction"; in particular, it was said a few years ago, regarding a gentleman who "stood" to win, and did win, a very large stake over a horse which he had entered for the Derby, that in order to make sure of his being paid his winnings over that race, he would "require" (so he was told by his commissioner, if we may credit the story) to give up his chance of winning the Oaks, which race seemed to be as like a gift to him as the race for the Blue Ribbon proved to be. "Well," said an experienced racing man, "the story may be quite true; one never can tell exactly how the undercurrents of the turf are running, but you may be quite sure of one thing, and that is, that no one connected with the little arrangement would ever open his mouth about it to an outsider. Such

doings can, at the best, be only a matter of guess work, and, on the principle that a man may do as he likes with his own, it is nobody's business."

That is one way of putting the case, and that "a man's horse is his own and he can do with it as he pleases," has often figured as an excuse for very flagrant instances of turf immorality; but, it has been suggested that the Oaks has been less marked by chicanery than other races.

III. THE DERBY.

One hundred and ten years have elapsed since Diomed won the first race for what has since been called the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf," and to-day the Derby is as much in favour as it has been in any previous year. Countless thousands assemble on Epsom Downs to witness each recurring anniversary. During the first thirty years of its existence the race was of slow growth so far as the subscribers and the number of horses running was concerned, but its popularity was soon to grow, and considering the difficulties of locomotion on bad roads and other obstructions, the attendance on the Downs on the day set for the great struggle became very considerable, although nothing like what it was destined to become when railways had made travelling easy and inexpensive.

It was propounded as a question in the columns of one of the sporting journals some years ago that it would be interesting to know how many men were alive who had seen the race run about the year 1820, or even a year or two later; but I do not know if any, or how

many answers were returned. In Bluegown's year, however, I conversed at a wayside tavern with an old man who was making his way to Epsom Downs on foot, who had, as a child, seen Eleanor win the Derby of 1801. Among the horse-racing men of Yorkshire there are three or four reputed to be alive who have witnessed more than fifty consecutive races for the St. Leger, and there may, perhaps, be people yet living who have as many times witnessed the struggle for the Derby. Curiously enough, when I ventured in my history of the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" to renew this question, which is, I think, neither frivolous nor devoid of interest, I was "heavily sneered at" by one of the cocksure critics of the period who thought the matter unworthy of consideration.

The race at the date of Eleanor's victory was twenty-two years old, having been instituted in 1780. During the first ten years of the Derby the accumulated stakes amounted to 11,005 gs. When the race was inaugurated the number of subscribers was thirty-six, and the following is a list of the horses which formed the field: Sir Charles Bunbury's Diomed, Major O'Kelly's Bowdrow, Mr. Walker's Spitfire, Sir F. Evelyn's Wotton, Mr. Panton's colt by Herod, Duke of Cumberland's colt by Eclipse, Mr. Dulsh's colt by Cardinal Puff, Mr. Delme's colt by Gimcrack, and the Duke of Bolton's Bay Bolton.

As regards the number of subscriptions to the race in its earlier days, it may be here recorded that up to and including 1800 the following figures denote the entries: 36, 35, 35,

34, 30, 29, 29, 33, 30, 30, 32, 32, 32, 50, 49, 45, 45, 37, 37, 33, and 33, respectively.

Nothing of much interest can be written regarding the earlier years of the Derby. As is well known to persons versed in the history of the turf, the race was instituted by, or at any rate was named after the twelfth Earl of Derby, who was also, as has been already mentioned, sponsor for the Oaks. Could the future celebrity of the great event have been foreseen, we should not be without full particulars of the earlier struggles for victory; but a hundred years ago the sporting reporter was evidently not of much account; at any rate, the newspapers of the time (1780 to 1800) do little more than record that the race was run. Brief comments began to be offered upon the Derby in 1802 and following years; these, however, were exceedingly curt, consisting usually of such observations as "Won easy," or "Won very easy." The race of 1805, won by Lord Egremont's Cardinal Beaufort, was commented on in the following fashion: "Won by a neck. There was much betting on this race. Mr. Best's colt was thrown down by some horsemen imprudently crossing the course before all the race-horses had passed, and his rider, B. Norton, was bruised by the fall." In the following year, 1806, when Lord Foley's Paris won the Derby, we obtain a better account of the race: "At half-past one they started, and went at a good speed to Tattenham Corner, on which it was observed that Shepherd, who rode Paris, rather pulled, whilst Trafalgar was making play; notwithstanding, Lord Egre-

mont was backed to win. Upon coming to the distance point, Trafalgar ran neck and neck, in which situation they continued till within a few yards of the winning-post, when Shepherd made a desperate push and won the race by about half a head."

In 1813, when Sir Charles Bunbury's Smolensko was declared the winner, having beaten eleven opponents, there were, as in the three succeeding years, 51 entries for the Derby, a number, however, which pretty soon began to be exceeded. In 1827, the year in which Lord Jersey's Mameluke landed the prize from twenty-two competitors, 89 horses had been entered for the race, the same number curiously enough being set forth in the three succeeding years. In 1831 (Spaniel's year) the 100 had been topped, and the fields of runners, as was to be expected, had also considerably increased. In Priam's year, for instance (1830), 28 horses were found at the starting-post. That number was not, however, maintained; but from that year to 1841, 23, 22, 25, 23, 14, 21, 17, 23, 21, 17, and 19, respectively, faced the starter, while in 1851 the field of competitors numbered 33 animals. As a corollary of the big entries and increasing fields, the money to be run for increased so that the stakes became of importance and worth winning, especially in 1848, when the number of horses entered for the race had reached the handsome total of 215 different animals, a number which in after years was occasionally exceeded, as for instance in 1879, when Sir Bevys was hailed as victor, the horses entered for that year's Blue Ribbon numbered no less than 278. Since then the largest

entries have occurred in 1880 (257) and 1890 (233), when Bend Or and Sainfoin won respectively.

The terms on which the Derby was first run for were 50 gs. for each horse taking part in the race, non-starters paying half that amount; the distance run during the first three years was one mile, and the weights carried were respectively 8 st. for colts, and 7 st. 11 lb. for fillies; the weights were altered in the year 1784, and again in the years 1801, 1803, 1807, as also in 1865.

In 1782 the second horse began to be paid £100 out of the stakes; in 1869 the sums given to the runners-up were respectively £300 and £150 for first and second. At a previous date sums were deducted from the stakes for police expenses and the judge! The stake run for by Diomed, the first winner of the Derby, would amount to 1,125 gs., and for the next ten or twelve years the sum raced for was seldom under 1,000 gs. A good many years elapsed before the 2,000 gs. was topped, but a time was coming when even double that amount was thought a small sum with which to reward the owner of a Derby winner. In Lord Lyons' year (1866) the stakes reached £7,350, and again in 1879 when Fordham won on Sir Bevys, the sum of the stakes amounted to over £7,000, whilst £5,000 and even £6,000 were on several occasions placed to the credit of the owner of the winning horse.

On the day that Pyrrhus the First won the Derby, which was in the year 1846, the "time" taken to run the race was for the first time ascertained—it was two minutes and fifty-five seconds; but on two or three occasions two minutes and forty-three seconds was the time indicated; whilst

on three anniversaries the running of the race has exceeded three minutes, the distance being one mile and a half. Many racing men do not believe in the time test, thinking it impossible to ascertain with the necessary precision the precise moment of the start and finish.

Not till the advent of a sporting newspaper—now dead, but famous in its day, *Bell's Life in London*—did the Derby become popular with the people. It has been said that "Bell made the race," and the saying is undoubtedly to some extent true, as in the course of time that journal began to devote special attention to the Derby, giving a minute history of the breeding and performances of those horses likely to take part in the struggle. A feature of the work undertaken by "Bell" was greatly relished, namely, a very full description of the Sunday gallops of the various competitors on Epsom Downs, a special edition of the paper being issued with the information, containing also the latest quotations of "the odds." As time went on these features of *Bell's Life* were eagerly looked for and enjoyed, the circulation of the journal being considerably increased by the pains taken to give accurate reports. Then the day of the race came in for an immense amount of journalistic attention, the struggle itself and all its incidents being minutely described, the throng of people on the routes to and from Epsom, and all the varied occurrences which characterised the journey, being graphically described.

Nowadays the "form" of the horses which compete in the Derby is so well known as time progresses that no special efforts of the kind alluded to are made; moreover, nearly every

newspaper devotes so much attention to "sport" that no person need be ignorant of any matter connected with the turf, and particularly the great race for the Blue Ribbon.

Railways to-day give such ready access to even distant seats of racing sport that men are enabled to witness every year as many races as they please, at a moderate cost in the way of expenditure. But for all that, Epsom on each recurring Derby Day becomes a focus of attraction, being annually visited by tens of thousands of persons, "the masses," of course, predominating; "the classes," however, being always largely represented, members of the Peerage having usually a personal interest in the race as owners, perhaps, of some of the competitors, or are found attending in the hope of seeing the horse of a friend prove victorious.

"The classes," indeed, have always been liberal supporters of the Epsom Derby; the patrician element was wont, indeed, to predominate in the list of nominators. In the year of the centenary of the race no less than eighty-four of the horses nominated had been entered by princes and peers, one of the number standing in the name of the nobleman who in that year had been appointed Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Upwards of a century ago the race was won by the then Prince of Wales; but before that day, and often since, the luck of the lords and other titled gentlemen in gaining Derby honours has been conspicuous. From 1787, when Lord Derby won with Sir Peter Teazle, the race fell in eleven consecutive years to titled gentlemen, and from 1801 there came another

series of eleven years in which titled owners came to the front; whilst ever since, the dukes, lords, and baronets have had a fair share of the honours of both the Derby and the Oaks. On thirty-two occasions the Blue Ribbon has fallen to a duke.

Although "nomination" to run in the race requires to be made when the animals are yearlings —long before it can be known whether or not they will be able to compete with advantage to their owners—large numbers of horses are annually entered for it. At one time the value of a race-horse was greatly increased by its being entered for the Derby; so much so, indeed, that breeders and other owners would frequently enter as many as half-a-dozen animals, in the hope that one of them might win. Now, however, so many more richly endowed races are run in the course of the year that in time the Derby may come to be less cared about by owners of blood stock. Races are at present run of the value of £10,000, which largely exceeds the value of the Derby stake. Gentlemen go to great expense in the purchase of yearlings which they think likely to shape into winners of the classic races. One nobleman is known to have expended many thousand pounds in the course of his life in the hope of being at last placed in possession of a horse good enough to prove victorious. On some occasions the Blue Ribbon has been won by animals that cost a comparatively small sum, and several gentlemen have taken the prize by aid of a horse bred by themselves. Again, animals which have won have been sold at a very high figure; two of these may be named — Blair Athol, which once changed

hands for £10,000; and Doncaster, which was said to have been sold for £14,000.

Jockeys, we believe, still look upon the winning of a Derby as being the highest honour they can attain, although they sometimes earn more money by winning a good handicap on which there is heavy betting. Large sums are reputed to have occasionally been paid to the rider of a Derby winner—over £5,000 on one occasion, that being the amount of the stakes won by one of Sir Joseph Hawley's horses, and given by that gentleman to its rider. A thousand pounds for riding a Derby winner has come to be looked upon as quite a common fee; but in the earlier days of the great Epsom event no such figures were heard of, and upon one occasion, when a boy was paid £20 by the greatly gratified owner of a Derby winner, the circumstance was remarked upon as being without precedent, and an act of munificence. The big sums paid of late may be said to be in the nature of insurance, as jockeys before now have been known to be offered large sums not to win, and it has been said that such bribes have oftener than once proved effective.

The "superb groan" of Lord George Bentinck has become historical. Lord George, whose chief ambition as a sportsman was to win a Derby, had parted with his stud of horses in order that he might devote his whole attention to politics, and among the animals disposed of was Surplice, winner of the Derby of 1848. As may be supposed, the noble lord was deeply chagrined to find that he had parted with a horse that won a trophy of which he had long been in search. On the day after the race, Lord Beaconsfield tells us

that he found Lord George in the library of the House of Commons with a book in his hand, but "looking disturbed." His resolutions in favour of the colonial interest, after all his labours, had been negatived by the committee on the 22nd, and on the 24th his horse, Surplice, which he had parted with among the rest of his stud solely that he might pursue, without distraction, his work on behalf of the great interests of the country, had won that paramount and Olympian stake to gain which had been the object of his life. He had nothing to console him and nothing to sustain him, except his pride. Even that deserted him before a heart which he knew at least would yield him sympathy. He gave a sort of superb groan: "All my life I have been trying for this, and for what have I sacrificed it?" he murmured. It was in vain to offer solace. "You do not know what the Derby is," he moaned out. "Yes, I do, it is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf."

In London Derby Day is in many respects a holiday; thousands of even the most industrious men of business journey to Epsom to obtain a peep at the chief event of the racing year. Even the House of Commons either contrives to adjourn expressly for the day, or so manages that it is not sitting on that particular occasion.

The Derby Day, with its attendant incidents, has been so often described that there is little or nothing left to say which can be endowed with the form of novelty. Writers, grave and gay, have written accounts of the great race and its surroundings from many points of view. What has been seen on the way to Epsom Downs has been over and over again described in graphic

language. To the Derby, by road or rail, has afforded the industrious descriptive reporter yards of "copy"; incidents, comic and pathetic, have been seen or invented by "our own"; and the suggestion of a London pressman to hark back on the old accounts and republish them with a little "dressing up" was not a bad one. An industrious penman might find in some of the descriptions written twenty years ago matter that, judiciously recompiled, would not be without a considerable thread of interest.

The number of persons who annually witness the running for the Derby Stakes has been variously stated by statisticians, and has been guessed at half a million; but other writers do not think the attendance ever exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand individuals; and one or two well-informed persons who have ventured to take a census of the number present on the Downs on the Derby Day, do not venture to say that it exceeds a hundred thousand, all told; but even that figure would represent a vast multitude of people.

The Derby is no longer the great betting race it was at one time. Sixty years since, hundreds of thousands of pounds in big sums, it was thought, would change hands, the bulk of the money going into the pockets of a few persons, and these generally being in connection with "the stable." In some years very good prices have been obtained against the winning horse just previous to the start, and it is a mistake to suppose, as many people who know no better often do, that "the winner of the Derby always starts favourite." That is not so.

The "favourite" from Diomed (1780) to Donovan (1889) has won the great race on thirty-nine occasions, both of the horses named being in that proud position. In twenty-three of the races for the Derby the favourite has required to put up with second place, and on fifteen occasions with third honours only; so that from the beginning, in 1780, to the year in which Donovan was first the favourite has won or been placed as many as seventy-seven times, leaving victory or place honours to be attained by outsiders, or at any rate, non-favourites, in thirty-two different years. In some years the winner of the race has started at what may be termed a remunerative price. The starting price of Hermit, as all the world knows, has been quoted at 100 to 1, but very likely 50 or at most 66 to 1 would more correctly represent the rate of the odds; two horses which started at 50 to 1 were Azor (1817) and Spaniel (1831); Phosphorus (1837), Caractacus (1862), and Doncaster (1873), were each priced at 40 to 1, at the start. Merry Monarch (1845) is the only Derby winner which started at 33 to 1; Noble (1786), Lapdog (1826), Amato, and Bloomsbury (1838–9) were all 30 to 1 chances, and on ten different occasions the winner of the Derby has figured at 20 to 1 as the field was taken in hand by the starter. Seven times have odds been laid "on" the winner, whilst "evens" have four times been recorded.

As all interested in horse-racing know, the Derby, till within the last three years, has been a self-supporting race, and even now it is only, if at all, a little less so. Harking back, and looking

over Blue Ribbon history, we find that those running horses in the great Epsom event required to pay for the privilege of doing so a sum of £50. Gentlemen who entered their horses, but for some reason or other did not run them, had, according to the conditions, to pouch out £25, and in the earlier years of the Derby "guineas" were exacted. In the rubric of the first race no sum is allotted to the second or third horses, but in 1782 it is mentioned that "the second received 100 gs. out of the stakes." No allowance would appear, in the earlier years of the Blue Ribbon, to have been assigned to the other placed horse, but in the course of time there appeared a clause in the conditions to the effect that the winner would have to pay £100 towards the expenses of additional police officers, and some years afterwards another exaction was made in the form of a fee of £50 to the judge; so that the very earliest traditions of the race point in the direction of meanness.

How the race for the Derby Stakes was originally organised is not very well known, but that machinery of some kind existed for collecting the stakes, and handing the amounts won to the winners of them, may be taken for granted; indeed, we know that it was so, but, for lack of authentic information on the subject, it is better not to risk the publication of merely hearsay statements. For more than a century British sportsmen have quietly allowed themselves to be, as may be said, "victims" of a confederacy that "grabbed" all and gave nothing. Year after year owners of Derby horses generously

(perhaps "stupidly" would be the better word) continued to run against each other simply for their own money, much to the profit of the money-seeking Company which leases the race-course and grand stand on Epsom Downs. Not till within the last six or seven years has there arisen a serious demand for the augmentation of the money run for, and, curiously enough, in most of the schemes which have been ventilated, the Epsom administration seemed alone to be thought of, even by men whom one would have expected to be in sympathy rather with those who provided the means of sport than those who make an inordinate profit out of it.

The concessions made by those who "boss" the Epsom show may be held to be the outcome of the more profitable stakes which have come into vogue of late years. The conditions of the race now read as follows: "The Derby Stakes of 5,000 sovs. for the winner, 500 sovs. for the nominator of the winner, 300 sovs. for the owner of the second, and 200 sovs. for the owner of the third; colts 9 st.; fillies 8 st. 9 lb., by subscription of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. if declared by the first Tuesday in January, 1891, and 10 sovs. only if declared by the first Tuesday in January, 1890; any surplus to be paid to the winner. About a mile and a half, starting at the High Level Starting-post. 206 subs., 41 pd. 10 sovs. ft. Closed July 16, 1889."

The above copy of the rubric shows what the movements made to reform the Derby Stakes have resulted in — namely, the ensuring of a fixed sum to the owner of the winner, as also a gratuity to the breeder of the victorious horse,

but no increased allowance is to be given to the animal which comes in second; the third horse, however, will now get £200 instead of £150. The "proprietors of the race" will probably never require to afflict their souls by putting their hands in their pockets, but to change the old time condition at all must have sadly disturbed their serenity. But that which is demanded of the Epsom magnates is not what has so tardily been given. Owners of race-horses would most assuredly have logic on their side if they were to say to the powers that reign over Epsom heath, "You must do as much for us as we do for you." The case may be put in a nutshell in this way, namely, that the two great races run there—Oaks and Derby—bring to the Grand Stand exchequer a sum of at least £20,000, not one penny of which could be otherwise pocketed. Say that £5,000 will be required to defray expenses, and let a similar sum be allocated for division among the share-holders, and there would still remain £10,000 for division among those chivalrous sportsmen who enter their horses, and to these men might well be left the task of organising the division.

The most curious feature of Derby history is undoubtedly how the race came to be the property of any person or body of persons. It was named after the Earl of Derby when it was instituted in 1780, but, as has been mentioned, a long time elapsed before the afterwards great Epsom event became the popular meeting which it now is. Not till 1831 did the entry in any year exceed one hundred horses; so that up to that date, if all the subscribers paid their money,

the value of the Derby—the figure was greatly dependent, of course, on the number of horses that came to the starting-post—would very seldom reach a sum of £3,000. Not till George Fordham steered Mr. Acton's Sir Bevys to victory in 1879 did the stake reach its highest value, when, with 278 entries and 22 runners, the sum must have amounted to £7,500, if all who entered their colts paid their stakes. But long before that son of Favonius had placed the Blue Ribbon of the Turf to the credit of his owner, the Epsom Summer Meeting had been placed on a thoroughly business footing, such a footing as has secured for many years a magnificent dividend to the proprietors of the grand stand, who are lessees of the course on which the Derby, Oaks, and other races have for so many years been run; but it has been said that so far as the gentlemen of England—who run colts in the Derby or fillies in the Oaks—and their foreign friends are concerned, they might as well write the names of their horses on pieces of paper, and shaking them together in a hat, select at random the first three and divide the money in accordance with the result of the draw. Minus the excitement attending the race, such a mode of procedure would be better than allowing their costly horses, provided at great expense, to run for the benefit of a body of persons who have a greater love—in all probability a far greater love—for a big dividend than for sport.

No more curious feature of our present-day civilisation exists than that a large body of gentlemen (and ladies as well) should enter a couple of hundreds of the finest horses bred in the

kingdom to take part in a race for the benefit of a joint stock company!

As was recently said by a popular writer, the race for the Derby still attracts tens of thousands of people to Epsom to see it decided; but for all that it is thought by persons well qualified to offer an opinion that the great race has begun to decline, and that, unless those most interested in its popularity—namely, the lessees of the racecourse—take immediate steps to increase the value of the stake run for to a still greater extent than has been yet done the entries will diminish.

Gentlemen up till 1890 have run for their own money only, but as there are now several races where the stakes total up to a much higher sum than in the Derby, it stands to reason that owners of likely horses will prefer to run them for the races of greater value. The Company which claims to have a vested interest in the "Blue Ribbon of the Turf" will require to supplement the value of the race by adding a few more thousands to the stake. They have made a beginning, but they will require to do more in the way of money-giving if they are to keep pace with the big sums now offered as an inducement for men to enter horses in other stakes.

IV. THE TWO THOUSAND AND ONE THOUSAND GUINEAS.

"The titles make a big mark in the annals of the Two Thousand," wrote, a few years since, a well-known sporting journalist. And so they do, as a glance at the list of winning names will show.

The race was established in 1809, when it was won by Mr. Wilson's Wizard; and in the year following Lord Grosvenor captured the prize, beating eight competitors, with Hephestion by Alexander. Lord Darlington with Cwrw proved successful in 1812, whilst Sir C. Bunbury's Smolensko won in 1813. Lord Rous with Tigris followed in 1815, Lord G. Cavendish landed the stakes with Nectar in 1816. In two succeeding years, 1818–9, Lord Folley and Sir John Shelly gained Two Thousand honours with Interpreter and Antar respectively. Then come the three consecutive wins of the Duke of Grafton by the aid of Pindarrie, Reginald, and Pastile. Two Commoners follow, Mr. Rogers and Mr. Haffenden, their winners being Nicolo and Schahriar. Lord Exeter follows with Enamel, after which (1826–7) the Duke of Grafton adds two wins to the three he had previously achieved, the names of his winners being Dervise and Turcoman. After his Grace of Grafton comes the Duke of Rutland with Cadland. Lord Exeter is next enrolled on the Two Thousand scroll of honour, Patron and Augustus crediting him with the stakes in 1829–30. In 1831 Riddlesworth gave the prize to Lord Jersey. Wins by horses belonging to Colonel Peel and Lord Orford follow, and then Lord Jersey throws in for four consecutive triumphs, Glencoe, Ibrahim, Bay Middleton, and Achmet being the names of the victorious horses. Lords George Bentinck (twice) and Albemarle take the trophy in 1838-9–40–1. Lords Stradbroke, Enfield, Exeter, Derby, Zetland, Stamford, and Glasgow follow up. Then in 1874 comes the name of Lord

Falmouth, and before his death it is twice repeated in the annals of the Two Thousand. Lords Dupplin and Lonsdale also win the race, as do the Dukes of Beaufort, Westminster, and Portland. Among the racing Commoners who have been credited with the Two Thousand Guineas we find the names of Mr. Bowes, who twice took the prize, and Mr. Merry, who won it on two occasions. The well-known names of Mr. Gully and Mr. Sutton, as also Count La Grange, Sir Joseph Hawley, and Mr. D. Baird, are likewise enrolled on the scroll of fame.

Horses which win or run prominently for the Guineas are not always entered for the Derby or St. Leger, but it happens that the double event of Two Thousand and Derby has fallen to the same horse on twelve occasions, the successful animals being:

1813.	Smolensko.	1866.	Lord Lyon.
1828.	Cadland.	1869.	Pretender.
1836.	Bay Middleton.	1882.	Shotover.
1853.	West Australian.	1886.	Ormonde.
1863.	Macaroni.	1888.	Ayrshire.
1865.	Gladiateur.	1891.	Common.

Four times the Two Thousand winner has also taken the St. Leger as well as the Derby: West Australian in 1853, Gladiateur in 1865, Lord Lyon in 1866, and Ormonde in 1886. The Two Thousand and Oaks were captured by Crucifix in 1840, and by Formosa in 1868. The double event of Two Thousand and St. Leger has been achieved by Sir Tatton Sykes, 1840, Stockwell, 1862, West Australian, 1853, The Marquis, 1862, Gladiateur, 1865, Lord Lyon, 1866,

Formosa, 1868, Petrarch, 1876, and Ormonde, 1886.

Here is a little statement regarding the Two Thousand I have "rescued" from the sporting journals, in the columns of some of which it was recently "going the rounds." As will be seen, it is not without interest, showing as it does the relative performances of Two Thousand and Derby winners in each of those races for the past thirty-one years :

"The Two Thousand winner has started twenty-six times in that period for the Derby. He has won the latter race seven times, ran second six times, third four times, and unplaced nine. The Derby winner, in the same space, has competed seventeen times in the Two Thousand — seven times as a winner, four times second, four times third, and twice unplaced. It is interesting to note that the winner of the Two Thousand has succumbed in the Derby to a horse he had beaten in the Two Thousand on eight occasions, viz. : in 1861, 1870, 1872, 1873, 1877, 1881, 1883, and 1889."

As has been often said, the race for the Guineas greatly discounts the Derby. So it does. In some years indeed, as in 1891, it is in the nature of a rehearsal for the great event which takes place on Epsom Downs, just in the same way as the One Thousand frequently proves a preliminary canter for the Oaks, these two races having been taken on thirteen occasions by the same filly. Both sexes may try conclusions in the Two Thousand, but in the One Thousand and Oaks only fillies are eligible to compete.

It is a notable circumstance that, beginning in 1814, the first race for the One Thousand fell

to Mr. Wilson, the same gentleman who was credited with the premier of the Two Thousand nine years previously.

One name makes a big mark in the annals of the One Thousand; it is that of the Duke of Grafton, who won the race five consecutive times, 1819–20–1–2–3, and then missing a year, came again to the front with three winners in the three years of 1825–6–7. The race has in its course fallen to many other distinguished members of the Peerage, the latest recipient of the prize being the Duke of Portland, who in 1890 landed the stakes by the aid of Semolina. Upon three occasions the triple event of One Thousand, Oaks, and St. Leger has been secured by the prowess of the same animal — Formosa, Hannah, and Apology, 1868, 1871, and 1874 respectively, Maidment and John Osborne being jockeys who were credited with the triple ride. The double event of One Thousand and St. Leger has fallen on five occasions to the same filly—Imperieuse, 1857, Achievement, 1867, Formosa, 1868, Hannah, 1871, and Apology, 1874.

It is not a little remarkable that, whilst the names of all the jockeys who have ridden winners of the St. Leger, Oaks, and Derby have been ascertained and preserved, no record has apparently been kept of the riders who won the Two Thousand during the first thirteen years, or of the jockeys who were so fortunate as to ride the winners of the One Thousand in the first eight years of its existence. The most fortunate horseman in connection with the Two Thousand seems to have been Robinson, who on nine several occasions was credited with the *dux prize*; he

also on five occasions won the One Thousand. Most of the chief horsemen of the period have had successful mounts in these races; the veteran John Osborne, who is now retiring, has had a share of Guineas honours.

During many of the earlier years of the Two Thousand (notably from 1817 to 1846) the fields competing in the race seldom exceeded double figures; on two occasions only a couple faced the starter, the fortunate owner of the winner in both these years (1829–30) being Lord Exeter, with Patron and Augustus. During the last six years the number of horses starting for the Two Thousand have been 7, 6, 8, 6, 9, 9, respectively. In the case of the One Thousand the fields were much better, averaging over twelve; in no year have the entries for this race exceeded ninety, whilst the largest number of starters has been nineteen, and curiously enough nineteen formed the biggest field that has yet competed in the Two Thousand.

A series of interesting notes might be compiled about the Two Thousand and the horses which proved victorious in the race, as well as the men who owned and the jockeys who rode them to victory, but the larger portion of all that could be said has, I fear, been said already, and that more than once. The Duke of Grafton, Lord Jersey, Lord George Bentinck, Sir Joseph Hawley, Lord Falmouth, and other noble sportsmen have frequently been made the subject of eulogy. Of the victorious horses much has also been written; the praises of the never-defeated Bay Middleton, of West Australian, Galopin, Macaroni, and Gladiateur have been sung to a universal chorus of approbation ever since the record of their victories was written in the annals of the race.

HANDICAPS.

At every recurring race for the Chester Cup the decadence which has overtaken that celebrated event is usually adverted to by the sporting writers of the period, its past glories being at the same time painted by regretful pens. But times change, and though the competitors at Chester have dwindled from thirty and forty to less than a dozen, let it not be forgotten that other contests have arisen of greater interest, although the races which are popular to-day are not those which were popular thirty-five or forty years since. Handicaps which in times past were thought "great" are now looked upon as "small," and are being displaced in the *Calendar* by more important events.

Space need not be occupied in even briefly narrating the history of our handicaps; two of them, however, may be referred to in order to indicate the fluctuating fashions of the turf: these are the races for the Tradesmen's Plate at Chester, or "Chester Cup" as it is familiarly called, and the Great Metropolitan Stakes, run at Epsom Spring Meeting, both of which look almost at death's door when viewed in the light of their early history. It is curious,

however, to note that what seems to be most regretted in connection with these races is the falling off in the betting; that is not a fiftieth part of what it used to be—hence the regrets. To ensure good racing a field of forty horses is not requisite, either at Chester or anywhere else; excellent sport may result when not a fourth of that number may be running. It is different as regards the betting element. A very large entry and a good acceptance promotes speculation, and when the field of horses competing is a big one, the odds ought of course to be good and betting brisk. But at the present time, when a week seldom elapses without the decision of a big race of some kind, betting such as took place on the Chester Cup thirty years since need not be looked for.

It was in the year 1824 the race for the Chester Cup was instituted, and in the course of a few seasons it blossomed into an event of importance, so far as regards the betting of which it was made the medium. Speculation on the Cup commenced at one time before Christmas, and horses could be and were backed to win large amounts before New Year's Day. A favourite form of betting was in "sweepstakes," which were numerous and of large amount. Horses were kept specially to be "readied" for the Cup, and from the day on which it was won by King Cole to that year in which Tim Whiffler proved successful (1838 to 1862), there were big entries, large fields, and lots of gambling. Stories are frequently retailed as to how such and such a winner of the Chester Cup was "managed" and how much was bagged over his success.

Turfites are living to-day who love to dwell on the early days of the Rood Dee, and who describe the winter betting over the great race as being really marvellous in amount. At the period referred to the doings of horses in training were not made public in the fashion which now prevails. Bettors long ago were kept ignorant of the condition of the horses, and animals which had no chance to win were backed long before the entries for the race were due. "A hundred to one against anything" was in many instances a common offer for next Cup early in the preceding December, whilst some list-keepers (they were numerous in those days) offered double these odds. Betting went on with great vigour till the fall of the flag, and as large fields were competing for the Cup, there was no lack of a choice of investments. For this popular trophy as many as forty-three horses started in 1852, but now, so greatly has the interest in the race fallen off, there are not usually many more horses in the list of entries.

In former days a horse entered for the Chester Cup might easily have been backed to win in one hand from £30,000 to £50,000 at a fair price in the way of odds. At the present time if a horse were backed to win £10,000, it would probably start at something like 5 to 2 *on* it.

The Great Metropolitan Stakes, run for at Epsom, was at one period a very heavy medium of turf speculation, but is now at a low ebb. For this race about thirty-five years ago there was wont to be from fifteen to twenty-nine runners—a number that admitted of much betting. Handi-

caps that aforetime were "great" are now small affairs; indeed the new races which have lately been instituted claim popularity in a greater degree, and now more interest is taken by bettors in the Lincolnshire Handicap than in the so-called "great" races. As a medium of betting the race run at Lincoln affords an opportunity to all classes, there being usually a numerous entry and a fairly large field of competing horses. Several other large betting races, such as the City and Suburban, the handicaps at the Leicester Meetings, and the Manchester Cup in the first half of the year, provide plenty of work for the bookmakers, and relieve bettors of superfluous funds; no wonder, therefore, that many of the old mediums of speculation are being "knocked out of time." As betting races the short-distance handicaps carry the day. The Ascot Stakes even, and the Goodwood Stakes as well—both at one time of importance—have fallen from their former estimate, and no longer attract the attention of the great body of betting men.

The Cesarewitch, which is without doubt the greatest of our handicaps, may be referred to at some length as a typical handicap. Instituted in 1839, it is among handicaps what the Derby is among so-called "classic" races. The great Newmarket event was named in honour of the Grand Duke of Russia, whose title in the Muscovite tongue is the "Cesarewitch," and who, on the first occasion of its being run, gave a prize of £300 in commemoration of his visit to this country along with his father, the Emperor Nicholas—the founder of the Emperor's Plate at Royal Ascot. It is now over fifty years

since the race was first run, on which occasion there were twenty-six subscribers of £25 each, and as ten runners came to the post, the value of the stakes to the winner, including the sum given by the Cesarewitch, was £715. The first winner of the event was Cruiskeen. In course of time the Cesarewitch became the greatest of our English handicaps, over two hundred horses having in some years entered to take part in the struggle. As may be supposed good fields are usually the result of large entries, as many as thirty-seven horses having, in 1862, been sent to the post, and on another anniversary of the race thirty-six tried conclusions.

The Cesarewitch cannot be said to be "famous" for its surroundings; on the contrary, the struggle has often enough been accompanied by an evil odour of finesse and chicanery, consequent on repeated attempts to throw dust in the eyes of the handicapper, or, to state more plainly what is meant, to "cheat" that important functionary. To non-racing people such a statement will doubtless require explanation. All handicaps are more or less a "game of weights," and that may be more particularly affirmed of the Cesarewitch. In such races as the Derby and St. Leger, the horses which contest the prize run on uniform terms, the weights of all being equal, mares being allowed a deduction; but in the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and similar contests, the horses are all "handicapped," in other words they are allotted to be ridden at weights which will represent their merits, or supposed merits; for, as has been hinted elsewhere, much pains is often taken to hoodwink the

person whose duty it is to adjust the weights carried by the competing animals.

The reason why such practices are resorted to is not because the stake which can be won is a valuable one, as the total amount of the Cesarewitch Stakes seldom reaches £2,000, but because the race in question affords a medium of wagering on such a gigantic scale that horses entered for the contest may, with caution, be backed to win even as much as £100,000. There are one or two instances of such a sum having been obtained by means of the Cesarewitch, notably when Roseberry won the race. For the owner of a Cesarewitch to bag from £20,000 to £50,000 was, some twelve or fifteen years since, a matter of common occurrence. It is a race which the general public bet upon with avidity, and for betting upon it great facilities are afforded, seeing that speculation begins on the Cesarewitch as early as May or June, when it cannot possibly be known what horses will be entered for it.

Remarkable stories have occasionally been told of fortunes won by means of the Cesarewitch; big prices being obtainable at an early date, persons who know of a "good thing" for this race are able to back it to win a considerable sum at little risk. Mr. Parr, the owner of Weathergage, who won in 1852, sacked many thousands, it is said, by the victory of his horse. That animal proved a fortunate purchase to Mr. Parr. Bought out of a Newmarket stable for a comparatively trifling sum, and having been well tried with a horse called Clothworker, he was entered for the Goodwood Stakes. The trial

horse having been sold for £400, that sum was invested in backing Weathergage for the ducal struggle, which the horse won, and a sum of £16,000 in addition for his far-seeing owner. Weathergage was then entered for the Cesarewitch, for which he started first favourite at 4 to 1; but long previous to the day of the race Mr. Parr had backed him to win a great stake at odds of 50 to 1, by which transaction his owner was said to have won £40,000. He then sold the horse for £2,500. Lecturer, who won the Cesarewitch in 1866, was the means of putting about £80,000 in the pocket of the unfortunate Marquis of Hastings, and a very large stake is reputed to have been won by Mr. Naylor with Jester, in 1878.

The incidents of the Cesarewitch outside racing circles are not of very great interest; many of the animals which have proved successful have never again been heard of as being of any value on the turf. The distance run is a little over two miles and a quarter, and as the pace is usually a rapid one, it takes a very good horse to win when the animal is really weighted according to its merits. As has been indicated, the race on some occasions falls to a very mediocre horse, who has been got into the handicap by trickery, at almost a nominal weight, for the purpose of enabling the owner and his friends to win a series of big bets. The Cesarewitch does not often result in the first favourite proving successful, having been often won by horses which, in a comparative sense, may be called outsiders. The honours of favouritism are of course determined by the price of the horse in

the betting; if it is at 4 to 1, whilst the others are at such prices as 7, 10, or 14, then the "first" favourite is the horse which is at 4 to 1.

The Cambridgeshire is looked upon as the twin race of the Cesarewitch; both are run at Newmarket within about a fortnight of each other. The distance of the Cambridgeshire course is a little over a mile, so that the race is of the short-cut kind; although to get a mile at the terrific pace which is set in this handicap, takes something serious out of the competing horses. The Cambridgeshire, like the Cesarewitch, was instituted in 1839, and the race is a favourite medium of speculation, large sums being now and then won by a well-planned *coup*. The first winner of the race was Mr. Ramsay, of Barnton, whose horse, Lanercost, beating eleven others, credited him with the prize. In some years forty horses have run in the Cambridgeshire. It was often prophesied that the same animal would in one year win both races; but the double event was never compassed till 1876, when Roseberry, a horse belonging to Mr. James Smith, the well-known proprietor of the *Bon Marché*, proved successful, and again in 1881, "the American year," the double event was accomplished by Mr. Keene's horse, Foxhall, an animal that had previously credited his owner with the lucrative Grand Prize of Paris. As year after year passed over, and the double event never came off, it began to be thought that such an occurrence would prove to be an impossibility in consequence of the disparity of the distances over which the horses had to run, and over which of course they required to be trained; but in

1885 the feat was once more accomplished, this time by the French horse, Plaisanterie.

The Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, as has been stated, are big betting races, more money being wagered over these events in the present day than over any other handicaps of the year. The two find favour in the eyes of double event bettors; the foreign bookmakers in particular laid themselves out to accommodate the betting public to any extent. Two thousand pounds to twenty shillings is the limit fixed for such bets, and every now and then the feat of combining in one bet the names of the winning horses of both events is accomplished. In the year Cardinal York won the one race and Adonis the other the success of several double event bettors was recorded by the press. One gentleman, a stock-broker, was named as being the winner of twelve thousand pounds, the risk he ran in obtaining that sum being nine pounds ten shillings only. As may be supposed, where one is successful thousands fail. A bookmaker doing only a small business informed the writer that of sixteen hundred and seventy-two double event bets which he laid against the chances of naming the two winners, only thirteen persons were successful in coupling the first winner with a horse for the second event, and none of those who tried succeeded in the feat of naming both winners. An Edinburgh bookmaker who at one time accommodated small bettors with double event bets on the same races, never once required to pay, although thousands tried their luck.

Those persons who bet on the results of the race for the Cambridgeshire, when they are so

fortunate as to name the winner, occasionally obtain wonderfully good odds. Since 1875 only five favourites have won the race. On the other hand, what are called "long prices" have been laid against horses that have won in recent years, as, for instance, 33 to 1, Jongleur (1877); 40 to 1, Jester (1878); 30 to 1, La Merveille (1879); 50 to 1, Bendigo (1883); and 40 to 1, Gloriation (1887). Several other Cambridgeshire horses might be quoted at 20 to 1, and at figures a little below 20. Such prices do not often attend the race for the Cesarewitch, but then the winner in 1890 started at the odds of 28 to 1; and Stoneclink (1885) was quoted while at the starting-post at 100 to 3—an excellent price, as all who had the good fortune to back the horse willingly acknowledged.

As has been hinted, the Cesarewitch has been notorious for the thousand and one plots that have been laid to obtain a victory; the same may be said of the Cambridgeshire. Many hopes and fears have been centred on the chance of winning one or both of these races. Clever turfites have again and again planned and schemed, only, however, to incur defeat. Honest owners, running on the square with an honestly handicapped horse, have been "done" in the end by the machinations of some syndicate possessed of an animal kept for the purpose.

The Northumberland Plate, still run for at Gosforth Park, the Great Ebor Handicap, and the Liverpool Cups, as also the Cumberland Plate, were all of them some twenty-five years ago favourite betting races. They are no longer, however, what they were; but bettors have the Jubilee Stakes at their service, as also such

events as the Royal Hunt Cup, run at Ascot, and the Stewards' Cup, decided at the Goodwood Meeting. These are races on which plenty of speculation takes place, so that the loss of the "great" handicaps is not of much moment, there being so many other outlets for the gambling instinct of the nation, which was never so strong as it now is. The races for the Ascot Stakes and the Goodwood Stakes do not give rise to betting of any consequence till the days set for their decision; nor does speculation, as of old, begin on the Portland Plate, decided at Doncaster, till the names of the runners are known. The big handicaps brought off at Manchester during the Whitsuntide holidays, and at a later period, give rise to an immense amount of betting, especially among the masses.

These handicap notes might be considerably extended. Some of the recently introduced races represent big stakes, ranging from one to six thousand pounds, so that they are worth winning. The race for the City and Suburban has even of late years been improved, and is now worth a thousand pounds to the owner of the winning horse. A glance at any of the turf guides will show that there is almost a plethora of racing; but betting men, be they ever so industrious, cannot go on day after day figuring the odds against everything. Racing fashions are bound to change. It is of little use, therefore, mourning over the decadence of the Chester Cup, or any of the other "great" handicaps of "auld lang syne," when there are so many events which afford better opportunities to the horse and greater scope to those who care nothing for the animal, except as an instrument of gambling.

NOTES ON MEMORABLE MATCHES.

MATCH-MAKING, and the running-off of matches, was in the beginning of racing, and in later times as well, a favourite mode of sport; a volume, indeed, and an interesting one, might be written on that branch of the history of horse-racing, which is still to some extent carried on, matches being occasionally resorted to as one means of settling which of two is the better horse. It is not my purpose to do more at present than chronicle, by way of "sample," half-a-dozen of the more memorable matches, two or three of which may be said to have become historical.

Matches, as they were made some hundred years ago, or in earlier times, were always arranged to be run over a distance of ground, the courses never as a rule being shorter than four miles, and sometimes extending far beyond that distance. In the years 1718–9–20–1, to go no further back, upwards of eighty such contests took place—that is to say, races between horse and horse. In those days, and for long afterwards, other kinds of matches were made, which do not, however, concern this history; and at one time it was a fashion to arrange different exploits as matches. Many such might be re-

ferred to—shooting matches, cocking matches, racket matches, and sometimes even mail coaches were matched to run one against the other. A contest of this description may just be mentioned in passing, as an example of what was called sport ninety years ago. In the year 1802 the London and Plymouth mails raced for a sum of 500 gs. from St. Sydwells to Honiton, a distance of sixteen miles, when the London coach, driven by Mr. Browne, won the race, doing the distance in one hour and fourteen minutes.

Fifty-two years previous to the decision of that match, a still more curious event of the kind occurred at Newmarket, when a wager of 100 gs. was made that a carriage with four running wheels, to be drawn by four horses and driven by a man, would run nineteen miles on Newmarket Heath within one hour. A vehicle was made expressly for the occasion by a London coachmaker of celebrity, and when all was ready this race against time began at seven o'clock in the morning, and finished in fifty-three minutes and twenty-seven seconds, so that backers of the horses won their money.

Captain Newland's wager to ride one hundred and forty miles in eight successive hours on hack horses excited much attention. The event took place on the 2nd of April, 1801. The captain won, as he performed the distance in seven hours and thirty-four minutes. Many matches, or rather wagers to ride horses against time, might be recorded of even earlier date, as for instance one which took place in the year 1606, when "John Lepton, Esq., of York, for a considerable sum,

engaged to ride six days in succession between York and London, and he won his wager."

The walking matches of Captain Barclay have been so often described that no reference need be here made to them—they were marvels of pluck and endurance. Another of the many curious matches which took place during the last century was that of Miss Pond, brought off at Newmarket in the months of April and May, 1758. That lady's wager was to ride, mounted always on the same horse, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours. The stake involved was only 200 gs., and she won it easily enough. Miss Pond was the daughter of the compiler and publisher of the *Racing Calendar*, and some doubts have been expressed as to whether or not she used the same horse throughout. It is worth mentioning that Dr. Johnson wrote a satirical essay on this affair in the sixth number of *The Idler* (May, 1775), his contention being that *profit* was the sole end in acquiring honour and distinction, and that such events as that in which Miss Pond took part were estimated only by the money gained or lost.

A Mr. Jenison Shafto, in accordance with a wager of 2,000 gs. between himself and Hugo Maynell, found a person to ride one hundred miles a day "on any one horse each day for twenty-nine successive days, to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine." John Woodcock was selected to perform this feat, and beginning his arduous task on Newmarket Heath on May 4th, 1761, brought it to a successful conclusion on the 1st of June about six o'clock in the evening, having used fourteen horses only.

Coming now to matches more suitable to be recorded in this work, one affair of the kind run at Newmarket between two horses deserves notice. It was that of Mr. Blake's Firetail and Mr. Foley's Pumpkin, "the hardest race almost ever known," and remarkable for the wonderful time in which it was run; the horses, it is said, did the Rowley mile (one mile and thirty yards) in one minute and four seconds! An interesting match was run in the year 1773, the course being from York to London; the one horse was a hackney gelding, the other a road mare. The distance was done in forty hours and thirty-five minutes, and the winning mare, it is related, drank twelve bottles of wine during her journey, for which she was nothing the worse; the beaten horse died the day after the contest was finished.

The great struggle between Hambletonian and Diamond, which took place at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1799, is well worthy of notice; it was regarded by sportsmen of the time as a race to determine which was the better sire, Eclipse or Herod. The match is recorded in *Baily's Register* in the following bald way: "Sir H. T. Vane's b. h. Hambletonian, by King Fergus, 8st. 3 lb., beat Mr. Cookson's br. h. Diamond, 8st., B.C., 3,000 gs. h. ft." A more detailed account has, however, been preserved and is given in Whyte's "History of the Turf," from which the following narrative has been taken: Previous to the time fixed for the match, which was run between one and two o'clock on Monday, 25th March, 1799, a great crowd of persons had assembled—"one of the greatest crowds ever witnessed at Newmarket"—to see

the race. Hambletonian, it is related, started with the lead and maintained it till the last half-mile of the course was entered upon, when Diamond, stealing up, challenged. The struggle for victory was a keen one; each jockey rode his very best, Hambletonian being ridden by the famous Buckle, while Dennis Fitzpatrick had charge of the other horse. As the animals neared the winning-post it looked all over as if the contest would end in a dead heat, but almost in the last stride Buckle nerved himself for a great and final effort, and won the race by little more than a head. According to the best authorities, the four miles were run in about eight minutes and a half.

Large sums fell to be paid and received over this event, the betting having ruled high, Yorkshire to a man supporting Hambletonian, and the Newmarket people backing Diamond. When the horses started the state of the odds was about "even money," either you liked. Hambletonian was foaled in 1792, and won almost every race for which he was entered, including the St. Leger and the Gold Cup at Doncaster; indeed, he was only beaten upon one occasion when he unfortunately ran out of the course at York August Meeting, 1797, when running against Deserter and Spread Eagle. This famous animal, after a fairly successful time at the stud, died on March 28th, 1818, in the twenty-seventh year of his age, having begot Norval, Camillus, Joan of Arc, and many other high-mettled steeds that have figured in turf history.

Another match that excited almost as much attention as the struggle between Hambletonian

and Diamond, was arranged between Sir H. Vane's Cockfighter and Mr. Johnson's Sir Solomon for 500 guineas, which took place at Doncaster on the 19th September, 1801. The horses ran the Doncaster course twice, and the first two miles were said to have been covered in three minutes, whilst the four miles were done in seven minutes and ten seconds: the distance run was three miles, six furlongs, and thirty-two yards. The betting at starting was 6 to 4 and 11 to 8 on Cockfighter, and a sum of £50,000 is said to have changed hands on the occasion. Sir Solomon took the lead at the start and, never being headed, won by about a length and a half. The winner was got by Sir Peter Teazle; Cockfighter was got by Overton, and was thus descended from the Godolphin barb.

The most noteworthy match—"the most interesting race ever run upon Knavesmire"—recorded in the annals of the turf is that in which Mrs. Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint took part. The excitement which attended this affair may be guessed from the fact that upwards of £200,000 was depending in wagers on the event—the betting at the start being at the rate of 5 to 4 and 6 to 4 on the lady, who, however, lost the day. The affair was fully recorded in the sporting periodicals of the period, from which the following particulars have been gleaned. The match originated quite in a friendly spirit; the parties being out for a ride discussed and, of course, praised the merits of their respective horses, and on the spur of the moment indulged in a trial gallop, the lady being at once victorious. A formal

challenge was the result of this extempore gallop, which ended in a match for 1,000 gs. This event was brought to a consummation on the 25th of August, 1804, and for some weeks before that date nothing else was talked about; over sporting Yorkshire it was a common topic of conversation, all sorts of notions being entertained as to how the lady would ride and how she would be dressed, and as the time drew near it became quite evident that Mrs. Thornton possessed the entire sympathies of the horse-loving people of the greatest county of England.

On the appointed day the horses were duly prepared for the struggle. Mrs. Thornton's horse was Vingarillo and Mr. Flint's was Thornville; in accordance with the conditions of the match the lady was to ride her weight against the weight of Mr. Flint. According to the newspapers of the day such an assemblage of the people on a racecourse had never been seen as on the occasion of riding this match; it was estimated that at least a hundred thousand persons were present on the Knavesmire, expectation being raised to the highest pitch from the exceeding novelty of the event.

The story of the race was told in *The York Herald*: "About four o'clock Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirits, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Boynton; afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o'clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles in most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile of being home Mr. Flint pushed

forward and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion, but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up in sportsman-like style, when within about two distances. The course was four miles."

The riding of the lady excited admiration, and it was difficult to say whether her horsemanship, her dress, or her beauty was most admired, the *tout ensemble* being considered unique. The sympathy extended to Mrs. Thornton because of her defeat was universal, and there seemed to be a feeling on the part of all that Mr. Flint acted most ungallantly in not allowing her to take the honours of the race; in plainer language, he should have made her a present of the stake — £1,000! That some bad blood resulted over the affair was soon known. The lady herself, who is reputed to have been as clever at her desk as she was in the saddle, wrote a letter on the subject complaining of having been ungallantly used in various ways on the course, and concluding by challenging Mr. Flint to ride the same match in all its terms over the same course next year.

The appetite of Mrs. Colonel Thornton appears to have been whetted by what had taken place for further exploits of a similar kind; at all events, in the next year, 1805, her name crops up in two matches, one for 2,000 gs. and four hogsheads of Cote Roti, as also a bet of 600 gs. p.p. Mr. Bromford, her opponent, however, declined to ride, and Mrs. Thornton, after doing the usual perfunctory walk over, bagged £1,000 of forfeit, the bet of 600 gs. p.p., and presumably contributed to her stock of wine half of the supply of the Cote Roti. No sooner

had the walk, or rather canter over taken place, than the lady, "dressed in a purple cap and waistcoat, nankeen-coloured skirts, purple shoes, and embroidered stockings," appeared to ride against Buckle, the famous jockey, a match of two miles. The start for this contest was made at half-past three o'clock, when the lady went off with the lead and managed to keep in front for some distance, when Buckle forged to the front and kept there for a dozen paces, "when Mrs. Thornton, by the most excellent, we may truly say horsemanship, pushed forward and came in in a style far superior to anything of the kind we have witnessed, gaining the race by half a neck; her bold and steady jockeyship, indeed, amazed one of the most crowded courses ever witnessed. On her winning she was hailed with the most reiterated shouts of congratulation."

It has been hinted, with regard to this race, that the lady owed her victory to the gallantry of the professional horseman, Buckle. The match is thus given in the "Annals of the Turf":

MATCH FOR A CUP, VALUE 700 GUINEAS. TWO MILES.

Colonel Thornton's br. m. Louisa, by Pegasus,
6 years old, 9 st. 6 lb. ... ... Mrs. Thornton 1
Mr. Bloomfield's ch. m. Allegro, by Pegasus,
6 years old, 13 st. 6 lb. ... ... Francis Buckle 2

The pleasures of victory were greatly marred by an incident which occurred in the course of the afternoon, and that was the horse-whipping of Colonel Thornton by Mr. Flint, who had never received payment of the stakes lost by the lady in her first match. Law proceedings ensued, but these need not be detailed here;

there can be no doubt Flint was rather ill-used throughout, and that Mrs. Colonel Thornton's views were entirely mercenary. And who was the lady who thus made herself so notorious? Orton, in the work already referred to, says she was not the wife but only the *chère amie* of Colonel Thornton, her real name being Alicia Meynell, the daughter of a respectable watchmaker of the city of Norwich, and was then about twenty-two years of age, very handsome, and of fascinating manners, with fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes. Captain Flint was a well-known sportsman of those days, and well known as the author of "A Treatise on the Management of the Horse." He died from an over-dose of prussic acid, which he was in the habit of taking in order to relieve the attacks of asthma from which he often suffered.

Next in interest to the great match between Hambletonian and Diamond, a giant struggle of modern times may be referred to. It took place on the Knavesmire at the York Spring Meeting, May 13th, 1851; the names of the two horses which gave renown to the match were Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur, and there are many alive who looked on at the race, and talk of it as the one sight of their lives.

The following description, written immediately after its occurrence, will afford readers all necessary information: "And now we have arrived at the race of the meeting—if not indeed of the century. As we have no means of measuring the properties of race-horses—at least none that are put into effect worthy of acceptance as authority on point of speed—we must take it for granted that the

Flying Dutchman and Voltigeur are about the best horses that the modern turf has seen. Upon this conventional estimate, the contest, the issue of which is about to be disposed of, created more interest than any match between horses within my memory. The weighing had been adjusted to a grain ; and thus the runners were set down : Match for £1,000, half forfeit, two miles over the whole course ; Lord Eglinton's The Flying Dutchman, by Bay Middleton out of Barbelle, 5 yrs., 8 st. 8½ lb. ; Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, by Voltaire out of Martha Lynn. The pair were at even betting almost from the period when the race was publicly announced up to the day on which it was run, and as they went to the post. When the flag fell, Voltigeur went off with the running at the top of his pace, taking a lead of at least three lengths, and making very severe play, the heavy state of the ground being taken into account. In this way they rounded the last turn, when Marlow, the rider of the Dutchman, called upon his horse with a request very pointedly urged. As they passed the stand it was stride for stride, and a struggle of desperate effort. It was too much, however, for the young one—he tired the sooner, and the Flying Dutchman passed the winning-chair first by a short length. Both horses showed marks of the keenness of the contest."

After winning the match, Lord Eglinton announced that his career on the turf had ceased.

It would not be difficult to fill a few pages of this work with accounts of several other matches of more or less interest, but those already

given are sufficient to give the reader a fair idea of that description of racing, which, except in particular instances, is not of great interest. One other match, however, is worth referring to—the match between Lady Elizabeth and Julius, both in their day horses of celebrity. The death of Julius, whose career was terminated by a friendly bullet, was the means of directing public attention to the feats and failures of that excellent horse.

The sporting papers of the day contained the following obituary paragraph: "The son of St. Albans and Julie was bred at Her Majesty's stud at Hampton Court, and became the property of the late Duke of Newcastle, in whose colours in 1866 he won a couple of races as a two-year-old. The following year he won several races, but was defeated in the celebrated match with Lady Elizabeth, the latter (then a two-year-old), in receipt of 9 lb., only winning by a short head. The match was for 1,000 sovs., run over the Bretby Stakes Course, Fordham riding the victress, and Daley Julius. The Duke of Newcastle's colt ran third to Achievement and Hermit for the Doncaster St. Leger, but perhaps his most notable performance was winning the Cesarewitch in the same season with 8 st. on his back—an impost that had not been carried first past the post in the race since Faugh-a-Ballagh's victory in 1844. In 1868 the Duke of Newcastle's colt beat both his St. Leger conquerors. Hermit went down before him in the Newmarket Biennial Stakes in the Craven Meeting, and the pair were subsequently matched for 1,000 sovs. over the Two Middle Miles. The event came off at the first Spring gathering, and Julius (8 st.

10 lb.), in the hands of Daley, beat his opponent by a couple of lengths, Hermit's weight being 8 st. 9 lb. The Beaufort Cup (about two miles and a half) at Bath he won by fifteen lengths from Achievement, the latter presenting him with 6 lb., Gomera and Goodwood finishing behind the pair. Julius afterwards won the Warwick Cup, but in the Doncaster Cup he met his conqueror in Mandrake, who defeated him by a length. The son of St. Albans did not run afterwards, and was relegated to the stud."

In taking leave of the subject this much may be said, that matches were the means of evincing men's love of the sport for its own sake. There was a stake of money in risk, of course—it is the fashion—but some years ago, in the days of Lord Glasgow, George Payne, and "the Admiral," matches were not so much ventures in gambling as tests to find out the better horse. Speaking generally, matches are not popular with the general body of race-goers, who delight more in those contests which are competed for by a crowd of horses, and where fair odds can be had about any particular animal. Laying odds on or taking even money is unpalatable work to the great majority of those who attend race meetings, and, moreover, in few instances—not ten times in twelve—do we see the real merit of a race-horse when it runs in a match. Very often the jockeys have a private understanding with each other that they will only race for a given portion of the distance, and often enough the struggle is won by the finesse of the rider, and the victory won or the defeat sustained has no bearing on the merits of the horse.

WITH THE PROPHETS.

"THE ingenuity and industry expended on what is called 'tipping' in connection with horse-racing ought to bring good fortune in no halting measure to the professors of the art, who appear to spend their lives in trying to enrich everybody but themselves."

So wrote, some four or five years ago, an essayist in the pages of one of the "superior" magazines.

That the business of tipping goes on as briskly as ever, the experts in that line of turf illusion being still busily occupied in benevolent endeavours to confer benefit on their fellow-men, can be ascertained by all who will take the trouble to glance over the advertising columns of the numerous sporting journals of the time.

A point worthy of notice in connection with these announcements is the style now adopted in fashioning them. New and improved methods of communicating with the public are constantly being devised. Tipping nowadays is a "business" of importance requiring large dealings with the telegraph; but long ago—say about the close of the "thirties," and in the "forties" of the present

century, when the writer became interested in horse-racing, consequent on having won a few sovereigns by the victory of Merry Monarch in the Derby—tipping was much less obtrusive than it is to-day, and was carried on chiefly by means of what may be called "disguises." Such announcements as were made public usually bore that the advertiser was in exclusive possession of information about a horse which was certain to win the Derby or some other important race; but, as a rule, the great event decided at Epsom was, in the beginning of tipping, the race most favoured, and the person advertising not seldom posed as "a gentleman's valet out of a place," or as "a stableman dying of consumption," or "an old military man," or as some person very remote from the being he really was.

"Who, then," it will be asked, "were those persons?" Well, as there were not so many of them as there are to-day, when "tipping," as was said a few months ago to a magistrate, is a "profession," it will not prove a difficult task to give information about their ways of working, as I happen to be able to speak with some degree of knowledge of two or three of the number who were among the first to advertise in days when the mediums for such announcements were anything but numerous, and advertising was somewhat costly, there being then an advertisement duty of one shilling and sixpence exigible on each announcement, whilst postage was also expensive.

In the beginning of race tipping the Queen's head had not been invented. The outside prophets had at first only a local audience, but even during the "thirties" London was

occupied by a vast population, and there was always a sufficient percentage of its inhabitants so interested in racing as to find employment for half-a-dozen tipsters, in addition to those engaged on such newspapers of the time as kept prophets, some of whom were "verse-jinglers" of no mean capacity, as a selection from their poetic prognostications would prove, were a collection of the best of them to be made and published with the necessary notes of explanation.

The first of the prophets to whom I will refer were a man and a woman, both persons of ability, able to assume a variety of characters, and by doing so carry on their little game industriously from season to season. There was no collusion between them, however; they were in no way connected.

The man, before he began work as a tipster, had been for several years under butler in one of the big Pall Mall clubs, and having drawn the winner of the Chester Cup in a plethoric "sweep"—many of which used to be, and I believe still are, organised in London in connection with the more important races—he found himself in possession of sufficient funds, including the money he had saved in service, to become lessee of a public-house in a little street off Fetter Lane, in which for a time he did well, so well that he took courage and married, his wife being able to assist him in his business.

It is almost needless to say, with a landlord possessed of a taste for the turf, his house came in time to be much frequented by the smaller fry of sporting men having tastes in common

and being fond of betting, although the sums risked seldom exceeded half-a-crown, or at most double that amount.

One evil day a constant frequenter of the house introduced a friend of his, who was anxious to start a betting list, and as Wingrave, the landlord, thought a list in the house would improve his business, he gave consent, and Bill Holmes commenced business at the "Caxton Arms." For a period of a little over twelve months all went well, customers increased, money was made, and claims punctually met.

At length there came a frowning of Fortune. The list-keeper was himself a keen bettor, and more than once "perilled his purse" by having all his money on an animal he thought "sure to win." Having backed a horse on his own account to win a particular Chester Cup—in those days the "Tradesmen's Plate" was a most pronounced betting race—and the animal having failed to do what was expected, Holmes was unfortunately unable to come to "the scratch" over the animal which did win, and knowing he could not meet the claims which would be made against him on behalf of the winner, which had been heavily backed at his list, he at once left London, to the great consternation of Wingrave, who dreaded he would in some way be held responsible for the misdeeds of the runaway list-keeper. His foreboding was more than realised; an incensed mob of the creditors of Holmes, taking the law into their own hands, all but wrecked the house. It was in vain the landlord told the crowd he had no concern with the defalcations of the list-keeper; the people would not be pacified. Out of the

affair there arose a police case, and although Wingrave was able to convince the magistrate that he had himself been a victim, and had been more sinned against than sinning, he was deprived of his license at the first opportunity, and was unable to obtain possession of another house. Luckily, although two days' drawings had been confiscated by the enraged punters, the ill-used landlord, after paying all claims, had still a few pounds at his banker's, when he was compelled to shut shop.

Nothing in the public-house line of business being likely to turn up, Wingrave, by the advice of his shrewd wife (her father had been a pugilist, and afterwards lessee of a gin-shop in the region of Lambeth), turned tipster, and under the designation of "a retired club steward," offered to give all who pleased to forward half-a-crown to his house in Pemberton Row the name of a horse which would win the Derby; or to those who entrusted him with double that amount, he promised, in addition, to give the name of a filly that would be first in the Oaks, and so ensure a remunerative double event. His Derby prophecy proved a true one, the horse he gave being Voltigeur. The filly prophesied for the Oaks, however, only attained the rather barren honour of a place; still, the tip was considered a good one, fair odds being attainable, which led to much business being done in respect of the next two or three tips. Voltigeurs, however, do not run and win every day, and in time Wingrave came to know by the falling off which took place in the remittances that he would require to make a new departure, which he at once did.

His next move was made in the disguise of "Henry Buckstone, late valet to a sporting nobleman, who, being in possession of several important racing secrets, will send the winners of Two Thousand Guineas and Chester Cup to a select number of gentlemen on receiving a remittance of five shillings." Communications were to be addressed to a stationer's shop in Holborn, and for a time letters came in abundance, as many on some days as fifteen. Once again, as may be said, the ex-publican "struck ile," and a flow of fortune resulted which, happily for Wingrave, was kept up by the consecutive selection of some six or eight good winners. But in time this tipster, like others before and after him, dropped out of notice, although it is certain that he flourished, like the proverbial green bay-tree, for several years.

During the period which Wingrave carried on business, tipsters had much in their favour, the big events of the season being betted upon for months before the day set for their decision.

Fifty years ago, for instance, quotations on the Chester Cup were numerous in the December of the year previous to its being run. Such arrangements, of course, helped the tipsters of the outer school, as people were early in the field to back their fancies or the selections of the adventurers who sent prophecies. For these men the fact of being occasionally successful in naming the winner of a great race, at what was thought a "long price," was just so much capital gained. Two or three successful tips enabled a man to play "the game" to a remunerative tune for at least six months; every time he advertised he

obtained numerous replies on the strength of his previous successes.

Before the advent of the "retired club steward" there was a person at work whose success as a tipster was the subject of much gossip among needy bettors; this was the lady tipster already referred to. Yes, a veritable woman, and clever at the work! I first heard about her in "Jessop's," a night house in Catherine Street, among the frequenters of which her tips seemed to have made an impression. The little badly-printed circular containing her prophecies was signed "A. M. Weather." The name of this female foreteller of turf events was said to be Adelaide Merryweather; she was, so I was told by some of the "knowing ones" who frequented "Jessop's," the widow of an actor who had been engaged for a time in one of the then transpontine theatres as a delineator of small parts. The woman's own name was Weather, her husband's name being Merry, and the *nom de plume* she adopted as a prophetess was a combination of the two; but she traded in tips under other names as well, one of them being John Screwman. Her house, or at least one of the places to which her letters were sent, was in Chapel Street, Soho Square, and, as the postman of the period would have been able to testify, she carried on a thriving business.

Another of the names assumed by Mrs. Merryweather when she put on her prophetic mantle was, if my memory is not proving treacherous, "Arthur Lancefield, late of Middleham." I am writing only what I know, or what I believe from trustworthy information to be true,

and my belief is that Mrs. Merryweather was, if not the "inventor" of the method of sending the names of different horses to different batches of applicants, one of the earliest tipsters to adopt and systematise the plan. Trading as she did under three or four *noms de plume*, she speedily accumulated a long list of names of persons who backed horses; so that when she adopted another name and changed her address, she could send circulars to former customers stating that, from private information which she had received, she believed Mr. Brown Jones (or any other person) was anxious to find out the winner of the Derby (or whatever race might be on the tapis), and that, on receiving half-a-crown, a rare double event would be forwarded to his address.

One of this woman's most successful hits was reported to have been made in the character of an invalid jockey's wife, her circular on that occasion being worded as follows: "A jockey's wife, her husband being unable to ride now in consequence of having sustained a paralytic shock of the lower limbs, does not ask for charity; but being anxious for the sake of her young children to earn a living, will be glad to hear from gentlemen who take an interest in racing. Her husband, having been a noted trial-rider, knows well the form of all the horses now running. Address, Sarah Chiffman, 94A, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square." This advertisement, I was told, was looked upon as being genuine, and also that half-sovereigns, to cover letters from the date of its issue to the day of the Cambridgeshire, were liberally contributed to the wife of the unfortunate horseman; many people connected with

racing affairs fancied by subscribing that they would obtain "something good," whilst the fact of three winners of three races, and a second and third in two more being given to start with, was thought sufficient evidence of the *bona fides* of the advertiser.

For three or four years Mrs. Merryweather experienced a prosperous time, customers being numerous, as, by means of her system of sending different horses to different persons one or more batches of them were certain to have had winners sent to them, and these fortunate ones were not slow to sound the trumpet of her fame among their friends, so that on some occasions she enjoyed a run of success. How her career ended I cannot say from personal knowledge. Fred Booth, a frequent visitor to "Jessop's," and afterwards a bookmaker in a considerable way of business, used to relate that she married one of her clients, a wholesale grain merchant in the North of England, who had found his way to her house intent on giving the prophet a very handsome present in return for a double event which she had been lucky enough to send him. The gentleman was greatly surprised on discovering that his tipster was a woman, and a good-looking one, possessed of refined manners; and according to Booth, who spoke as if he knew the gentleman, the story came to a conclusion in the neighbouring church in the most orthodox fashion.

I can from personal knowledge describe the doings of one of the tipping fraternity. About the year 1842 or 1843 (I am not sure which of these years it was), I went one evening to

Sadler's Wells Theatre to witness the play of *King John*, and after the tragedy I supped with one of the actors in his lodgings in Arlington Street, near the theatre. We were joined at table by a fellow-lodger of my friend, who seemed to know nothing but what savoured of the turf, and he was so complaisant as to tell me the names of several horses which were pretty certain to win, and, as I know, did win some of the coming events. Being invited, we shared a bottle of capital claret along with him in his "den," as he called his parlour, in which I noted, scattered about, some dozens of newspapers and especially several copies of *Bell's Life*.

When opportunity offered I asked my friend who his fellow-lodger was. "Well," hereplied, "he is, or rather has been, on the press, having some three or four years ago been connected with one or other of the minor weekly publications; but he is now, he tells me, playing a far more profitable part; he has become a racing tipster and makes a good income at that business. His plan is to select about ten or a dozen of the most likely horses and send a different one to win the race and another, or perhaps two others, to get places, to each of his customers, taking care, of course, to keep a record of what he does, and the names and addresses of those who correspond with him.

"Two or three years ago he made quite a hit with a horse called Little Wonder, which, as I dare say you know, won a Derby. That event, my dear boy, set him on his legs; the landlord of the big gin-palace not far from here, who won a good round sum by means of his

tip, gave him a present of fifty pounds, and judging from his correspondence and the many persons who evidently call to consult him he must be making money, but whether or not he may be taking care of it is another matter. I suspect, however, it is with him as it often is with others similarly circumstanced, a case of 'lightly come, lightly go.'"

This plan, often since adopted, of sending different horses for wins and places to the different applicants for tips, was in my opinion quite a stroke of genius; the "fine art" of tipping indeed.

Such reminiscences might be multiplied. I was at one time brought into contact with several adventurers of similar kidney to those described, and there are no doubt aged turfites who could supplement what I have said. Previous even to the period I have been attempting to illustrate there was being published a regular racing circular, the precursor of the *Lockets, Judexes, and Walmsleys* of a later period, whilst newspaper tipping, especially in the columns of certain of the London weekly newspapers, was greatly extended; in not a few of them a "real poet" gushed forth his prophetic lore, and, as has been stated already, not a few of the poetic predictions perpetrated some fifty years ago were exceedingly felicitous in their diction, considering the sometimes very uncouth matter that had of necessity to be dealt with. I remember reading upon one occasion a collection of such poems in a Bow Street tavern (it was kept. I think, by Baron Nicholson), and of being struck with the halting lines and bald phraseology

of three or four of the Seven Dials sort, that used at one time to be hawked round the public-houses at which sporting men were wont to congregate. One sample of the doggerel—I am not speaking now of the graceful contributions published by *Bell's Life* or *The Sunday Times*, but of the Cattnach kind, written for recital in public-houses, one of which I well remember—proved a fortunate tip, as it wound up with an excellent prophecy :

> All who desire to quench their very great thirst
> Must back my bright fancy, brave Pyrrhus the First.

Another of the kind, after dealing with all the animals likely to start for the race (more than a dozen), pronounced boldly in favour of the horse that won, winding up his narrative with the following rather clumsy lines :

> Now this fair chance is given, play you your cards right well,
> Take my advice—down with your dibs on the bold Dayrell.

I am quoting these lines from memory, and another concluding couplet dwells in my remembrance :

> Coldrenick ! Coldrenick ! the crowd loudly cry,
> But Attila's the animal that wins, in my eye.

afterwards altered by "the poet" to :

> Coldrenick ! Coldrenick ! the crowd loudly shout,
> But to-day I set down as Attila's day out.

In respect of the art of really "poetical" tipping, there are few who know how very difficult it is to render the matter presentable ;

the names to be introduced are sometimes not amenable to the treatment of the poet, no matter how heartily he enters on his task. As one gentleman said to the writer, "to work all these probable starters into readable rhymes, far less to clothe them with some degree of poetic fancy, would need a couple of Tennysons, four Brownings, and half a score each of Swinburnes and Buchanans rolled into one, and even then the product of the lot united might not seem to the editor all it ought to be."

Nowadays every newspaper of importance has to furnish a daily modicum of sporting intelligence, which proprietors find to be a costly item in the ever increasing sum of their expenditure. But it is a circumstance that cannot be helped; there is in reality more interest taken in the handicaps for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire by five-sixths of the readers of the daily papers than there is in all the other items of news added together; indeed, it is not going too far to affirm that two or three of the daily newspapers are indebted for the larger portion of their sales to the fact of their giving every morning a detailed programme for the races of the day, as well as other sporting intelligence. Excellent information of its kind is purveyed by the members of the sporting press, who contribute to these journals; but the tips given are, except to the merest novices, of little use, as veteran bettors can, by the aid of their *Ruff* or *McCall*, select horses for themselves.

In addition to the racing news contained in the ordinary run of newspapers, there are three daily journals published all the year round which

are solely devoted to sporting news, and these papers deal of course in "tips," and some of them afford a place in their columns to a full score of the daily increasing army of vaticinators; and yet, as must be patent to those who devote time and attention to the study of such matters, no betting man could possibly make a fortune, or even earn a living, by abjectly following either or all of the honest newspaper tipsters referred to.

It is amusing to note how some of the more "screeching" of the newspapers comport themselves. When one of them, for instance, after a period of six or seven weeks, becomes some day so fortunate as to select three or four horses that win as many races, it shouts out next day in loud tones so that all may have news of its prescience—a supremely Irish mode of telling readers that to follow its tips would be ruinous. One day's luck out of twenty or thirty simply means to backers "fell despair," and much of it. There is (or was lately) a tipster who is never done sounding his own praises; "as I predicted, *Chance* did the trick easily," "my selection *Accident* won in a walk," "I gave two for such and such a race, and my first selection *Happy-go-lucky* literally romped in."

But what of that, when backers of the two lost their money, the romping in horse starting at odds of 3 to 1 on him! Let us suppose that some sanguine speculator had risked a five-pound note on each selection (because when two horses are selected it is necessary to back both in case of missing the winner), the result would have been a loss of £5 on No. 2 and a gain of £1 13*s.* on No. 1, showing a balance to the bad of £3 7*s.* But, notwithstanding, the tipster

in question crowed over this feat of tipping, just as a bantam cock does when he is surveying the half-dozen inmates of his harem.

These details will not probably be pleasant to the gentlemen of the sporting press; but there are among them several who have no occasion to assume that my remarks are personal, because they are persons possessed of knowledge, who announce their selections in a modest manner, and give good reasons for their faith; but for the kind of tipster who told his readers not only that Pioneer would win the race for the City and Suburban Handicap, but would do easily, I have but scanty respect. That tipster must surely be a green hand at the business! Why did he not add that if the horse did not win easily he would eat him? "Will win," instead of "may win," is a mistake in tipping often committed by some even of the veteran press tipsters.

Pressmen who review past races and prophesy on future events are compelled, like jockeys, "to ride to order"; in plain language, they must found their tips on the public form of the horses commented upon. It is not any part of their work to "guess" that any particular horse will win a race; hence it is that the professional prophets are now and again completely "floored" by the victory of an animal they dared not even assume to have been possessed of a chance. It is always on the cards that an outsider may win.

There are every day busily at work at the present time an army of over two hundred and fifty advertising tipsters — pure adventurers, recruited from all sorts and conditions of men. The writer took pains, three or four years ago, to

ascertain, by personally interviewing a number of them, what manner of men they were. His idea of the kind of persons he had supposed them to be was at once corroborated, as the first of them with whom he could obtain an interview he immediately recognised as a bookmaker who had welshed him at Ascot two years before; another of the fraternity was identified by a friend as a "swell cabman," who used to have a lucrative connection in the City, his customers being chiefly stockbrokers and bankers' clerks; but more surprising than either of these was the discovery that among the motley crowd, and evidently, from the fact of two clerks in an outer office being busily engaged in filling up telegraphic forms, doing a roaring trade, there was a younger son of a very well known and wealthy London citizen, who, having failed at the University, and "gone to the bad" in business, had taken to tipping.

Well do I remember reading one morning in *The Standard* that Bill Jones, one of "the ruins" bookmakers, had been sent for ten days to prison as a rogue and vagabond for betting, the alderman who passed the sentence being the uncle of the tipster to whom I have been alluding!

Could a census be taken of these prophets, embracing their antecedents, it would be found that not a few of them were persons who had lost money in backing horses or in laying the odds against their chances, reminding us of the celebrated definition of the critics being "men who have failed in literature and art."

As has been remarked in the course of the foregoing observations, the art of tipping is now

a business over which no disguise is thrown, although an occasional advertisement still crops up in the old style. One or two of the present-day tipsters correspond with "gentlemen only," but on being communicated with, these persons do not seem particularly anxious to restrict the number of their clients; what they really want is "a remittance." At the present time there are tipsters who carry on business in different fashions; some ask for a fee that will cover a week's work, others seek an all-day remittance, whilst not a few deal in single-horse wires or "paddock snips," as they designate their information. There are also tipsters who ask only to be paid by results. "Put one shilling on each of the horses I select for you to back, and if one wins, remit me the odds obtained," indicates the mode of doing business adopted by such prophets.

As a matter of course, the tipsters of the time are ever varying their names and addresses. When they make a series of hits under one designation they trade on that as long as they can, but when business begins to decrease because their tips fail to disclose winners, then a change of locality and another name gives chances of renewed good fortune. Thus the man who was "A. 1." a month ago is now figuring as "X. Y. 3.," whose tips, "privately given," made the fortunes of several gentlemen two years ago, "so that I" (that is "X. Y. 3.") "am induced to allow the general public to participate in my information." About the period of the Derby in each year I take stock of the tipsters' advertisements, and have found, as a general rule, that only about thirty per cent. of those who advertised in the previous

year remain in the field—the others having either retired or changed their names and addresses.

The class of tipsters of whom I have been writing earn a great deal of money, but many of them spend it recklessly, never thinking that they may be overtaken by the proverbial rainy day. Judging from the vast number of telegrams which are despatched on busy race-days, two or three thousand pounds a week must reach these tipsters, the majority of whom make it a rule, I fancy, to incur no expense for information, although some among them are always boasting of their staff of highly-paid assistants. These men take the tips given in the morning newspapers and retail them to the fools who trust them for a shilling, or perhaps half-a-crown, whilst the simpletons who purchase the information could obtain it for one penny, and all the news, political and social, as well!

Of the fools who are born in every minute of the day and night, a very great number deal with the advertising tipsters to their ultimate loss. It is only right, however, to let it be known that there are a few honourable men among the blacklegs who take much personal trouble and incur considerable expense in obtaining information of a reliable kind for those who trust them. But these men fail to make backing pay; they no doubt experience runs of luck, but even with runs of luck the balance at the close of the year is sure to be on the wrong side of the account.

The proprietors of several weekly racing periodicals at present published, not satisfied seemingly with the sales of fifty or sixty thousand copies which they say their papers attain, send

out daily tips by telegraph, or pen nightly letters to all who will pay the requisite fee, and according to their own accounts of what they achieve their success as tipsters is enormous; but it may be fairly stated on behalf of the gentlemen who cater sporting news for the daily press, that considering the difficulties incidental to the formulating of their prophetic work, they do wonderfully well, although it has been often stated against them, as a matter of reproach, that they "follow the money"—in other words, tip those horses which are being or are likely to be heavily backed.

MODERN BETTING ILLUSTRATED AND EXPLAINED.

I.

HAVING received the selection of his tipster, or having become enamoured of a horse selected by himself, the bettor proceeds to his club or other rendezvous where he knows he will find a bookmaker ready to lay the odds against the horse of his choice.

In this he finds no difficulty. In large towns and cities, and in smaller seats of population also, there are persons whose business it is to accommodate such customers. Bookmakers and backers have many ways of coming together; they meet at divers times and seasons and in divers places as a matter of course, and during those months when there is little or no horse-racing they keep up acquaintance with each other at billiard matches and in their clubs; indeed, sporting events of some kind on which "a nice little bit of betting" may crop up are always on the tapis, whilst during the winter season there are usually a score or so of steeple-chase meetings which are provocative of speculation in bookmaking and betting circles.

The great coursing meetings which take place in the season when racing is pretty much at a standstill also give rise to a vast amount of betting, of which very little is known, because it is not published from day to day.

The enormous extent to which betting on horse-racing goes on all the year round is known to those only who make the matter a special study. It has been computed by persons who should know that not less than five thousand bookmakers are daily engaged throughout the United Kingdom in laying the odds against horses to stakes ranging from sixpence to perhaps, on some occasions, as much as five hundred or even a thousand pounds. Taking it, for illustrative purposes, that each layer of the odds deals only with a hundred customers, it becomes obvious that there must be at least five hundred thousand persons engaged in betting. The exact number, however, could it be ascertained, would doubtless prove much in excess of these figures. Were it said that at present there are over a million persons who take an interest in horse-racing or in some of the other sports and pastimes of the period to the extent of backing their opinions by a bet, it would not probably be an exaggeration.

In one Scottish city there is, it has been calculated, a hundred bookmakers at work every day on the streets or in clubs or offices, doing business with all comers at market rates, and to stakes varying in amount from shillings and half-crowns to "tenners and ponies" (£25). As that city contains a population of over half a million individuals, it affords data for calculating

that there may be two hundred bookmakers for each million of the population congregated in the great cities and larger towns of the kingdom, which for London alone would give more than one thousand layers of the odds, whilst Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, and Birmingham, will undoubtedly have a number correspondent to their population. "Here, every one bets," said a London club steward one evening to the writer, whilst busy entering names for the annual Derby sweep, "every one from the City to the West End; the cabman who brought you from the railway station, the porter who took your hat, the man who sold you that copy of the special *Standard*, all bet, and in hundreds of our public-houses and tobacconists' shops you can find a bookmaker if you want him."

A glance at what takes place in large cities and big provincial towns every day, but more particularly on days set apart for the decision of important races, shows hundreds of people rushing about to interchange their tips and opinions and to learn what is being done. On such days telegraphic messages rain into the more important clubs, of which there are from six to twenty in each of the towns named, and in these places from three to thirty bookmakers will be found ready to bet with all comers.

In these clubs may be seen groups of bettors each with an eye on "the tape," which winds out its automatic lists of the running horses, their jockeys, and the odds at which they are being backed in the ring, followed in due course by the name of the winning and placed horses and tha important item of information, the "starting

price," so much valued by bettors. As race follows race the same routine is repeated, so that a flutter of excitement is kept up till the programme is exhausted. Winners over the first race take heart and go on speculating, while men who have lost make an effort to retrieve their bad fortune by extending their investments, and thus the game continues till the last race of the day has been decided.

There are men constantly engaged in betting who in their own circles are not suspected of doing so. Some of them do so by the aid of friends who possess a knowledge of the business, others steal into the bookmakers' offices, and looking about them fearful of being observed, whisper their business to the layer of the odds or his clerk. The lame and halt, the blind and dumb, the rich and the ragged, daily rub shoulders in quest of fortune in the betting arena. Men with well-ventilated boots and guiltless of linen under-garments pass their shillings or half-crowns into the jewelled hand of the bookmaker, who at once rattles off an entry to his clerk: "6 to 1 Gold for the Fortunatus Stakes."

A score, perhaps, of such poverty-stricken gamblers could not among them muster clothes of the value of the albert chain and pendant hung from the watch of the bookmaker's penciller.

Racing to-day spreads itself over a wide field, and to witness the decision of such races as the Derby or St. Leger Stakes, the Chester Cup, the City and Suburban Handicap, or the Royal Hunt Cup at Ascot, tens of thousands will assemble between the classes and the masses, each person seemingly more interested than the

other. Some are on the scene from pure love of sport, others from their desire to bet, and when a race is decided, especially one of the great handicaps which give rise to so much betting, tens, nay, hundreds of thousands of pounds will have been lost and won, the sum total being of course made up by a vast number of small and many large transactions.

Varied estimates have been formed of the amount annually expended in betting or horse-racing. At the Doncaster St. Leger Meeting, which lasts four days, there will probably be thirty races run, from four to fifteen horses competing in each. To accommodate the persons who bet on these races there will be on the ground not less, all told, than five hundred bookmakers, and assuming that only £20 are drawn by each of them over every race, that would represent a total amount of £300,000 risked on the thirty races run during the four days. An exponent of racing finance said some years ago, in an article contributed to *The Edinburgh Review*: "Taking it for granted that £1,500 only is risked by bettors on each of the small races run during the season, and that there are say 2,600 such contests, the total will amount to nearly four millions sterling! To that sum must be added the money risked on the larger races. On the popular betting handicaps, such as that run at Lincoln, the City and Suburban, the Royal Hunt Cup, the Northumberland Plate, and several other important racing events, not forgetting the two great Newmarket handicaps of October, quite a million sterling will be represented."

To affirm that a sum of from four to five million pounds is annually risked in bets on horse-races looks like wishing to play on the credulity of the public, but good reasons exist for believing that the amount named is about right, and under rather than over the real total, could it be ascertained. It is still possible to back a horse running in a big handicap to win from twenty to fifty thousand pounds. Roseberry, the property of Mr. James Smith, won both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire in the same year; Mr. Smith taking, it was stated at the time, a sum of over a hundred thousand pounds out of the ring by the victory of his horse. The event was remarkable as being the first occasion on which these two races were won by the same animal. The public benefited largely by the victory of Roseberry; it would be no exaggeration perhaps to say that two hundred thousand pounds would fall to be paid in all, but the bookmakers had of course the sums betted against all the other horses that ran to pay with. There were twenty-nine running in that year's Cesarewitch, all of which were backed at some price or other, the favourite, Woodlands, which started at the odds of 4½ to 1 against its chance, being heavily supported.

There are writers on turf matters who maintain that there is not now so much betting as there used to be, but that contention can only apply to particular races; for, as a matter of fact, there is in reality five times the amount of turf speculation to-day that there was forty or fifty years since. Take Scotland as an example; half a century ago there was no person earning a

living by "bookmaking" alone. True, the "lists" have been "put down," but clubs have arisen, where betting, as has been stated, is going on every day and all day long. Races to which the lists applied were, comparatively speaking, seldom on the tapis, although betting on them, it is right to say, began long before the day fixed for the event to be decided, so that bettors were afforded ample opportunities to "back their fancy." Even at present there are books open on the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire months before the horses are entered for them.

The English betting men lately carrying on business in the French towns of Boulogne and Calais betted on these handicaps, as may be said, all the year round. These bookmakers betted with all comers chiefly for ready money, and have been known to lay from five to fifteen thousand pounds against each of two or three of the horses engaged in a popular race. With the daily betting now prevalent, and the occasional spurts which take place over important races held at Manchester, Derby, Leicester, Sandown and Kempton Parks, it may be taken for granted that the amounts involved, so far as totals are concerned, are greatly in excess of what they have ever previously been estimated as being.

Those who maintain that "the betting of to-day is nothing to that of forty years ago," usually cite in proof of their assertion the large sums which were wont to change hands over the Derby, such as the £50,000 won over St. Giles, or the £150,000 that Teddington's victory cost the ring, one of the members of which

paid one of his customers a sum of £15,000 the morning after the race. Many reminiscences of big sums lost and won over the Blue Ribbon of the Turf have appeared in print, and also of the amounts won at the lists. These were large, no doubt, but the money as a rule went into few hands. When the big bettors, who had the *entrée* of Tattersall's, were paid their twos and threes or ten thousand pounds the money was exhausted; but not fewer than twelve or fifteen thousand individuals would probably draw from five to fifty pounds each over Bluegown's victory in London, whilst quite as many persons scattered over the United Kingdom would pocket lesser sums.

That the "small money" expended to-day in betting soon accumulates can be easily proved. Here is one way, for instance, of arriving at an illustration: there are at the present time about twelve thousand public-houses in London, nearly all the frequenters of which take some degree of interest in the Derby or other race, and assuming that each house on the average has two hundred and fifty regular customers, of which one hundred will have a bet on some race of the season, that gives a big figure. Should each person back a horse by even the outlay of a modest half-crown, the total money so invested would sum up to the very handsome amount of something like £150,000, and certainly quite as much would be risked by more daring backers.

In this view of the case it is in vain to tell us that betting is declining, either on the Derby or any other event of turf speculation. The great obstacle to big bets being made is the miserly

rate of odds now offered by bookmakers. In the case of Surefoot, that did not win the Derby of 1890, the odds laid on that horse at the start required the investment of £90 to win £40, a luxury that only people with more money than brains were able to afford.

In the turf market the bettors—the backers are here meant—have, of course, the worst of the deal throughout, the money risked finding its way into a very few hands at the end of the chapter. Backers come and backers go day by day, but the bookmaker, who plays a prudent part, holds his place and strengthens his position more and more. Those familiar with the incidents of betting know full well that not one backer of horses in every hundred can live at "the game." Most bookmakers see ninety-nine of their clients go down, many of them with great rapidity, the kind, for example, that come on Tuesday morning and are squeezed out by Friday afternoon. Others prolong the struggle for a time by being able to fight a stronger battle, being, perhaps, more prudent or better provided with capital. Few of those who in any one year begin to back horses with the running of the Lincolnshire Handicap are able to live at the business to the date of the Cambridgeshire, which is the last "great" race of the season.

Every now and again "plungers," as they are called in the slang of the period, make their appearance in the betting rings and carry on their betting with an enormous flourish of trumpets. The financial feats which they perform in backing horses are frequently chronicled by the sporting press, and thus it is we learn

that "Mr. Blank" ("the famous plunger" of the period) "had another series of fortune-yielding innings yesterday, having landed over sixteen hundred pounds on the day's racing."

Such good fortune is, however, phenomenal and seldom lasts long; besides, no one takes the trouble to chronicle the many bad days which Mr. Blank is fated to encounter, the outcome of which leads, as a matter of course, to the usual finale. Beginning on the plan of dealing for ready money dealings only, the plunger ultimately does a large business on the usual credit terms of settlement every Monday, and in the course of a few months the racing public learn that the great man has come to grief, and is offering a composition of five shillings in the pound, in order to lighten his liabilities. So it is in time with all who tread the same path, even with those of them who come from the other side of the Atlantic to break the English betting ring, and who for a season look as if they would prove successful.

Many schemes are resorted to by the bigger class of betting men to obtain information. Jockeys are pumped, trainers are interviewed, stablemen are bribed with the view of enabling the plunger to land a big bet or two at every meeting. There are men, of course, who would scorn to take a vulgar money bribe, but who do not scruple to receive a case or two of champagne, or a ten-gallon cask of whisky, nor are they very angry when some energetic person sends their wife a diamond ring or their daughter a gold watch. Upon one occasion while visiting a training establishment, the writer was struck

with the display of jewellery which adorned the person of a trainer's wife; probably enough, none of the ladies of those owners who had horses in that man's stables possessed such a valuable collection of gems as she wore on her fingers and bosom, nor did the lady evince much reluctance about giving their history—she was not reticent.

It has from time to time been hinted that the money lost by backers of horses finds its way to a good amount into the coffers of a few turf sharks who are banded together in "a ring," and who have dealings with not a few of the training fraternity as well as with a number of the jockeys. There may be a degree of truth in what has been said by certain newspapers with regard to this mode of conspiracy, but much of this kind of gossip which percolates through the columns of the press is only gossip—not gospel. Even if it were founded on fact it would be difficult to find proof of such misdeeds. Those persons who have the best chances of making money by means of horse-racing are the men who act as go-betweens for jockeys, or for trainers, or for such owners of horses as are also keen betting men. Of late years one or two of this fraternity have come to the front, having proved wonderfully successful at the business and put money in their purses, honestly it is to be hoped. At any rate they have become wealthy, and from being helpers or touts on the training-grounds have "risen," as one gushing writer said about them. In other words, they have now a bank account and enjoy the luxury of clean linen and water-tight boots, which hundreds of men who back their "fancy" cannot hope for.

When the tide of "luck" favours those men who court the smiles of Fortune in racing circles, she seems to lavish her treasures on them with an unsparing hand. There are men now living at Newmarket worth thousands of pounds that ten or twelve years since would have found it difficult to scrape together ten shillings. These are among the men who have "risen," and so dazzled the eyes of some of the gentlemen of the sporting press. When they own a horse or two, as several now do, and one of their animals proves successful in winning a race, they are at once elevated another step, and spoken of by some writers as "the astute Mr. So-and-So," or as Mr. This-and-That, "the clever and intelligent owner" of Cheek and other well-known horses.

During recent years much has been written and said against the system of betting for ready money. Of all the "fads" (the reader is asked to excuse this vulgarism) connected with gambling on the turf that have become prominent during recent years the denunciation of ready money betting is certainly the most extraordinary —the most abused of them all. Ready money betting has been declared illegal. But why should betting in ready money be wrong if betting on credit be right? If any kind of betting be proper it most assuredly should be betting for ready money, than which there ought to be no other kind of betting. The rules of logic were never surely so much set at naught as when it was decreed that betting by means of the payment of ready money—that is to say the depositing of the stakes—should be stigmatised

as being illegal. Probably by an interpretation of the law there is no such thing as legal betting; it has hitherto been held that betting of any kind is illegal. Bets are not recoverable at law; but bets made by one party who acts as agent for another party can be sued for, and may be recovered; at any rate the person who instructs an agent to make a bet on his behalf can be sued in a court of law for the amount of the stake. It surely is reasonable to argue that if betting for ready money be bad, betting on credit is worse. Everything points to the probability of betting when it began being for ready money only, and that as a rule stakes on both sides were deposited pending the event to be decided. Why should it not be so to-day?

With the advent of credit betting began the reign of the "blacklegs," the nefarious frauds and swindles, the poisonings and pullings, the watering and watching of horses, with which men who interest themselves in the sport of kings are now so familiar. Judging from the tone of recent legislation, what our parliamentarians are wroth about is, that betting has become a business requiring the intervention of that middle man, the obnoxious "bookmaker," but it is really better that it should be so, if betting on horse-racing is to be allowed to be continued in any shape. Why should men who will never cease to bet so long as horse-racing goes on be driven to bet one with another, which is the worst form of speculation? Who can mention any more humiliating spectacle than that furnished by a "noble" sportsman "doing" his friend over the Derby, or some other race? In reality that is

the kind of betting pointed at by some of our turf big-wigs as being the best form of speculation of the kind; to these men the bookmaker is a disgust.

It is earnestly to be hoped, if horse-racing is to endure, in which event there must be betting, that the bookmaker will be permitted to ply his pencil, as also that he will be licensed by the Jockey Club and be authorised to bet for ready money only. The writer of the article in *The Edinburgh Review*, already referred to, puts the case in favour of ready money in a forcible fashion: "If a man were compelled to deposit his stake every time he made a bet, he would be more cautious in betting. Put me down the odds to a monkey is easy to say, but the monkey (£500) is not so easy to pay if the bet is lost, and were it to pay at the moment the chances are that no monkey would be put down."

Betting between private friends is a horror of the worst description. Think of Major Bobadil laying Ensign Simple 100 to 25 against a horse which he *knows* will never be started for the race it is being backed to win. In such circumstances what would be a proper designation for Major Bobadil, blackguard or blackleg? It will of course be said, if you go to a bookmaker he possesses the same knowledge, and so he may; but then the bookmaker is neither your mess-fellow nor your private friend. Persons who are determined to bet ought never to bet with a friend, but should invariably resort to the professional bookmaker.

It is not necessary to say much more about this phase of betting, because the arguments

against credit and in favour of ready money are so obvious and so strong as not to require voluminous illustration. It is quite certain that if a man were required to table his five, ten, or twenty sovereigns every time he made a bet, betting would speedily diminish, and far less would then be heard of "turf iniquities" and crimes of the turf. When, for instance, a man has betted for a week at Epsom, Ascot, or Newmarket, and fortune has gone against him, he will stick at nothing in order to be able to settle his account, as he may have interests at stake which demand imperatively that Monday shall see his account in process of liquidation. A man would not perhaps deliberately forge or steal to obtain a sum with which to make a ready money bet, but there are circumstances in which he would do so in order to settle his account when he has been betting on what is called "the nod" (credit).

The following is a case in point. A few years ago a man lost a heavy sum. He knew well that on the following Monday he *must* pay or a fine bet he had of £5,000 to £50 would be at once scratched; the horse backed having in the interval become a great favourite for the race. In such case to settle was imperative, and a settlement was accomplished; how the sum necessary to pay what was due was obtained was never made public, but it became known to several persons that a robbery of jewels, of a suspicious kind, took place at that gentleman's residence on the Saturday night following the decision of the race. A

footman was apprehended on suspicion, but his master, saying it could not possibly be he who stole the jewels, declined to prosecute. Happily for the lady whose gems had been purloined, her husband won his big bet, and she was able to shine in a newly bought suite of diamonds.

A history of the rise and progress of betting would be full of interest. It takes two, and occasionally more than two, persons to make a bet, and, as has been indicated in a previous page, in the earlier days of horse-racing the amounts betted on both sides were usually deposited, or in racing *argot* the money in dispute was "staked," in the hands of a third party till the event betted upon could be decided. No data exists to show when the professional bookmaker as we know him came upon the scene; but it may be taken for granted that the "penciller" was not evolved at once, but that the system grew by means of what it fed on, originating, doubtless, in the practice adopted by certain gentlemen who, having made a series of bets, were anxious in consequence to get "round," as the process of hedging is called, or, in other words, to be in a position not to lose their money, or, to put the matter still more explicitly, to possess a fair chance of winning something and losing nothing. At the beginning of racing, and for a considerable time thereafter, what little betting occurred took place chiefly on the racecourses; but as time elapsed several men distinguished themselves, or, at least, became notorious, as "betting men," both giving and taking the odds all round, and accepting the odium

of sometimes being called "legs" (blacklegs) by such persons as only made single bets, and objected to the wholesale modes of betting which were coming into fashion. Before Tattersall's was established as a betting centre, many gentlemen made their bets in the way indicated, namely, among themselves and with one another on the racecourse, or at their clubs and in their houses, and in the more primitive days of sport nearly always staking the amounts betted with a third party. As betting on horse-racing increased in magnitude, both in the number of bets made and the amounts betted, the bookmaker, or professional betting man, became a necessity, and, as usual, demand soon created supply.

Since it originated, the incidence of betting has undergone several changes. About the end of last century it was greatly the fashion to bet on one horse against the field, and that mode of turf speculation was long prevalent, and did not change into the present more extended way of doing business till the present century was well begun. Such betting was indulged in by the owners of race-horses, their humour finding a vent chiefly in arranging matches between their respective animals for sums of money, ranging perhaps from £50 to £5,000 as might be arranged.

The professional bookmakers who first took the field in opposition to the "gentlemen legs," as a few of the layers of the odds were designated, were not, so far as education and manners were concerned, particularly bright; but in consideration of their being prompt to pay when they lost, their defective education and lack of

manners were overlooked. Several of the gentlemen who owned race-horses soon discovered that the mere winning of a stake by means of any particular race, however large the sum run for might be, did not reimburse them for the outlays which they had to make by keeping a stud of horses; hence the horse became an instrument of gambling, and remains so at the present time.

II.

Betting on greyhound coursing, especially in connection with the struggle for the Waterloo Cup, run for amid the distraction and ditches of Altcar, is assumed to be gambling *in excelsis*. When a person backs a horse for a race, the event is decided, so to speak, in an instant; there may of course be a dead heat, but dead heats are sufficiently rare, and need not be calculated upon. When a man bets on the Derby, he is delivered from all suspense within three or four minutes after the fall of the starter's flag. But it is not so in the case of the dogs. On the average of the courses decided at Altcar, a brace of greyhounds will keep the bettor in suspense for six minutes or so, and when it is considered, in the case of a stake in which sixty-four dogs take part, six races must be run before the backer of a dog to win the Cup can receive his money, it will be sufficiently obvious that very long odds ought to be obtained against those dogs which take part in the struggle. Such, however, as a rule, is not the case, and sanguine men have been known to accept odds against a dog which had six races to run, which they would have

indignantly refused against a horse which had only to run once to win or lose them their money. In the case of one Waterloo Cup the winning dog actually ran eight times before it was declared to be entitled to the Blue Ribbon of the leash. What, then, it will be asked, by those who are unfamiliar with the incidents of coursing, are the rate of odds given and taken on such occasions? And if the odds offered are false, what are the figures which would really represent the true chances of the animals competing in a Waterloo Cup sixty-four?

Some questions, as all the world is aware, are much easier to ask than to answer, and the question just formulated is one of them. If the *form* of the sixty-four dogs which are nominated for the Waterloo Cup was utterly unknown, the price of each could only, of course, be represented at what may be called a very long figure—say, for the sake of even counting, 100 to 1—and when the first round of the struggle was finished, and thirty-two of the dogs defeated, the odds, even in that case, against the thirty-two survivors of the first act of the battle should still be considerable, five rounds of the battle having yet to be contested. But as the form of the dogs had become known from what they had accomplished in the first course, it is vain to expect that 40 to 1 will be offered by any of the bookmakers—although it is fully that sum, and much more, against half the number—because as the event proceeds sixteen of the dogs must be beaten, and so on to the end of the stake; the sixteen victors will in time be reduced to eight, four, two, and one. The task which is originally set before the bettor on the Waterloo

Cup is, as a matter of fact, to select out of a pack of sixty-four dogs that one which will in the end be declared victor, and it is assuredly no easy task even to persons who are familiar with the previous performances of the animals. In dog races as in horse races, the favourite sometimes wins—and the Waterloo Cup has been taken more than once by the same animal—the winner on the second occasion starting at pretty short odds. Master McGrath, a dog belonging to the late Lord Lurgan, won the Cup three times, whilst the successes of Fullerton have been recently chronicled.

It is impossible to tell what may happen to dogs in such a struggle as the Waterloo Cup. Some which have previously shown good form in other coursing matches, even on the same ground, prove worthless while the battle of Waterloo is being fought, going down before, perhaps, a foe of no fame in the very first round. Even the very best greyhound must have good fortune on its side to achieve such a victory; it must, too, be in the best of health, it must get well away from slips, and be slipped against a lively hare, and then it must do all it knows to beat its opponent. A judge is appointed at all coursing meetings in order to decide which is the best dog in every pair that is slipped. He judges after a given fashion by awarding to the runners the "points" which they make, the dog which makes the greatest number being declared the winner of the course.

To those who are not "up" in the mysteries of coursing a brief explanation of the mode of judging may be given. Great powers are invested

in the judge; what he says is law, and from his decision there is no appeal. The brace of dogs being in the slips are let loose by the slipper "at "a hare, which he runs them on to, so that they may see it. The speediest dog from the slips will receive one, two, or three marks, as the judge may determine, the number given being dependent on the opinion he may form of the race. For a "go-bye," the judge may award two or even three points. A "go-bye" is when a greyhound starts a clear length behind his companion, then passes him and gets a length in front. For turning the hare one point is given; for a "wrench," which means diverting the hare from its course at less than a right angle, half a point is awarded. For a "trip"—a trip is an unsuccessful effort to kill the hare on the part of the dog—one point is given by the judge. The killing of the hare obtains two points if it prove a very meritorious one. To the dog which, in its course, is awarded a majority of these marks the victory is given.

Critics and tipsters who attempt a week or ten days before the battle begins to point out the victor have a rather hard task set them, but on some occasions the winner is "spotted" with wonderful precision. As a matter of course, in dog prophecy as in predicting winners of horse-races, the tipsters either "follow the money" or depend on "public form" to pull them through.

Great complaints have been made in various quarters about the chicanery which in some years has been associated with the Waterloo Cup. Certain members of the committee are very

jealous of the honour of this great coursing match being kept as free from any stain as possible; but those who have carefully studied the incidents of the great Altcar gathering are perfectly convinced that there is in connection with it, to designate it mildly, a good deal of "finessing": and a large amount of the gambling element has long been a most prominent feature of the meeting. In some years plenty of wagering takes place. The Waterloo Cup being set for decision at a season of the year when much horse-racing cannot take place, and when betting on horse-racing is not at all brisk, commands the speculation of the moment, and gives rise in consequence to a vast amount of gambling. As a popular writer on the turf says, the dogs give occasion for "one of the biggest gambles of the season."

So long as the Cup is constituted as at present, this game of speculation will continue. The gentlemen who have subscribed to the stake do not require to nominate the dog they intend to run till the evening preceding the first day of contest. It is obvious, therefore, that by this plan of procedure there is room for any amount of "manœuvring," and that a nomination may be backed to win perhaps £20,000 at pretty long odds, while in the end a dog may be named to fill it which, had its name been known, would have caused the nomination in which it was to run to become first favourite. This will be better explained by imagining that the present year's winner will be able to run again next year; if so, and the nomination in which it is to run be made public, it will assuredly be backed at a very short price, say 7 or 8 to 1,

long before the night of the draw; indeed, the moment betting begins, which is usually about the middle of January or earlier, it will figure in all the lists as "first favourite." But supposing the dog were next year to belong to a gambling owner, he would never be a party to its running at any such odds as has been indicated; he would want most likely, for the benefit of himself and friends, to back the animal to win some £20,000, and the longer the odds he could obtain the less risk he would have of losing money; therefore, he looks about him to find some gentleman possessed of a nomination but without a dog good enough to run in such an important stake as the Waterloo Cup. That gentleman's nomination may be quoted in the public betting at 50 or 66 to 1, so that if it can be arranged that he shall run the dog, a large sum of money may be won (in the event of victory) at excellent odds as prices are now arranged.

This sort of thing has occasionally taken place, some of the tactics employed being scandalous enough; but where there is gambling there must in time be scandal. Large sums change hands over this great dog contest, because, in addition to the "long odds" against a dog winning the stake right out, there is an immensity of speculation on every separate course, when the "short odds" are taken against one dog beating the one which goes to slips with it. Probably there will be five or six thousand persons present at the contest busy betting on every course, and in this way, in the course of the three days during which the

battle wages, many thousand pounds will certainly change hands.

Prizes are provided for the thirty-two dogs which are beaten in the first round of the Cup; these are the Purse and Plate, on which (locally) a vast amount of betting also takes place. No calculation of the amount of money which changes hands or is betted on the great Altcar contest has ever been made. It has, however, been more than once publicly stated that a Waterloo dog can be, and has been, backed to win a sum of £40,000 for behoof of its owner and his friends and followers, while it is often enough the case that dogs hailing from some populous locality, dogs which have a name, are entrusted with the sovereigns of four or five thousand persons. It would be no exaggeration to say, generally, of the Waterloo Cup that probably a dozen out of the sixty-four dogs nominated will be backed on the average to win (at the long odds) £25,000 each, whilst ten may be entrusted with the odds to win some £10,000, making for these dogs a sum of £400,000, which has been laid at various rates of odds, and it may be taken that the other forty-two dogs will be backed before the contest is over to win £100,000. Only one dog, of course, can win, so that as a rule bookmakers should be largely in pocket, especially when most of the favourites are beaten in the first round—no improbable event; other animals then come into prominence and are heavily backed. A provincial bookmaker, who never betted to more than pound stakes, told the writer that on the first two days of Snowflight's year (1882) he gained a clear profit of

£279, and being quite pleased, stopped business and contented himself the last day with looking on at the gambling of others, and so making his visit to Altcar a profitable and pleasant holiday.

Two thousand people, it is averred, will each bet, on the average, £1 over every course which is run at Altcar, which, on the Cup alone, would represent in stakes alone a sum of over £125,000. These figures—they are but rough calculations at their best—may be taken for what they are worth, as affording an index of the gambling which is incidental to the modern "Battle of Waterloo."

Apropos to the name "Waterloo" Cup, it may be mentioned that it is not at all of heroic origin; as a matter of fact, the stake originated in the Waterloo Hotel, at Liverpool, which has long since disappeared, its site being included in the buildings of the central station. This hotel was in its day a hostelry of some degree of fame and a choice resort of the coursing fraternity. In that house, then, in the year 1835 the stake was originated, and run for in the following spring for the first time, eight dogs only taking part in the contest, the winner being Melanie, a dog belonging to Mr. Lynn, the landlord of the house. Such was the origin of the present great Altcar contest. At first an eight dog stake, it speedily became one for sixteen and then for thirty-two greyhounds. In 1857 the Waterloo Cup reached its present dimensions, and has ever since continued a sixty-four dog stake.

III.

Many who desire to become rich with rapidity think the turf a smooth road to fortune. Every few weeks an appetising paragraph "goes the round," telling the world that another fortune has been won on the racecourse, that Mr. So-and-So has "landed" £25,000 by the victory of a horse in one of the popular handicaps! Such an announcement excites the cupidity of hundreds, and so a rush takes place to back many horses for the next important struggle. Very few who try succeed; fortunes, they soon find out, come only to the fortunate, and in time many of the eager fighters for the favour of the blind goddess find themselves *hors de combat*, and then retire disgusted from the arena. A few doughty combatants fight on in the hope of ultimate success, one of them, perhaps, to find, after many days, that he has become enriched during the struggle.

Some who think themselves wiser than their fellows come early to the conclusion that the indiscriminate backing of horses, or even tipsters, or newspaper selections is a blunder, and so resolve to try a "system," feeling sure that by speculating on a well-defined principle they must make money. In due time the cleverest think out for themselves or are put on a plan by some friend, which is morally certain to prove successful. It may be one of the many systems known in connection with turf speculation, "following the favourites," or backing one's own fancies, or it may be the following of jockeys.

To back the horses ridden by certain jockeys has for years past been one mode of speculation on the turf. It was first brought to the notice of the public by a Mr. John Denman, who acted for a time as a racing commissioner, and who maintained (he published an elaborate essay on the subject) that it would prove profitable to back horses ridden by men who were always winning.

In persistently following Barrett, Watts, Woodburn, Canon, or Loates, or any other jockey, the plan of putting down a given sum on each mount, win or lose, may be adopted, or a particular jockey may be followed in sequences of six or seven trials, or even a lesser number at pleasure, the stake being doubled on each occasion of a loss, till the end of the sequence, and in cases—no uncommon occurrence—of a sequence running out before a win has been secured, beginning again. There are many, some even well versed in turf affairs, who probably think it almost impossible that Loates, Canon, or Barrett or some equally clever horseman, could be unsuccessful for seven consecutive turns; but should the jockey selected prove unsuccessful even four times running, and then at the fifth trial score a win, the very meagre price usually offered against a popular rider proving victorious—indeed, the horse entrusted to him very often starts with odds betted *on* it—renders the winning account, on most occasions, anything but profitable. It is not sometimes a very easy matter to invest a large sum on a comparatively small race, and in connection with the mounts of the more popular jockeys the investment of £320

would not often cover previous losses; it might happen on occasion that £100 would require to be risked to win £30, so that in the event cited a loss of over £224 would be sustained on the run of six non-successful mounts in the sequence, and it is needless to say that a series of such misfortunes would speedily exhaust a pretty well-filled bank.

To the uninitiated in turf mysteries, for whom this book is more immediately intended, it may be necessary to explain that a "sequence" may be arranged to extend over any number of mounts from two to twelve, or even a greater number if that were practical, which it is not, because in such case the sum to be invested could not be "got on," it would have become so large. The sum fixed upon as a stake may be for any reasonable amount from £1 to £20, only it is not desirable to fix it at a very large amount for the reason just given—it would swell to an unmanageable size. Taking £5 as a representative sum, it will be seen that before the seventh trial, should the six previous efforts have failed, a smart sum of money will have been expended—the following amounts, in fact: £5, £10, £20, £40, £80, £160, or a total of £315. The next stake invested, in the event of none of the six having proved fruitful, would amount to £630, and if that also should be lost, it would, of course, swell the total. On the other hand, £630 invested on a race at 2 to 1, would yield a return of £1,260, and thus, after deducting the money lost, yield a capital profit.

The vicissitudes experienced from time to time by backers of horses would, if related at

length, fill a volume. Many anecdotes are in circulation of men who have been ruined by backing horses, as well as of others to whom the turf has proved a stepping-stone to fortune. I remember when there used frequently to be recorded a suicide over the Derby, which was said to be the result of losses sustained over that highly popular race, but such narratives were usually taken *cum grano salis.* It is not over such races as the Derby that the common run of backers come to grief, because that race does not present such favourable opportunities to speculators as the popular handicaps.

The Derby is a race for which the general public evince much partiality, and on which a large number of persons who never bet on any other race risk a sovereign. Professional bettors, of course, bet on the result of the Derby as they do on all other contests; but the "form" of the horses which take part in the struggle having generally become well known, there is not the same temptation presented to speculators as in some other events where the odds obtained are more liberal. On the other hand, some men prefer to back the favourites for such races as the Derby and Oaks, being contented with the twos to one and sevens to four which can be procured from the bookmaker; but persons who like the twenties, thirty-threes, and forties, which can often be obtained against handicap winners at some period before the race, do not readily accommodate themselves to the large expenditure involved in accepting small odds. I remember a well-known betting man who is a keen hand and speculates in large amounts, taking £2,000

to £1,000 that Bend Or would win the Derby, and every person knows what a very narrow squeak he had for his money. The same person, incited by his success in backing the winner of the Blue Ribbon of the Turf, backed Versigny to win him £2,000, and by doing so required to risk about £1,200, so that he had only £800 of his Derby gains left, a portion of which was lost over Master Kildare in the Gold Cup.

The person here alluded to, who is well known by his nickname of "Public Form,"* is a very heavy bettor, putting down at three out of every four of the race meetings which are held stakes of from £50 to £200 on even the smaller races, whenever in fact he thinks he has got hold of what is called "a good thing." In some seasons "Public Form" has been very successful, although from the state of the odds against the horses which he backs he seldom "lands" a big win; but if he thinks the chance an extra good one he will not scruple to give odds, but will put down £700 to win £400, or he will take even money against the chance.

It will be obvious enough that a person betting such large sums runs heavy risks, more especially as he so seldom goes for big odds. Risks, however, are comparative, and it should be easier, therefore, to realise a 7 to 4 chance than to obtain a win when the odds are at the rate of 66 to 1; in the latter case the bettor only requires to risk £15 to win £1,000, while in the former case to win a similar amount a sum of nearly £600 will require to be risked. Some

* "Public Form," I regret to learn, died in the autumn of 1891, at his residence near Glasgow.

bold spirits on the turf, when they think the opportunity has befallen them, "down the pieces" in the most fearless manner, or rather they go in for big money at the risk of those who will give them credit. On some occasions a lucky coup will be made that may prove to be the precursor of good fortune. A man may bring off a double event or may win a few hundred pounds over a handicap, and so be able to inaugurate a successful career on the turf. On the other hand, a person may bet for a season with all his might, and with fair knowledge and experience, and lose more than another man may pocket. Numerous instances of such being the case might be cited. It is not long since the sporting journals related the downfall of a backer who in one season made a tolerably nice little fortune by backing the mounts of the chief jockey. In a few months the thousands which that person had realised had taken unto themselves wings and flown away, and so he became "broke," like similar speculators.

There are, however, men on the turf at the present moment who are worth money, and who earned what they possess by betting. The persons here alluded to have proceeded on the lines that "small fish are sweet," and have been contented with modest profits, taking care to keep carefully what they gain. "Old Thatchem,"* who is the happy possessor of a whole village in a well-known racing county, made all the money with which he bought or built his houses at the race-meetings held in his own shire. His first bit of

* This note and the preceding are abridged from a magazine sketch about "Public Form."

luck—he was then a day labourer—was in realising a bet of £10 to 10*s.* on Princess for the Two-year-old Stakes at Doncaster, in 1843. A sum of £10, forty years ago was thought by a labouring man to be "money," and such was the opinion of "old Thatchem." Not a penny of the £10 was parted with till next year, when a sovereign invested on Kedge for the Champagne Stakes doubled the sum, whilst £2 invested on Bee's Wing for the Gold Cup added £16 to the hoard. In three years the old man was worth a cool hundred, which he invested in the purchase of a house. His ambition being stirred, he continued his careful and successful career, and soon became an adept at his business; not that he was always successful; oh, no, many a time he felt the frost of speculation; on such occasions, like a prudent general, he wisely desisted from business for a brief period that his *luck* might have room, as he was wont to say, to turn itself round.

By way of contrast to this prudent Yorkshireman, take the case of a young fellow who a good many years ago flashed upon the turf like a meteor. Winning £300 when Caractacus won the Derby, he followed up his success at Epsom by bagging a large amount at Ascot, and the like good fortune attending his efforts at Goodwood, at the end of the year he left off with an addition to his bank account of £2,700. Extraordinary to relate, he was equally successful in the following year, but a change of fortune overtook him at last, and from being a swell of the first water, constantly in luck, always feasting on fat things, he gradually fell and fell till, in a few years, he was glad to earn a shilling or two

at race meetings by acting as a peripatetic tipster. Many stories of a like kind are doubtless known to persons who are acquainted with the ever-changing incidents of our race meetings.

Apropos to betting for cash, one of the most singular utterances that has ever appeared against the "principle" of betting for ready money is that of Mr. William Day, published in one of the monthly miscellanies, and in which he describes that mode of betting as a "pernicious system," as "the greatest pest of society, the current evil of the day." Further, Mr. Day says the practice of ready money betting is "a blot on the nationality of every Englishman!" Unfortunately for himself, Mr. Day stultifies his own arguments against ready money betting by his advocacy of the Pari-mutuel plan of backing horses, which is a ready money system of betting *par excellence*, the adoption of which Mr. Day thinks would put a stop to reckless speculation, as, indeed, would ready money betting conducted through the medium of the bookmakers (who ought to be licensed).

The writer of these pages, as is obvious enough, is quite of the same opinion as Mr. Day, that "so long as a man can go into the ring and bet his untold thousands upon race after race, not having as many hundreds to pay his losses with, so long as he can find usurers to supply him with the needful to be paid on the Monday after, then so long, too, will he continue to bet, little caring what he pays for the convenience; as things are he is compelled to raise funds to save his credit and his respect among his aristocratic associates, but in the

other case (of Pari-mutuel betting) there would not be such pressing necessity for him to have the money."

A very excellent reason was recently given for the adoption of a ready money system of betting by one of the "big bookmakers" of the day; it was pithily expressed to a gentleman who was complaining of the small odds now laid to bettors. "Look you," said the layer of the odds, "I have thirty-three per cent. of bad debts to contend with every season, and so have some of my friends. When we have ready money betting there will be no bad debts, and the odds will then extend by twenty or thirty per cent." An extension of the odds, say all backers of horses, is certainly much needed; of late years prices have been growing small by degrees and beautifully less.

RACING ADVENTURERS.

It is not the writer's intention to venture on a full gallery of racing adventurers, but to present three or four portraits only by way of sample of the fifty or sixty which might be painted by the pen in black and white, and he has selected Messrs. Crockford, Gully, Ridsdale, Swindell, and Davis "the Leviathan" as being typical of the whole body.

DAVIS THE LEVIATHAN.

Among the racing adventurers who flourished sixty years since, the names of Davis, Crockford, Gully, and Ridsdale were prominent in turf affairs; these men and others like them were much trusted and betted to win or lose large amounts; "their mere word," as a certain noble baronet who did business with them said, "is better than other men's bonds." They paid sums of five, ten, or twenty thousand pounds when they lost them without the slightest hesitation, not infrequently indeed before they were due according to betting etiquette. Sixty years ago, racing adventurers began to come to the front and some of them soon acquired fortunes; several

of the number who did so had not the wit, however, to keep the money they earned, and so fell back to their original condition. Such was the fate of Ridsdale, at one time racing partner with John Gully and a man of wealth. Crockford, as shall presently be narrated, began life as a fishmonger, and in the course of his career became a millionaire. In his young days Gully was a butcher and afterwards a professional pugilist; Davis again was a carpenter by trade, and flourished every day after becoming a betting man, the excitement of which career suited his temperament. Others of the bookmaking and betting fraternity had beginnings equally humble: some of them had been helpers in stables; one prominent man in turf affairs had driven a hackney coach; another had been footman at one time in a gentleman's family, but by the aid of turf chicanery became wealthy, and able himself in time to keep a couple of footmen. It is not possible within the limits of the present volume, to include more than three or four brief biographical sketches of the more prominent of the racing adventurers who have earned notoriety on the turf.

Davis, "the Leviathan," as he was called in racing circles, possessing a genius for the manipulation of figures, ultimately became one of the most successful bookmakers of his time, betting to thousands in the ring and to the silver or gold offered at his lists. As has been more than once related, the future "Leviathan's" first bet involved no greater risk than half-a-crown; but that sum, small as it was, turned out a prolific parent, he who risked it being found ten years

later in the foremost ranks of the betting ring. Davis speedily discovered in his own case that "backing" horses, unless in exceptional instances, could never be profitable, no matter how generally fortunate he might be in selecting winners; he therefore speedily forsook that mode of betting and began "making a book," laying at first the odds to small money only to his fellow workmen. At the time indicated he was in the service of Cubitt & Co., the great builders, as a journeyman carpenter.

The "Leviathan's" plans received a fillip from the fact of his being engaged in the erection of the subscription rooms at Newmarket. Cubitt & Co., his employers, being contractors for the job, he had therefore congenial surroundings, which confirmed him in his resolve to make money by means of horse-racing. The chief meetings held at the turf metropolis took place while the rooms were being built, and as Davis had taken lodgings in the house of a stable helper, he was thus enabled to obtain more reliable information of the doings on Newmarket Heath than he might otherwise have been in a position to get. This enabled him to lay the odds and back horses with a greater certainty of winning both ways, a plan he adopted with considerable success. As he said to a friend, "when I got to know, which I often did, that a horse was not doing the right sort of work for a particular race, I tried all the more to lay the odds against it; on the other hand, I backed any horse that I was told was taking proper exercise. It is a fine thing for a small betting man as I was then to be able to handle the stick

at both ends; by doing that I made a bit, and so was all ready when bigger chances came to hand to make the most of them."

When the job he was engaged on at Newmarket was finished, Davis came back to London with what he called a tidy pocketful of money, as much as fifty-seven pounds, the fruit of his economy and industry. Having thrown up his work at Cubitt's, he with the sum named began business as a bookmaker, and succeeded from the beginning. His first great hit was made on the "Two Thousand Guineas." Having obtained reliable information about the chance of Sir Tatton Sykes for the race in question, he backed that horse to win, taking care at the same time to lay against as many of the other horses engaged in the contest as his customers would back. The money he made on this occasion amounted to a considerable sum, the possession of which enabled him to extend his business and also to bet in bigger sums. Hitherto he had very rarely laid the odds to half-a-sovereign, but after Sir Tatton's victory he ventured to bet sovereigns, and by doing so increased his store not rapidly but steadily.

A friend of Davis' was wont to relate that it was in consequence of a dream he backed Sir Tatton. Falling asleep one Sunday afternoon, he fancied he was reading a newspaper, and that its tip for the Guineas, in large letters, was "Sir Tatton Sykes first"; that he read quite plain, but the names of the placed horses being blurred he could not make them out. Thinking little of his vision, he went about his work on Monday as usual, but, singularly enough, on

Monday night the vision was repeated, with the words added, "this will come right." Davis was staggered by the circumstance, and being in possession of other information resolved to have "a bit extra" on, and so landed a good stake for his then position in the betting arena. Many curious dreams connected with horse-racing have from time to time been told, and the above story, now first related, may be added to the number.

Visiting, day by day, all the well-known sporting public-houses in London, picking up a little information here and making a few bets there, and always paying punctually when he lost, Davis speedily made a connection, and in a short time attracted a large number of customers. Being modest of manner and invariably civil, good fortune attended most of his efforts. Another feature in his favour was that he was liberal in offering odds, generally naming a point more than any of his competitors, so that he soon became "first favourite" among the betting men who were fond of backing their "fancy." Davis, in those days, betted for ready money only, and it was a maxim of his that "if you can lay all the horses, a point of additional odds is of no moment." "The horse which wins," he was wont to say, "brings you nothing, all the others do." In the beginning of his career, slow and sure was his motto; "ten pounds gained on each of five small races makes fifty." Passing on to a later period of his career, when his betting relations had extended to the patricians of the turf, Davis occasionally laid the odds to an almost incredible amount against all

the horses entered in a race, and the greater favourite a horse became, the more willing was the "Leviathan" to bet against it; on many occasions the sums he stood to lose were really enormous in their amount.

Davis, like other bookmakers, had his fortunate and his unfortunate races. The Derby, for instance, was one of the latter class of events; he was never fortunate in transactions entered into in connection with that race. Upon the occasion of Voltigeur winning the Blue Ribbon he stood to lose nearly £40,000 on his list accounts, as well as having to meet many liabilities for large sums in the ring and at Tattersall's consequent on the victory of that horse. The non-success of Hotspur in the great Epsom event cost him, he was wont to say, £50,000, while the failure of Barbarian involved the disbursement of about a plum; and in the year which was sacred to the victory of Teddington he dropped a mint of money; one cheque alone written out and paid away on the morning after the race was filled up for three times "five thou" (£15,000). Again, the Derby victory of Daniel O'Rourke necessitated his parting with £30,000, whilst one of Davis' bets on West Australian was paid to Mr. Bowes, the owner of that horse, in the shape of a draft on the London and Westminster Bank for the full amount.

These big sums, however, were not all loss; he had the amounts he won over the other runners to aid him in paying them, and as was to be expected, he came every now and then into the possession of great gains; on one or two

occasions he bagged £40,000 over a race; had that not been so, he would have been unable to battle with the wholesale losses he had sometimes to encounter. His business at one time was quite remarkable in its extent; often in the ring he was mobbed by people desirous of betting with him, from whom, on the days of popular races, he received hatfuls of money. No matter what race-meeting he might be attending, if the place where it was held was within a few hours' reach of London, he made it his business to return, to ascertain what was doing at his various lists, and to draw a cheque for the next day's settlement; punctual payment was with him a rule from which he never deviated.

As to the betting lists which were ultimately put down by the strong hand of Parliament, Davis was not, as many have supposed, the originator of them. They were "invented," if such a word may be used, by Messrs. Drummond and Greville, who took care to let it be known they kept a big balance at their bankers'. By the persistent display of "the lists" (which were exhibited by many licensed victuallers in their houses), betting, especially in London, extended among all classes, as at some of the lists as little as sixpence was accepted. For the benefit of those who do not know any better, it may be as well to explain here that a "list" was a written or printed document containing the names of the horses engaged in the particular race to be betted upon, with a price affixed against the chance possessed by each animal. Previous to the institution of the lists, the great body of the people were pretty well contented with a ticket

in a Derby or some other sweepstake, of which a great number, at prices ranging from pence to pounds, were drawn in London and the provinces, but more especially in London, where there were then thousands organised, embracing most of the popular handicaps, as well as the classic races—so called.

It was calculated that at one time more than seven hundred lists were open in the great metropolis, most of them being "placed" in the public-houses of the period. Betting on horse-racing by means of lists became in time so popular and extensive as to attract the indignant attention of many people, who conceived it to be a cause of degradation and deep demoralisation. Lotteries of all kinds, big and little, had been effectually suppressed by the strong arm of the law, but list betting took the place of the lottery tickets with a vengeance.

The "Leviathan," although not himself the originator of the list system of betting, was not long in seeing—being a ready money system—that good fortune awaited that plan of turf speculation, and he accordingly commenced business at a public-house in Serle Street, in the Strand, known as the "Durham Arms," at which in the course of time so great a trade was done (in liquor) as to enable the landlady to retire from business within the course of two or three years. Davis was proprietor of two or three lists, as also the originator of three or four for which other persons ultimately became responsible. Publicans were well pleased to allow betting lists to be shown in their houses—it was a source of revenue to them, as few bets were made over

which a pint or two of beer was not consumed, so that landlords "made money," as the saying goes, in the days of the lists, a list being an excellent advertisement for every house in which it was hung up. The chief centre of list betting was Long Acre, and in that street was to be found one of the "Leviathan's" lists, and so great was the business done, that not only was his own supervision necessary, but the aid of two or three clerks became essential. Other "list masters" carried on a roaring trade as well as Davis, but he was undoubtedly the leader in that feature of the betting business of his time; "punctual payment with a pleasant courtesy of words," was his motto, and that way of doing his work soon made him king of the list men. No man engaged in betting was ever more punctual in his payments than Davis. On various occasions when he had lost big sums to gentlemen, he did not delay his payments till the orthodox settling day, but would hand over a cheque for the amount he had lost immediately after the race had been decided.

As was to be expected in such a money-making avocation as list betting seemed to be, scores of the merest fortune hunters speedily entered into the business, many of whom were utterly dishonest scoundrels who pocketed all the money they could collect, and then on the decision of some important race on which they had received large deposits, closed their offices and were no more seen in their accustomed haunts.

Davis in time retired from business and lived for some years at Brighton, where he died, leaving a sum of about £150,000 behind him.

FREDERICK SWINDELL.

Had Mr. F. Swindell chosen to take pen in hand in order to narrate his experiences of racing, and to indite notices of the turf men with whom he had business or other relations, he might have produced a book of more than ordinary interest. Although six years have elapsed since the death of this "Napoleon of the turf," as he was called by some of his admirers, his memory is kept green in racing circles by frequent references to his achievements in connection with many of the turf transactions of his day. As Mr. Swindell had moved in sporting circles for a period of half a century, evidence of his sayings and doings is by no means scarce. In his time he had a finger in many pies, and as he left personal estate at the date of his death to the value of over £140,000, it may be taken for granted that the transactions he managed or took part in were somewhat profitable.

In his earlier days Mr. Swindell, as he used often enough to tell in his own racy way and in good honest "Lancashire lingo," experienced a good deal of rough weather. "It's a pretty bad case, lad, when thou wants a shilling and doesn't know where to look for it." Frederick Swindell was born in the town of Derby, and learned his father's craft of bell-hanging, by which he made a living for some time in Manchester, in which city he speedily acquired a taste for cock-fighting and other sports, particularly horse-racing, by which in after years he was destined to court fortune both as bookmaker and commissioner,

and also as an owner of horses on his own account. It was chiefly in his early Manchester days that he came "through the hard," as he designated his then condition, and felt the lack of money so much; like many other turf adventurers in their beginning, he was poor one day and rich another; "just as luck fell, lad." On one occasion he became bankrupt over a cock-fight at Liverpool—so impoverished, in fact, as to be left without a coin to pay for either supper or bed, and with the certainty that no breakfast would await him in the morning; but next day he was rolling in what, in the circumstances, may be called riches. Having previously backed a horse to win him a hundred pounds—the animal was Charles XII., which, in winning the Liverpool Cup, won for Swindell the amount named—he enjoyed his first taste of fortune in what he then "thowt big money." A different fate befell him on one occasion at Newcastle-on-Tyne while looking on the race for the Northumberland Plate. For that race he had made two wrong moves which told heavily against his pocket; he laid to lose a good "bit of brass" over the horse that won, thinking it a "stiff one," and also backed one that, as it appeared in the sequel, had no pretensions to win; "and lads," he used to say, in telling the story, "a fellow that was on the winning nag and were standing at my back, smashed in my hat. Oh, it were cruel, but that chap had backed the winner."

In time, after experiencing many of the bitters, and also a few of the sweets that are incidental to the "great game," Swindell resolved to make London his place of residence; and

having experienced a run of luck at one or two meetings, found himself in possession of as much money as enabled him to begin business as landlord of a West End public-house. It was situated near Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, and was a favourite resort of the gentlemen's servants of that aristocratic district of London. The business flourished exceedingly. Many of those who frequented the house were men endowed with sporting tastes, and most of them keen bettors. Swindell laid liberal odds to his customers, and as a few of them were in the service of gentlemen who owned a horse or two, the landlord not infrequently, by carefully noting the investments of these men, was able to do a remunerative stroke of business on his own account. On the occasion of the visit of a celebrated owner of blood stock to Newmarket to witness a trial for an important event, Swindell came to know the result from that gentleman's butler, who obtained particulars of the trial from the lady's-maid, who had read the letter sent to the gentleman's wife, giving full details of what the horse had accomplished.

Many similar circumstances occurred from time to time. The information just referred to was the means of Swindell adding nearly a thousand pounds to his bank account; the butler also made a satisfactory amount, while the lady's-maid was rewarded by having presented to her a valuable diamond and emerald ring. The reputation acquired by Swindell as a prompt payer speedily gained him the patronage of some of the West End betting tradesmen, and in time of the gentlemen whose servants he had hitherto

done business with. Accurate accounts and punctual settlements helped to increase business, so that the bookmaker obtained permission to call at some of the clubs in order to do a little betting with "the swells," and to several of these gentlemen Swindell never hesitated to reveal any really good thing he knew; but not, of course, till he had served himself. This practice gained him many friends, and was the means of greatly improving his business by increasing his connection, one gentleman recommending him to another, and all who did business with him were pleased with his quiet, staid, respectful, but never servile manner. Mr. Swindell knew his place and kept it, which some of his contemporaries and many of his successors failed in doing.

With increasing experience of racing matters, and having a clear head, and being of sober habits, Mr. Swindell was not long in finding his services in demand as an adviser in some of the momentous turf affairs of the time. Crockford, with whom at times he used when he was making a book to cover his liabilities in the case of horses that he had overlaid, or backed one or two that he thought likely to win, gave him a word or two of recommendation, which resulted in his being occasionally employed to execute commissions on behalf of owners of horses who for good reasons did not wish to appear as backers of their own animals. Among the many who ultimately took him into their confidence were Mr. Merry, of Thormanby and Doncaster celebrity, and Sir Joseph Hawley. Success usually rewarded the efforts of Mr. Swindell when he undertook to carry through

the kind of work which has been indicated. Having a very large connection among bookmakers, he was enabled to work the commissions he was entrusted with to the best advantage, and when the time came that those laying the odds became alarmed at being "had," he was able to obtain a choice of men to work for him, so that he could remain in the background and pull the strings quite as effectively as if he were acting openly in his own person.

This is how he "worked the oracle" when he was entrusted by an owner with a big job in the handicap line—and that was the line he liked best, as it was in that description of race there was most room to do such an amount of business as would result in the winning of a large sum of money. As soon as he knew the name of the horse and the race for which it was to be backed, he would enter into consultation with one or other of his bookmaking acquaintances in order to devise a plan of campaign. The arrangement usually made was that the more responsible country bookmakers, *i.e.*, those in the larger provincial towns and cities, should be communicated with, and be asked to lay the odds against "so and so" to a specific amount and at a given price, or no limit might be given in the matter of price; but a particular hour was generally named at which the commission was desired to be executed by the bookmaker or other appointed agent, so that all the money required was usually obtained by this plan of doing the work. In the course of a day it would become known that a very heavy commission had been worked on behalf of "so and so," for the "such and such"

handicap, and in consequence the odds against that horse would be quoted at a rapidly lessening figure, much to the chagrin of those who had laid the larger or longer rates of odds, and who, awakening to what had happened, were desirous themselves of backing the horse so as to lessen the sum they would require to pay in the event of its winning the race it had been backed for. Persons who are employed to do commissions get, as a matter of course, to know "the strength of them," and if they fancy the horse has a good chance they help themselves pretty liberally to a share of the money at the highest rate of odds.

Fortune seemed on occasion to play into the hands of Mr. Swindell as if no one else deserved a turn. He was the first to learn from Sir Joseph Hawley that Beadsman would be his best horse for the Derby, that colt having beaten Fitzroland, who had become a prime favourite for the Blue Ribbon from having won the Two Thousand Guineas. "Put me £1,000 on Beadsman at the best odds you can obtain," said Sir Joseph, and Swindell was able the next day to tell the lucky baronet that he had obtained £18,000 to the stake authorised. "All right," was the reply; "now help yourself, it is a good thing." And so it proved, as Beadsman, beating twenty-two competitors, won the Derby of 1858, and that horse was the sire of Blue Gown, which ten years later placed another big stake to the credit of the noble baronet.

The turf transaction which gave Mr. Swindell his first good "lift" as a manager of racing events was his manipulation of Chanticleer, a horse that won the Goodwood Stakes in 1848, a race on

which there was at one period a great deal of betting. That being so, a heavy commission was executed at the request of Mr. Merry, and so much was the horse's chance esteemed both by owner and commissioner, despite the heavy weight he had to carry, that still more money was put on his chance; but in spite of the well-known fact that Mr. Merry had backed Chanticleer to win a big sum, his price in the market never "shortened," which being contrary to the usual state of affairs, caused Mr. Swindell a great deal of uneasiness. After thinking the matter over for a few days, he came to the conclusion that the jockey who had been engaged to ride the horse had been tampered with, and having stated the grounds of his suspicion to Mr. Merry, that gentleman assented to the changing of the jockey at the last minute. Then it became patent, from the frantic efforts of certain bookmakers to back the horse, that the suspicions of the commissioner were well founded, for ridden by C. Marlow, who had been quietly engaged by Swindell, Chanticleer won the race as had been expected by those interested he would do.

When, at the ripe old age of seventy-four years, Mr. Swindell died, worth, as was carefully chronicled at the time, £146,057, there began to percolate through the columns of the sporting journals a series of anecdotes illustrative of his career. But these cannot be drawn upon here; in fact, many of the circumstances attending his work are embodied in the foregoing slight narrative.

Although on the whole fortunate in his speculations, Mr. Swindell received, as he himself was wont to tell, "many a facer"; and had the mis-

fortune oftener than once to see a good thing that would have been worth thousands to him vanish just as he was about to realise it. He took such reverses with his wonted equanimity, having the comfort of knowing that his bank account was still in a good condition, and no one could determine from his manner how he was affected; Swindell was not in the habit of wearing his heart on his sleeve.

One of the many stories that went the round was the following: "Mr. J. M. Stanley had arranged with Swindell to back Porto Rica for the Two Thousand Guineas, supposing that horse's trial proved satisfactory. Wright, at that time a well-known betting agent, used to publish a little book of forthcoming events. Swindell was on a racecourse when he received a telegram instructing him to back a certain number in Wright's guide for the Guineas. He looked at the little book, but mistook his instructions, thinking they were intended for Lord Stanley's colt by Orlando-Canezou. The two colts, one belonging to Lord Stanley, and the other to Mr. J. M. Stanley, were entered one after the other in Wright's book, and Swindell mistaking one for the other, sent his commissioner to back Lord Stanley's horse. Now this colt was a dark one, had not been mentioned in the betting quotations, and had never yet run in public. With a puzzled expression on his face, the commissioner came back to Swindell, and inquired if any mistake had been made, as the bookmakers seemed over-anxious to lay against the Canezou colt. Master Frederick, on again consulting Wright's book, at once saw he had

made an error; but the mischief being done, could not be undone, and the confederates agreed to share the loss between them. They had got on about £500 at the respectable odds of 25 and 30 to 1. Shortly after this apparently dismal blunder, Lord Stanley's colt won a first-rate trial, and eventually, when named Fazzoletto, proved victorious in the race; so that Swindell and Robinson had the satisfaction of putting several thousands of pounds in their pockets through backing a horse by mistake."

Other anecdotes of a like kind have, as has been said, gone the round of the press, in one or other of the numerous sketches written about Mr. Swindell after his death, most of which were of the most laudatory kind.

GULLY AND RIDSDALE.

"Ah, sir, you should 'ave been a-going racing when John Gully and his pal Ridsdale was a-carrying all before 'em; them was the days for sensations and excitements. There's not the same go about the business now as there used to was. Bless you, sir, I can mind when pails of champagne wine was stood by winners, and stable-lads turned up their noses at it. I was in a racing stable in them days, where some of the gents as had 'osses in it thought nothing of giving me a sov. for a-holding of their 'acks for ten minutes. Ah, sir, them were the days for stablemen."

So said to me an ancient horsey-like man in "Hannah's year" at Doncaster. I had seen him in the morning as "the Baron's" filly was led

on to the course to do a little exercise, when, touching his cap politely, he said: "I seen you here last year, sir, when you got the big hodds agin 'Awthornden. I hope as you'll back the mare, sir, she'll win easy enough; but you won't get no twenty-fives about her, sir, ten to three is the biggest offer; my 'umble advice to you, sir, is to take it; she'll win, sir, as easy as easy." And so she did. After the race was over and I was drawing the pony I had backed her to win, there stood the retired stableman eagerly looking on. "It's come off, sir, as I said; she's a fine mare. Thank you, sir, you're very polite; half sovs. are scarce with me now, sir; but in the days when Gully and Ridsdale were a-flourishing at Newmarket, I've seen when I had plenty of 'em. Take my 'umble advice again, sir, and put all your winnings on Corisandy for the big 'andicap; she's another certainty, she is, sir."

And that is my preface to the following little sketch of Gully and Ridsdale, who were among the chief racing adventurers of their time. Both men were of humble origin. Ridsdale was born in York, and earned a small wage in his early days as helper in a livery stable, from which he was promoted to be a groom to the first Earl of Durham, then Mr. Lambton. Robert Ridsdale after a time, having given up service, made his appearance on the turf as an adventurer, and from the first success appears to have attended his efforts. He had formed an extensive and profitable acquaintance with many of the northern trainers and jockeys, who at the period, say from 1815 onwards, were busy in the racing world; the sport of kings at the time indicated being

in a flourishing condition in the North, where the training stables were crowded with famous horses, the riders of which had earned reputations on the turf. Ridsdale was fortunate, as the saying goes, to get into many of the "good things" of those days, and, judging by the fine establishment he was speedily enabled to set up in the neighbourhood of York, he must, almost at the outset of his turf career, have discovered a way of "making" large sums of money. Among his patrons was the Honourable Edward Petre, who for some years, "in the days when George the Fourth was king," enjoyed the favours of fortune on the racecourse, having won the St. Leger on four different occasions, three of his wins being in consecutive years.

John Gully was a racing man of great notoriety, and became a Member of Parliament. In his earlier years he is known to have played the parts of butcher, prize-fighter, publican, hell-keeper, and bookmaker, carrying on at one time a gigantic business in the latter capacity. Gully was a pugilist in those days when boxing was most thought of, and when fighting men were patronised by persons of honour and respectability. As a boxer, Gully was a man of indomitable courage, as plucky in the roped arena as his partner Ridsdale was in the hunting-field. It was while carrying on business as a publican that Gully saw his way to fortune in the betting ring; like some other shrewd persons, he early discovered that "backing" horses was an unprofitable avocation, having come to the conclusion that the chief gains of the turf remained in the hands of the men who laid the odds.

"Backers," as they are called, go down before the bookmakers like so many ninepins, whilst the layers of the odds to all comers continue to stand up and grow rich.

Impressed with that view of the situation, Gully speedily became a professional betting man, or "leg," as such persons were then termed, and, by paying intelligent attention to business, met with prompt and extraordinary success. He commenced at a fortunate time—just, indeed, as betting was beginning to be recognised as a business, and when men were awakening more and more to the fact that it was better for them to deal with a professional layer of the odds all round than to make bets with each other. Gully speedily attracted attention in the ring. Gentlemen who had taken notice of his native shrewdness and capacity for figures entrusted him with commissions to back their horses, so that, in a manner, fortune was thrust upon him, the many secrets he became possessed of in this line of business enabling him to work in a powerful light, whilst his less fortunate brethren of the ring had to carry on their betting work pretty much in the dark.

The commissions with which he was so frequently entrusted showed Gully what were the expectations of owners, and not only which horses might win, but also some as well which were sure to be beaten; because on the turf there was then, as there is now, two kinds of "commissions"—one to back a given horse, or it might be two or three horses, for the same event, the other to lay against animals meant to lose. With "such dispositions of things" in his favour, he is a poor hand at the business who

cannot, when the struggle is over, show a winning balance. The days of Gully were those of heavy betting, so far as individual speculation was concerned; that is to say, there might then be a hundred men on the turf who betted to stakes of hundreds or thousands; but at the present time, although individual bets are not perhaps made to such large amounts, the number of persons who bet is as hundreds to one to what the number was when John Gully was a prominent person in the ring.

At the "period" referred to, say from about 1818 to 1840, race-horses were less numerous than they are at present, and bookmakers, moreover, were not so plentiful as now; but most of them managed to do a good business and to put money in their purses. Gully, gathering experience day by day, was soon able to play a prominent part in the heavy speculations which formed a feature of the turf in those times; and whenever he thought any commission entrusted to him was a really good one—that is to say, as denoting the chance of the horse to win—he followed the lead of his employer, and by doing so often won considerable sums; whilst if he knew, as he frequently did, that a horse was sure to be beaten, he would spiritedly lay the odds against its chance of winning. It is recorded that on one occasion he was engaged to back two horses in a race to win, and, along with a confederate, he had five to lay against; the two which he backed to win ran first and second, the others, as had been "arranged," came in a long way behind the winner. A few chances of that kind soon bring grist to a betting man's mill.

By the year 1827 Gully's business had so flourished that he was able to purchase for £4,200 (then a large sum to pay for a horse) the winner of that year's Blue Ribbon of the turf—Mameluke, the property of Lord Jersey. The horse was bought with a view to winning the St. Leger, and the transactions made by Gully on behalf of his purchase afford a glimpse of the betting figures of that period. As soon as the bargain had been effected between Lord Jersey and himself, Gully requested that it should not be made known till he had obtained a good opportunity of backing the horse for the great race of September (the St. Leger), which he was enabled to do at Ascot. At that famous race meeting he accepted the odds of 10 to 1 against his horse to the tune of £1,000, thus standing to win £10,000 if his horse should prove victorious at Doncaster. Not contented, however, with that considerable speculation, Mr. Gully made several other bets, as, for instance, one that Mameluke would beat ten horses (in the St. Leger), which horses he at once named; likewise that his colt would beat a lot of nine horses in the same race—these he also, of course, named. All three bets were made for the same amounts, namely, £10,000 to £1,000, and in the end they had to be paid by Mr. Gully, as, unfortunately for him, the name of Matilda, the horse which won the St. Leger of 1827, was written in both lists, so that after the St. Leger had been run he found he had a sum of £3,000 to pay, every penny of which was duly handed over — two-thirds of it to Crockford—on the day of reckoning.

The struggle for that year's St. Leger was no sooner over than it was alleged there had been foul play in connection with the race, and there is great probability that the allegation was not unfounded, and that Mameluke was "prevented" from winning the race—a species of "turf tactics" not unknown even at present, and occasionally resorted to when other modes of "getting at" a horse, or his trainer, or jockey, do not prove successful. The chicanery of the turf is varied in its action: when the animal itself can be "doctored," that of course makes certain the "nobbled" horse will lose; a pail of water—"just a real hearty drink" (as a well-known northern trainer used to say)—given to the animal a little time before the race falls to be run, generally, but not always, ensures defeat. Other means of "doctoring" a racehorse are sometimes resorted to, it being always a safer plan to make the horse "right" than to depend upon a jockey to "pull it," as riders whose evil intention has been suspected have been changed at the last moment, and the horse, being entrusted to the guidance of an honest jockey, may win instead of losing the race. In the case of Matilda, it has been stated that the starter was the guilty party—that, in fact, he had been bribed to give his signal to "go" when it would be least advantageous to Mr. Gully's horse, which, being a restless, irritable animal, contributed much to the tactics of the opposition by its fractiousness at the starting-post.

The winner of the race was the property of Mr. Petre, who has been mentioned as being a patron of Robert Ridsdale, and in all pro-

bability that person was the engineer of the opposition to Gully's horse. The two ultimately became partners, or "confederates," in a good many of the turf events of their day; but it is quite clear they were not acting in concert at Doncaster on the occasion of the St. Leger of 1827. At what date a formal partnership—if any such ever existed—was entered upon by Ridsdale and Gully is not known, but it is more than likely they had on some occasions "worked the oracle" together for their mutual advantage before the period of their partnership. Ridsdale had become a man of means, lived in good style, and was at one time possessed of a hundred horses, keeping up a liberal establishment. Considering his beginnings, he was apparently a man of considerable culture; he possessed some of the best books of the period, and also read, or at any rate purchased, all the popular magazines of his day, his living-rooms being usually littered with newspapers and ephemeral prints and pamphlets of the period. Well-trained servants waited on his guests; the productions of his cook attracted the attention of his brethren of the hunt; his claret was of the best, so was his port; whilst his conversation was always attractive, and his tongue fluent and persuasive. He rode, of course, to hounds—indeed, hunting was a passion with him; he had a string of well-bred hunters from which he derived by occasional sales a handsome profit; he bred and trained at his place other horses as well, and was never without a hundred or two with which to accommodate any of his friends who had run short of money.

There can be no question but that Robert Ridsdale had a finger in several of the dirty pies that were cooked when he was active on the turf. Many a well-planned victory (and even better-managed loss) is said to have been due to his busy brain. His machinations were far-reaching, some of them taking a long time to mature; but when such events came off they generally resulted in the right way for Ridsdale, who was reputed at the time (1824) to have planned a way of winning a very large sum of money over the race for the St. Leger of that year.

The story of "Jerry's victory" has been often told in turf circles and sporting journals. I shall, however, give it here in few words, as an example of racing fraud which unfortunately has, over and over again, proved successful. Jerry, the winner of the St. Leger of 1824, was the property of a Mr. Gascoigne, a well-known sportsman of his day; and the horse, ridden by Benjamin Smith, a famous jockey of his era, beat twenty-two competitors in the great struggle for the Blue Ribbon of the North. Jerry was to have been piloted in the race by one Edwards, a horseman of that time, but for good and sufficient reasons he was at the eleventh hour superseded in the saddle by Benjamin Smith, as will presently be shown. Croft, the trainer of the horse, was exceedingly confident of the ability of Jerry to win the St. Leger, and did not keep his opinion a secret; but, whilst the animal was being wound up for the occasion and was known to be doing all that was required of him on his training ground, pleasing both the owner and his friends by the style in which he did his morning gallops, he was

apparently an undoubted victim of the "legs," who never tired of betting the odds against his chance of winning the race. All comers were readily accommodated, so that in the course of a few weeks, to the great astonishment of his trainer and owner, tens of thousands were industriously laid against Jerry's chance of winning.

That Ridsdale was the undoubted engineer of the opposition was in due time discovered; and that he had found out, as he thought, a way of making Mr. Gascoigne's colt a "safe one" came to be known. The trainer of the horse, as the fierce market opposition to it progressed, naturally enough became suspicious of foul play, and in consequence watched the course of the betting with feverish anxiety, but only to find, as the day for the decision of the race waxed nearer, that this colt was being more and more "peppered" by a certain clique of betting men. Croft could discover nothing wrong at home—all his people appeared to be acting an honest part. The anxiety of the perplexed trainer was all the greater, because by his recommendation the owner of Jerry and many of his friends had backed the horse to win big stakes. The opposition to a horse's chance of winning an important race which finds voice in the betting ring is usually of great significance, because shrewd men do not bet against a horse to lose thousands without knowing what they are about.

In the case of the opposition to the St. Leger hero of 1824, the trainer of Jerry was happily able, almost at the eleventh hour, to solve the vexatious problem. Having visited the subscription rooms on the Monday before the race,

and listened once more to the babble of opposition to his colt, Croft was proceeding after a long walk to his quarters, when, as he passed a toll on his road, he witnessed the arrival of a carriage drawn by four horses, and while the vehicle was pulled up for a moment he recognised its occupants. They were Ridsdale and Edwards the jockey, the latter being engaged to ride the St. Leger candidate of Mr. Gascoigne. The sight of these two persons arriving at Doncaster in the same post-chaise acted as a revelation to the trainer. In one moment he saw in his mind's eye the source of all the monetary opposition to the horse. The jockey, it was obvious enough, had been "got at," and the animal was destined to be "pulled," whilst the mechanism of the robbery was undoubtedly planned by the man in the post-chaise, Robert Ridsdale.

Croft acted with decision. Next morning at breakfast time he waited on his employer, in order to tell him what he had witnessed and what his suspicions were. Mr. Gascoigne at once agreed to his trainer's proposition to put up another jockey than Edwards on the horse, and Benjamin Smith was very quietly engaged for the duty. This matter was well managed, and till Jerry was saddled for the contest no one expected that the jockey would be changed, as Edwards had been dressed for his work an hour before the time set for the race. When Benjamin Smith was seen on the back of Mr. Gascoigne's colt consternation seized the betting men ; those of them who a few minutes previously had been loudest in their offers against Jerry now turned round and began to back the horse with all their might, so as to be able, in

the event of its success, to lighten their load of liabilities. Jerry won the race by a distance of two lengths, thus bearing out his trainer's high opinion of his ability. The horse which started favourite (in the betting) for the St. Leger of 1824 was Streatham, the odds offered against it being about 4½ to 1. Brutandorf was second favourite in the betting at 6 to 1; the price of Jerry, at the start for the race, is given as being 9 to 1; but before it became known that Smith would ride, 16 to 1 had been vigorously shouted in the betting ring; 7½ to 1, however, was the real starting price. It is believed that Gully laid a large amount of money against the winner, probably, therefore, he was in the secret of the opposition to Jerry, whether he was at that time acting as the "pal" of Ridsdale or not.

The partnership between them was not formed, it is believed, till about the year 1829–30. The two men were at all events intimately associated in the winning of the Derby of 1832 by St. Giles, and the winning of the St. Leger of the same year by Margrave. Curious tales have been told regarding the victory of St. Giles; twenty-two horses contested the race, in which Margrave (winner of the St. Leger) was a competitor, whilst Ridsdale also had a colt running in the race; but St. Giles, which started first favourite, won very easily. The winner was bred by Ridsdale at Merton, his place at York, and it was whispered at the time that the horse was a year older than it should have been as a Derby winner; in other words, that it was four, instead of three years old. But, to use the words of an outspoken turfite, "That would have been nothing for such men to

do : Ridsdale could have managed such a bit of turf business easily, being a perfect master of the art of racing roguery." No objection was, however, made to St. Giles on the ground of fraud, but a caveat was lodged on the ground of wrongful description in the entering of the horse for the race, which in the Derby and some other classic events, as is well known, takes place when the colt is a yearling. On the case of misdescription being referred for decision to three gentlemen of turf celebrity and honour, their verdict was given in favour of Ridsdale ; it was in the name of the latter that the horse had been entered for the Derby.

Extraordinary revelations have occasionally been made of the amounts won by the confederates by means of St. Giles' victory ; both of them, it is certain, were large gainers by the success of their horse, in favour of which the "oracle" is stated to have been so industriously "worked" that not more than three of the horses running in that year's Derby were really trying to win ; the horse placed third was Trustee, the property of Ridsdale; Margrave, the fourth in the struggle, belonged to Gully, and afterwards won the St. Leger. The winnings of the partners on the Derby were at one time computed at £100,000, £40,000 being Ridsdale's share, the rest falling to Gully. Some aver that the partners quarrelled over the division of the spoil, but that was not the case, as the partnership certainly lasted till after the Doncaster meeting.

Ridsdale was undoubtedly an adept in such arrangements as have been hinted at with reference to the clearing of the path for his horse.

In that year's Derby there would probably be half-a-dozen horses which might have proved more or less dangerous to St. Giles; but by some means or other—money, in fact—the owners of these animals, or their trainers or jockeys, would be gained over by the confederacy, at a cost, perhaps, for the half-dozen, of some twenty or five-and-twenty thousand pounds. As a matter of course, St. Giles had been used simply as an instrument of gambling; as a two-year-old, his quality as a race-horse had been hidden by his having undoubtedly been "pulled" in his earlier races, so that when the day of his victory arrived, the odds against his chance might be large enough to make it worth the while of his owner to let him run.

Margrave, the St. Leger winner, as has been stated, ran fourth in the Derby; but probably that horse was good enough to have won the Epsom trophy, had St. Giles not been on duty; but, had it done so, the odds against its winning the St. Leger would not have been anything like 8 to 1, the price quoted at the start for the great Doncaster trophy. By the success of Margrave another large stake was won by the confederates; the amount has been variously estimated at from forty to ninety thousand pounds. Some time after the decision of this event, a quarrel ensued between the partners, which brought their connection with each other to an end.

The affair was somewhat of a *cause célèbre* in its day, but may be dismissed in a few words. It would appear, from what was made public at the time, that Ridsdale had insinuated he

had not received his fair share of the cash won over Margrave, stating that Gully had obtained £12,000 more than he had. Gully, resenting this statement, struck Ridsdale in the hunting-field in a brutal way with his whip; a trial took place at York Assizes, when damages to the extent of £500 were awarded to Ridsdale, who had a large number of sympathisers on his side.

The two men, while their association lasted, effected some bold transactions on what may be called the smaller races of the time, putting large sums in their purses by the exercise of their cunning, or, as it would now be termed, "astuteness." The monetary details of those transactions have never been made public in detail, but were estimated at the time from the extent of the settlements of the partners at Tattersall's, where both men, so far as their credit was concerned, were held in high esteem. One of their intended "good things," which did not come off, was Little Red Rover's attempt to win the Derby of 1830, which was won by a celebrated racer called Priam. Had Red Rover won, the confederates would have pocketed between them the better part of £80,000.

Mr. Gully won the Derby in 1846 with his horse Pyrrhus I., a victory which enabled him to add largely to his bank account. In the same year he was also so fortunate as to win the Oaks with his mare Mendicant, afterwards purchased by the well-known Sir Joseph Hawley, to whom she proved a veritable gold mine, being the dam of a horse which brought to the exchequer of that sporting baronet a sum of £80,000; that animal

was Beadsman, who became the sire of Bluegown, another Derby winner, which also brought a large sum—£100,000 it is said—to the coffers of Sir Joseph. Pyrrhus I. was a cheap horse compared with the cost of such cattle at the present time; he was bought by John Day, the well-known trainer, at Doncaster as a yearling, who shared his purchase with Mr. Gully. The Member for Pontefract was lucky in other than turf speculations, by which it has been said he cleared a quarter of a million sterling; he speculated largely in coal-fields, all of which are represented to have proved remunerative.

As time went on the ex-pugilist acquired good manners, and became somewhat more courtly than when he was lessee of a public-house. Gully was hospitable, and although his style was less refined than that of Ridsdale, who "took on no end of polish," his rooms at Newmarket were frequented by the best men on the turf. His dinners were admirably cooked and served; his wines could not be excelled; and he was able to offer all the delicacies of the season to his friends in the same style as if he had been to the manner born. At the ripe age of eighty Gully died, his death taking place at his luxurious seat of Corkin Hall, near Durham. An immense concourse of people attended his funeral, many present being of the rank and fashion of the period.

Ridsdale, after the trial at York, and the severance of his partnership with Gully, began gradually to fall from his high estate. His star had begun to set. His hand, to use a common simile, lost its cunning, and although his journey downhill was once or twice arrested in a pleasant

sort of way, the stable loft in which he died was reached at last. Ridsdale's downfall began with the defeat of a horse called Hornsea for the St. Leger of 1835. On the success of this animal he had, so to speak, thrown his last throw—a big stake—and he lost it; Queen of Trumps being first for the St. Leger of that year, the horse supported by Ridsdale only getting second. When the settling day arrived Ridsdale could not "show"—in plain language, he was unable to pay—notwithstanding all the thousands he had won over the victories of St. Giles and Margrave, not less, when bad debts were deducted, probably than £70,000. In order to do his best for his creditors, Ridsdale ordered all his possessions to the hammer; his horses and oxen, his plate and pictures, his furniture and wines, were all offered to the highest bidders.

Fortune, however, had still a smile or two in store for him, one of which may here be noticed. At the Merton sale there was offered a mean-looking foal which no one would look at, but in due time that same animal, then known as Bloomsbury, won the Derby of 1839, for which he had been entered and trained under the superintendence of William, a brother of Robert Ridsdale. Again the breath of rumour got to work; the winner of the race, it was asserted, was not the horse which it was represented to be, but another animal a year older. An objection lodged against the horse, not on that ground, but because of misdescription, was overruled by the stewards; but Mr. Fulwar Craven, owner of the second horse, claimed the stakes and raised an action for payment, in

which, however, he was defeated. Bloomsbury never ran as a two-year-old, the Derby being his first race. As "Wildrake" says, in his "Pictorial Gallery of English Race-horses": "He was a most fortunate horse—though most unfortunate to his owners and backers. He won the Derby and a lawsuit. He caused the non-settlement of a settlement. He embroiled Lords and Commons, enriched poor men, impoverished wealth, and made all the world stare when their eyes were opened."

Ridsdale, as has been indicated, lost his nerve; with confidence in himself gone, he forsook the old haunts where he had been so well received, he shunned his former intimates, and gradually became so reduced in purse as to be without a lodging. In the end he was found dead in a stable loft at Newmarket, with three-halfpence in his pocket.

CROCKFORD.

There is a story relating to the life of Crockford, or rather to his death, which has been so often told that it has come to be accepted as true. I have never myself, however, given credence to it, inquiry having satisfied me that the narrative is simply in the nature of a fable; but for all that it is worth repeating as being in some degree illustrative of the more "hectic" features of sport as it was carried on fifty or sixty years ago.

As all versed in our racing records already know, the race for the Oaks in the year 1844 was won by Princess, an animal which had been very heavily backed by William Crockford, both

on his own account and for the benefit of a band of followers who "stood in" with him; but as on the previous night the mighty gambler was seized with an attack of paralysis which resulted in his sudden demise, there was consternation among the clique. It being an understood law of the turf that death cancels all bets, those interested in the victory of Princess (should the filly win) saw at once they would lose their money, unless by the adoption of a stratagem of some kind they could avert that misfortune; the cry among them, therefore, was, "What can we do to get our money?" As the sum at issue was rather a large one, it was resolved that an effort should be made to obtain it, and the gruesome plan was hit upon of exhibiting the dead man in his habit as he lived at one of the windows of his club. Only two or three persons knew of Crockford's death, and as they were interested in the Princess affair, they might be depended on to hold their tongues. It was therefore arranged that the sportsmen, as they returned from Epsom, should be shown the corpse; and, by various little stratagems, be made to believe the man was alive.

The matter was managed in the following way: persons were sent to Epsom to see the race, and note the result; the moment the winning-post was reached by the winner, they were told at once to despatch pigeons with the fateful news; the confederates were also instructed to say, to all whom they spoke to, that Mr. Crockford was waiting anxiously at the club, in the hope of hearing that Princess had proved victorious. In due time the anxiously expected bird arrived at its loft, the despatch it carried bore only the brief

legend "Princess." So far all had gone as well as could be wished: the right horse had won the race. Then came the second part of the ghastly drama. The corpse, dressed in the clothes which the living body wore, being placed on a chair in front of the window, was made, by various arts, to look as life-like as possible; and many of the gentlemen as they passed on their coaches saw the old man quite plainly, and looking, as some of them said, "rather lively."

In beginning this brief sketch by recording the death of Crockford, it may be said I have begun at the wrong end of my story; but as I do not aim at making a story, it is not of great consequence how what I have to say about that once notorious person is arranged. The prosperous "hell-keeper" died in the sixty-ninth year of his age; his birth having taken place in 1775, five years before the first race for the Derby took place. As a child he might have witnessed the beginning of that great series of turf events, with some of which in after years it was his fate to be connected. Not very much is known regarding the early life of Crockford, nor in what year he saw his first Derby. In the days of his youth he had been a fishmonger, and was well versed in the ways of London's great piscatorial bourse, where at one time he was known as a successful trader.

Like many of his fellows at "the gate," Crockford acquired that taste for gambling which, like the ancient and fish-like smell that dominates Lower Thames Street, has long been a characteristic of the locality, and fortune is reported to have favoured him in his little ventures from the

beginning. In his business most of his deals proved successful, as he was possessed of the happy knack of knowing what to do and the right time to do it. Finding out what kind of fish were likely to prove scarce, he used to buy up all that came to hand, and then by dealing them out to other buyers, secure a good profit without much trouble. Twenty years ago there were men in Billingsgate who had known Crockford. One of the number was a porter who used to carry fish to a shop he had taken close to Temple Bar, and was paid with a liberal hand as being an old friend, and always with forcible injunctions not to spend the money in beer or gin. This person had many stories to tell about his "old pal," as he designated Crockford, both as to his doings at "the gate" and after he became more celebrated or, as may be said, more notorious. The following is one of them: a Billingsgate salesman with whom Crockford had often done business fell into misfortune, having become security for the sum of a thousand pounds on behalf of a near relative of his wife. One morning he found himself called on to pay, but unfortunately, with several bad debts of magnitude in his books, he had no alternative but to cry peccavi; to crown the poor man's distress, as one of his children lay on her death-bed, his furniture was seized, and, but for Crockford, would have been sold. He it was who came to the rescue, and brought comfort to the parents in their day of misfortune; he purchased not only the furniture, but the lease of the man's house as well, paid the funeral expenses of the child also; and after doing all that, lent the salesman a couple of

hundred to be going on with, and was never the man to say he had done it. Many other good actions of a similar kind might, were the details known, be placed to the credit side of Crockford's account.

There is no doubt that Crockford did many kind acts in his day which never could be chronicled, because none but he knew of them. When a boy I was taken once or twice to see "Crockford's," and on many occasions I heard of his doings. He had one virtue—"for days and days," I was told, "he never drank liquor stronger than water." Abstinence from intoxicants was one of the aids by which he made the half-million with which at one time he might have retired into private life, and been free of gambling evermore.

There is, I think, as much gambling of all kinds to-day as there was during the days of the great hell in St. James's Street. There is this difference, however: we hear less about it, even though we have ten times the number of newspapers telling us of our sins. To-day gambling goes on everywhere. There may be no hells in London at the present time to compare in splendour and luxury with that kept by William Crockford, but there is hardly a club in the mighty town in which speculation of some kind is not constantly carried on. As for betting on horse-racing, ten times more money, much of it, however, in small amounts, now changes hands over a big race than changed hands sixty years since.

Summing up the situation as between then and now, the case may be thus stated: in the days

of Crockford there might perhaps be a thousand persons each betting or gambling their occasional thousand or two in the course of the season, but at the present time, as has been already said, there will not be fewer in the United Kingdom than half a million persons, each betting or gambling to the tune of from half-a-sovereign to five pounds per diem. These figures do not include, at either period, the score of big speculators who know no bounds to their ventures, and are only given by way of illustration; nor do they include the greatest gamble of all—that which takes place on the Stock Exchanges of the kingdom, where, speaking in figurative language, tens of thousands of pounds are passed every hour of the day from account to account all the year round.

Crockford soon learned the art, and began the business of gambling. The times favoured him. Gambling in his time—that is, gambling by means of cards, dice, and more elaborate machinery—was more of an open practice than it is now. A number of small, or, as they were called, "silver" hells were in existence in those days, where persons could risk shillings or half-crowns, and to one or other of these the young fishmonger was a constant visitor after he had closed his shop. He became in time a pains-taking speculator, and soon began to make money in steady fashion whilst others were losing it. As a contemporary remarked, "he was lucky from the first; whatever he tried turned up trumps." Along with a partner picked up in a gambling-house—he was a clever person, who seemed to be always fortunate in his dealings—Crockford made his *début* on the turf

with a roulette-table constructed after a somewhat rude fashion; it was, in fact, a revolving handle fixed on a board, which at the end of each revolution pointed to one or other of several figures painted on a piece of white cloth, by means of which winnings were determined. Many similar tables were to be found on the racecourses of the period. At Ascot, Epsom, and Doncaster tents were at one time fitted up in which gambling was carried on all day long; and there was no concealment, the frequenters of the racecourse being openly invited to "walk in; roulette," or "walk in; hazard," as might happen. Cards with addresses upon them were also distributed at race meetings, so that those inclined to try their fortunes might know where they could tempt the fickle goddess. To many, attendance at a race meeting was simply—about the time referred to—an excuse for a gambling bout, which nearly always resulted in favour of those who kept the bank.

The methods of gambling in the days of Crockford were ruthlessly exposed during the trial of the well-known case of Smith *v.* Bond, then a well-known partner in one of the superior London hells. At the time indicated (1820 to 1845), the parishes of St. George's and St. James' swarmed with gambling-houses, where large or small sums of money could nightly be gained or lost, as might happen, and the play at the majority of such houses was well known to fall out largely against the players, as by many well-planned devices the bankers had points in their favour. The Bonds, who had named their place the Junior St. James'

Club, waxed wealthy and fat over the game which was oftenest played there, namely, French hazard. In the course of the trial much interesting information was elicited as to the gambling practices which then prevailed; in the end a heavy verdict was returned against the defenders and in favour of the men who had the courage to sue them. The amount given by the jury was £3,508, being treble the sum which Smith had lost. If it had pleased some of the noblemen and gentlemen who gave evidence to play the part of plaintiff, the amount of the verdict might easily have been quintupled, so high and extensive did play run in the house of the Bonds—"a place of bondage," as one of the counsel wittily described it as being.

Coming back to the doings of my hero, it has to be stated with regard to Crockford that, although at one period he was in possession of a stud of race-horses, among the lot being Sultan, which made some mark on the turf, he never took a great amount of interest in the noble animal, preferring to regard it, like many other men, as an instrument of gambling; but the owner of the St. James' gambling-house was well versed in turf chicanery of all kinds, and knew in his day most of the prominent spirits of the racing world. The year in which Crockford saw his first Derby is not known, but in the course of his lifetime it is said he saw the race run on thirty-five consecutive occasions. Whether that be correct or not, it is certain that the Derby was a race in which he evinced great interest, and he was reputed to have landed more than one large stake on the winner of the Blue Ribbon.

One year Crockford was the owner of a Derby favourite in Ratan, a horse which had made its mark as a two-year-old. Although the horse was very carefully watched, seeing that its owner had backed it to win an enormous sum of money, it was "got at," and it is supposed poisoned by means of arsenic introduced into its drinking trough.

Crockford started a house at Newmarket, which became an agreeable resort to those visitors to whom he offered hospitality, and he was no niggard in dispensing the good things of life at his table. Nor did he invite persons to his house so that, when heated with liquor, he might rob them at cards or dice. Crockford was then a betting man and bookmaker, laying or backing as he thought best for his own interest; and his visitors, to use a slang phrase, were "as fly as he was." They were not all spiders who walked into his Newmarket parlour, his visitors were known to have, on many occasions, their pockets well stuffed with crisp Bank of England notes. Another feature of Crockford's behaviour helped him to connection and wealth; when he lost he never required to be asked for money, he was a prompt payer; nor did he, when he was reputed to be rolling in wealth, ever forget himself, he was invariably polite and courteous. The devil, indeed, never was so black as he has been painted, and Crockford, gambler though he was, was not the fiend that some writers described him as being. As well as being a betting man and the keeper of a hell, Crockford was also a keen operator on the Stock Exchange; but on that stage of speculation he generally came to grief,

and much of the cash made in St. James's Street was paid away to the stockbrokers. Another branch of turf business which Crockford conducted at one time was that of "squaring" the books of smaller betting men than himself; he could always be relied upon, even at the last moment—that is, immediately before a race—to lay the odds against such horses as a bookmaker was "bad" against, and required therefore to back back again, so as not to run greater risk than was compatible with an honest desire to meet engagements, and pay what was seen to be due after the race was determined.

The palatial gaming club erected by Crockford was at one time looked upon as one of the wonders of London; two or three houses had been knocked down to provide a site for it, and no expense was spared to render it commodious and luxurious, and make it attractive to visitors, who were waited upon by footmen in gorgeous liveries, and had their palates tickled by the gastronomic delicacies of Monsieur Ude. There were over eight hundred members, and the house was placed under the management of a committee, to whom Crockford conceded all they asked. Gambling, as a matter of course, was the business or recreation of all who came to the place; figuratively speaking, the rattle of the dice was heard morning, noon, and night, thousands of pounds changing hands as if they were so many halfpence. "Crockford's" cost an enormous sum of money; the building of it, I have been told, was carried on regardless of expense by night as well as by day. All its appointments were sumptuous, the cellars were filled with the finest of wines, and the

culinary arrangements were for months the talk of the town.

Much capital has from time to time been drawn by philanthropic gentlemen out of what took place at "Crockford's," when the amounts at stake were practically unlimited, a bank of £10,000 being put down every evening at about eleven o'clock, the chief game of the house being French hazard. Play of some kind was always, however, going forward in every room of the large establishment, which was lit by hundreds of wax candles all night long. Sad pictures have been painted of the ruin that overtook men in the St. James' club-house; but many of these men who went there were simply fools who brought on their own fate, and who, had they not been ruined at Crockford's, would have been ruined in some other hell. There were plenty of such places, and although public gambling-houses are now not tolerated, it is quite certain that card-playing goes on nightly in all the clubs in London, and that in several of them large sums of money are lost and won. Crockford was not in any degree worse than his neighbours, and no one has ventured to say that undue advantage of any kind was ever taken of the persons who frequented his house by the proprietor or his servants. It should be kept in mind as well that visitors to Crockford's went there to try and obtain his money, and if in doing so they lost their own, they scarcely require to be sympathised with.

It is not my intention to defend gambling, or to become the apologist of Crockford, but such matters should be looked straight in the face,

because, if there be sin in the matter, it is unfortunately of universal occurrence and among all classes of society; but surely it is not more sinful to stake one's sovereign on the turning up of a particular card than it is to do so on the rise or fall of the stock of a particular railway, or the loan bonds of some foreign country.

RACING ROGUERIES.

I.

"THE turf is so beset with knaves that when you go racing you are robbed when you least expect to be robbed, and that too by men whom you would least expect to rob you."

So wrote a racing commentator sixty years since, and the same sentence might be written to-day, with a still greater chance of hitting the nail on its head. When, half a century ago, some isolated case of turf fraud of a high degree of enormity became public, a prodigious outcry was raised regarding the circumstance — as would doubtless be done to-day—by a section of turfites, much indignation being usually expressed, especially by those not "in the swim"; but to-day racing rogueries are too numerous, too varied, too much a matter of course to attract much attention, and for this among other reasons, namely, that "they all do it." It may well be said as regards the turf and its surroundings, "Let him who is among you without sin cast the first stone."

Happily, there almost never falls nowadays to be chronicled any vulgar or pronounced frauds —these seldom become public. He would prove himself but a poor hand in turf chicanery who

would so act as to be "found out," who would venture, for instance, to instruct a jockey to "pull" his horse, when the animal could be so "doctored" before leaving the stable as to render its chance hopeless. As a general rule, a pailful of water will "do the trick," although, as a once popular trainer, now deceased, was heard to say at Newcastle-on-Tyne, "sometimes even two pails won't stop the beggars from winning." At all events, when it has been determined by interested parties that a horse shall run to lose a race it has been entered for — and such arrangements are common enough—nothing is easier than to make sure that it shall do so, and that the horse selected, in the event of the public fancying him, shall be made a market horse, and be "milked" for the benefit of those interested: the losing of a race may at any time be ensured, and there are scores of "turf dairymen" who are reputed adepts in the use of the milking pail.

There is no other business, perhaps, which offers so many opportunities for successful fraud as horse-racing, and that for the best of all reasons: the chicanery that is prevalent does not render those who practise it amenable to the criminal law, turf crimes being without the pale of legal action. When, therefore, the owner of a horse, looking ahead, conspires with a bookmaker or other confederate to deceive the public by entering an animal for a race which it is not intended the horse shall win, it is not the interest of either to say a word to outsiders about the arrangement, while those whose bad fortune it is to be deceived are without legal remedy. Persons foolish enough to make bets in the hope that a given horse may

win a given event must suffer the consequences if the animal has been all along a market horse: bettors in such a case have only themselves to blame for getting on a "wrong one." Happily, no one can be compelled to bet, and if those who do so miss the mark, one person has cause to rejoice—he is the bookmaker.

These gentlemen (the bookmakers), especially those of them engaged in extensive ways of business, are, it has been often affirmed, but such statements must be accepted with reserve, able to manage any kind of turf chicanery—money on the turf, as everywhere else, being pretty well omnipotent; and therefore, it has been said, should one of the fraternity find he is likely to lose £10,000 by the victory of a particular animal in a given race, he thinks it well worth his while (and no sin) to part with a few hundred pounds to have the animal made safe, an operation that, as has been hinted, can be achieved in various ways. Such turf rogueries are more frequent than is supposed by the general public. Many a race that, before being run, was deemed a certainty for a particular animal, has resulted in a surprise that would not have proved so had the truth been made manifest by a recital of its private history. At one time it was no unusual circumstance for an animal which had become favourite for a particular race to be prevented from winning by violent means. It was what is called "nobbled" or "got at" by some person hired for the purpose, or it might be lamed by the farrier, or perhaps poisoned by a stable attendant, or in other ways rendered *hors de combat*, to the deep chagrin in many instances of owner and trainer.

Such modes of dealing with race-horses are now seldom resorted to, but frauds of a more subtle kind are common enough. "Nobbling" of a rude description is a very dangerous game, which requires confederates to ensure a successful issue; and a first-rate training stable is usually subjected to such careful watching, especially when it contains a horse of celebrity, that strangers as a rule cannot obtain access to it, and for a stableman to betray his trust is dangerous—ruin would assuredly follow the discovery of such a breach of confidence. But, as an old-time hanger-on of one of the Newmarket hotels was wont to say, "it's all along o' the money; them tenners and fivers is at the bottom of all them there swindles; there's men about here as would kill a hoss right out for a couple o' ponies."

The magnitude of the sums betted against particular horses gives rise to temptation. Certain bookmakers will lay from ten to twenty-five, or even forty thousand pounds upon occasion, against each of half-a-dozen horses entered to run in an important handicap, and if the one or two of these animals which appear most likely to win the race can—if they have been well backed—in some way be rendered unfit to run, so much the better for those who have laid the odds. Under such circumstances, a horse has sometimes been bought on behalf of a bookmaker and his confederates, so that its losing the race may be made certain. Backers, unaware of the sale, continue to "fancy" it, till the transaction becomes profitable to the purchaser, who keeps the animal well to the front in the market, and continues personally, and by the aid of confederates, to bet heavily

against its chance. Such transactions often prove excellent bargains. For a bookmaker, or clique of bookmakers, to purchase for a thousand or even sixteen hundred pounds a horse, against the chance of which to win they may have betted as many thousands, is good business; true, that particular animal might not have proved the winner, but, being dangerous, his removal out of the way if possible was deemed prudent. Some may say that the bookmaker having laid against all or most of the other horses in the race, he will have plenty of money to clear his liabilities, no matter which animal may win; but bookmakers, being prudent men, like to make matters as certain as possible. Men are known who have had a finger in such pies; names cannot, however, be mentioned here, and there are persons engaged in laying the odds who would not individually do a very dirty action, but even the most respectable bookmakers make no bones about laying a "stiff one."

II.

In such transactions as have been indicated, the *biters* are sometimes *bit*. A few years since a clever school of these men agreed to purchase, for £2,000, a horse which had become a prodigious favourite for one of the chief handicaps. It was reputed to have won a good trial, in which it had beaten its stable companions "to blazes," and was being backed every day at lessening odds. About eight days before the race it was quoted at 100 to 12, and seemed as if it would be a dangerous horse.

Negotiations for its purchase were entered into by an agent of the syndicate—and terms being agreed upon, the horse was quietly transferred to another stable—the dealers having forgotten, in their anxiety to conclude the business, that the vendor of the animal had another and, as it proved, a better horse entered for the same race, quite capable of winning it! As it came out in the sequel, the gentleman had backed his "lot" to win a considerable sum, whilst a confederate had taken some "long shots" about the other one, so that the seller had all the best of the deal, the horse purchased by the bookmakers proving in the end worthless. In reality the owner was delighted to sell *number one*, because he had planned to win the race if he could with *number two*, and that being so, he began business by backing his "lot."

Instances of another kind of deal might be cited. On one occasion a man who had been so clever as to back a horse to win him £12,000 before its owner had backed it for a single sovereign, had the alternatives placed before him of seeing the animal "scratched," or of buying it, or of allowing his owner to share his bet. He preferred to purchase, but before the day of the race the horse had gone off its feed, and when called upon to make an effort was easily beaten.

Many good and honestly trained horses unexpectedly suffer defeat, a result which on some occasions is difficult to account for. When such an event takes place, "would-be wise persons" shake their heads in the "I told you so" style, and hint at foul play. It frequently happens, however, that horses which run well at home are

unable from some cause or other to make a successful effort on a racecourse. Horses, like human beings, it may be taken for granted, are not always "i' the vein," and so owners and trainers who calculate on success are often much puzzled by results which they had not the prescience to anticipate. Many an animal good enough to win a race by twenty lengths has suffered defeat almost at the outset of the struggle. In such cases trainers have evil times of it: should the horse run up to the anticipation founded on the trial, it is spoken of as a great animal; should it lose, the trainer may be looked upon with suspicion or the jockey be blamed for losing the race.

"The chicanery of the turf," it has often been said, "is boundless," but what is done is being accomplished in a manner so refined, and at the same time is so quietly done, that the outside public have no chance of detecting it. Nor does anything accomplished in the way of "polite fraud" call for the interference of the police; betting is without the pale of ordinary law, so that all concerned carry on the game with immunity from consequences. When what is called "a great handicap *coup*" is achieved, it usually happens that a greater number of persons will be found to have backed the losers than the winner, because it does not suit those who are "working the oracle" to allow the real merits of the horse they have planned to win with to become known to all and sundry, for the very excellent reason that in such a case it would come to a short price in the betting, which would be altogether foreign to the plans of those working the scheme. On

the other hand, it is desirable that as many of the horses in the race should be heavily backed at a short price as is possible, so that the bookmakers shall have no scarcity of money with which to pay the sums they have laid against the winner. As a general rule, in all great handicap *coups*, it is usual for one or two bookmakers to be in what is called "the swim," and these are generally selected because of their prudence; bookmakers do not, as a rule, wear their hearts on their sleeves.

III.

The planning and working of a handicap *coup*, by which a sum of from twenty to forty thousand pounds may be netted by a clever clique of racing experts, may be figuratively described.

The first thing to be observed is that such a matter cannot be organised in a week or even in a month. The long-headed turf expert who strikes for fortune at a blow will probably have been at work upon his scheme for perhaps twelve or eighteen months, or more likely for double that length of time. He will have commenced proceedings perhaps by purchasing, for what is called "an old song," some supposed broken-down and worthless horse, which, however, as his practised eye has discovered, might, if treated with care and properly trained, win a race or two. For a time nothing is heard of the purchase: Conspirator is not entered for any of the passing handicaps and becomes almost forgotten, although, when a two-year-old, it was more than once prophesied that it was a horse likely to be heard of as the winner of some big event. In the

course of four or five months it will be announced in the training reports that "Sweatmore, the trainer, took his horses to the North-East Division of the Southside Downs, where Petty Larceny, Burglar, Area Sneak, Impostor, and Conspirator did good work." That announcement indicates the beginning of the end, and by-and-by Conspirator is entered for one or two petty races in which he is supposed to make a fair struggle for victory, carrying a tolerably liberal weight, but particular care is taken by his trainer that he shall not attract much attention. In due time the horse makes his appearance in a struggle of importance, in which he is weighted more favourably than was expected; but for all that, his time has not yet come — the astute gentleman who pulls the strings in the stable can wait a long time should he think a victory can be won in the end. Nothing is ever gained in horse-racing by being in a great hurry, and the horse hitherto has been entered simply to find out the handicappers' estimate of him.

"Seven stone five; not bad that for a five-year-old which three years ago was thought to have the makings of a fair horse about him," says the trainer; "but we must get him in at less than that by at least half a stone."

Just so. Nothing, it has been said, is denied to persons who know *how* to wait. "Conspirator ran very badly," is the verdict of the turf critic, "never once giving his supporters a ray of hope, although evidently backed to win a considerable sum of money; it is not easy to understand why such a horse is in training."

For the next two races in which he is entered

Conspirator does not accept, although in one of them he has only the nice weight of 6 st. 10 lb. to carry.

"He could win with that," says his trainer; "but with two or three pounds less it would be real jam."

"All right," replies the man who is working the oracle; "we must send him to run for the Great Jericho Stakes in August, and get him well beaten; in the meantime he has been entered for the Haymarket Handicap, the weights for which come out two days after the Jericho race has been decided, and then we can determine what to do, eh?"

The Haymarket Handicap being a first-rate betting race, the publication of the weights is eagerly expected by Mr. Saltem, who is acting manager of this little play; and so, on the afternoon of the calendar day, when old Bob Girths, a waif of the turf, comes rushing into a tavern in St. Martin's Lane with a copy of the weights, a half-sovereign, and a quartern of gin besides, is cheerfully bestowed on him by Mr. Saltem. In a moment, by a glance at the sheet, that gentleman has comprehended the situation—"Conspirator, 6 st. 5 lb., glorious!" he exclaims *sotto voce*; "daren't have given him less myself."

A wire in key is at once sent off to Sweatmore, the trainer, and then the acceptances, which are not due till the following Tuesday, are impatiently waited for, and when obtained, eagerly scanned. Fifty-nine out of the ninety-two entered remain in the handicap, Beef Eater is top weight, and so the original imposts assigned remain unaltered.

A good deal of betting on the "H.H.," as it was called by the turfites, had taken place, both previous to the entries and while waiting for the acceptances, and it was known that an occasional 1,000 to 10, and three or four times 1,000 to 16 had been picked up by some "mugs" about Conspirator, but the so-called "mugs" were men who had been inspired by Saltem. No great move, however, was made by that astute person till the acceptances were declared, and he had seen with whom he had to do battle.

Burglar, a six-year-old, with 7 st. 4 lb. to carry, who won the rich Covent Garden Cup two years previously and is in the same interest as Conspirator, is made favourite as soon as the active work of betting begins, whilst Conspirator is quoted at 40 to 1 offered.

"Just the thing for us," is the opinion of Saltem, "and now for the commission."

Sweatmore runs up from the stable to hold a conference with Saltem. In his opinion they have only one horse to fear, and that horse is Diddle-em, an animal not unknown to fame, a five-year-old, weighted at 7 st. "Well, it belongs on the quiet to Job Goodchild, the bookmaker, Diddle-em does," says Saltem, "and we can easily square Job, I think, by letting him in the swim."

So they agree to do so, and Goodchild being let into the swim, a plan of operation is at once arranged for getting on the money.

First of all, by means of a little newspaper strategy, Burglar is made a "great pot," as it is called, for the handicap; "that horse," says one of the sporting prints, "has cleaned out the stable with the greatest ease, and if he can beat

Diddle-em he has the 'H.H.' at his mercy." Then comes the corollary, *vide* the market reports: "Burglar 100 to 8 taken freely; Diddle-em 14 to 1 taken and offered; The Beak 16 to 1; The Artful Dodger 20 to 1 offered; Conspirator 33 to 1 offered, forties wanted."

Such is the state of the odds, when one afternoon at the King's Club, "I'll lay 1,000 to 20 or any part of it against Conspirator," is shouted, but no one responds; and as all over the country the horse is on offer at these odds, a favourable opportunity is presented for working the commission, 50 to 1 being esteemed a nice price.

At first a very little only is done in a narrow field; by-and-by, however, operations are extended, and on a given day the whole country is *worked*—Manchester, Dublin, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Glasgow; every town, in short, where a few ten-pound notes can be got on is communicated with through the agents of Job Goodchild, and before the majority of the bookmakers awake to the fact a heavy commission has been executed, and the party stand to win, some thirteen days before the race, a rough sum of over £45,000! On the Saturday previous to the Wednesday on which the race falls to be run, a second trial takes place, Diddle-em is borrowed, as well as another horse which had recently won a biggish handicap; Burglar also takes part in the trial. It is a near thing, as some would have thought had they seen it, Conspirator seeming to have quite enough to do to beat Diddle-em; but then, as Conspirator was carrying an additional 10 lb. of weight, it really was, as Sweatmore said, a case of "real jam."

"There's nought else in the race, as I'm a living sinner," said the trainer; "he'll win easy, see if he doesn't."

And so in the end it proves. "Conspirator jumped off with the lead, made all his own running, and before he had covered a mile had all the others beaten," so wrote one of the journalists who chronicled the race ("won by three lengths," was the verdict of the judge); brother to Agrippa, second; Virginia, third; Burglar broke down, and Diddle-em walked in with the crowd. Sixteen ran.

So ended this well-planned *coup*.

IV.

That is one way of "working the oracle" in order to bring off a remunerative handicap *coup*, and many lords and gentlemen of the turf do not disdain to follow so good (or bad) an example. If, for instance, Sir Richard Strongman, Lord Strapmore, and the Honourable Thomas Rowbotham have each entered three or four of their horses in an important handicap, what is more natural, on the turf, than that they should lay their heads together to "best" the public, and pull off a good thing at long odds for themselves? The obtaining of "long odds" has a great fascination for everybody. To win a large sum at little risk is a grand desideratum in the racing world as elsewhere. It is difficult nowadays, however, to obtain what are called long odds. Bookmakers are chary on this point, and the public, who keep no horses of their own but are quick to back the horses of other people, rush in when the betting

begins on any particular race and secure the cream, leaving the skimmed milk to those who have to pay the training bills.

In order, then, to do the best they can for themselves, the three gentlemen named above resolve to call to their aid a well-known turf commissioner, one Mr. Dudley Smooth. That gentleman, who is the hero of a hundred "arrangements," takes the case in hand. He is well known on the turf and hates verbosity, but he thinks a great deal, if he says little; his leading idea is, "Only one can win, you know; how to get at it is the problem."

What usually takes place when Mr. Smooth has been prevailed upon to put a finger in the pie—he is, however, rather chary of doing so—is first of all a consultation over a chop and a bottle—champagne, of course. The number of stables represented in the handicap and the horses entered are considered, and those known or thought to have no chance are summarily scored out of the list. Each trainer and owner of the stables containing likely horses are well weighed up, considered, and intelligently discussed, after which it will probably be found that, leaving out the owners present and half-a-dozen others they will be able to influence, four stables would be seen to have a really good chance, whilst other three might possess something decidedly dangerous.

"What we want, you know, Smooth, is a certainty."

"Quite so, Sir Richard; and as only one, you know, can win, the thing is to discover it."

What was generally resolved upon to begin with was, that each of those present should, a

month before the race, find out by means of a formal trial his best horse for the handicap at the published weights ; next, that in a couple of days thereafter the three should be tried together along with the best public horse they were able to buy or borrow to take part in the trial at a weight agreed upon.

Smooth, to make sure, invariably superintended such trials himself, and, being an adept at the business, he could generally foretell the result as it would be in the race itself to a hair's-breadth. Then he had the "form," as it is called, of such of the other horses as might compete at his finger ends, or rather, to express it literally, on his tongue. Smooth's verdict on the trial was anxiously listened to : "It will do ; only one can win the race, and I think it will be Pretty Jane ; she will be about half a stone better than Magician on the day." Then followed an interesting conversation, in which it was shown by Smooth that, on public form, there were in addition to the two which had just finished such a fine gallop, other three, if not four, that might prove dangerous. One of these, Smooth knew, could be made safe, and if the owners of the others would swim in with Pretty Jane, all would come right ; they could then go in for a big thing, and very likely bring it off.

The effort is made.

Smooth's philosophy illustrated in his constant iteration of "only one can win, you know," ultimately prevails, and the three most dangerous animals in the race are made safe, although two of the owners insist on rather stiff terms. *N'importe*,

the handicap can be won, and plenty of money along with it.

In the end its success is ensured, Pretty Jane beating Artful Dodger, a rod in pickle prepared by a quiet school of turfites for the same race, by only a head; "too near a thing to be pleasant," as Lord Strapmore said after the struggle was over, and the confederacy had obtained breathing time for a glass of champagne and mutual congratulations. Such schemes, it has to be said, are not always successful; but if a man can win a couple of big handicaps in twenty years, he requires nothing more in the way of turf success.

The kind of business indicated in the foregoing remarks is frequently attempted; there is a gentleman often at work, who is reputed to have a voice in four or five stables, and that being so he is able to prearrange, with considerable success, a good deal of the turf work of the period.

Few persons outside the pale of turf manipulation can possibly be aware of how much money it is possible to win over a big handicap or other good betting race—the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, or Royal Hunt Cup, for example. Over and over again such sums as thirty, fifty, and even seventy thousand pounds have been "landed," as the phrase goes, by the winner of a great race. Sometimes a man is fortunate enough to find himself in possession of a horse entered for one of the popular handicaps that "cannot lose"; and if the ability of the animal be only known to himself and the trainer, he may be able, at the risk of a few hundreds, to back it to win many thousand pounds.

V.

"Working the oracle," with intent to make a grand *coup*, is work which requires to be gone about with judgment; but in a race where twenty or more stables are represented it is difficult to ensure success, there being always somebody interested who *will* be obstinate, or who demands too large a share of the spoil, or insists upon some impossible condition. When the Mr. Smooth of such an enterprise has made some progress in his negotiations, he often enough finds himself face to face with the representative of another clique engaged in the same business; it is not, indeed, the first time that three distinct syndicates have come into collision, each fancying itself to hold the winning card. Which is to give way to the other so as to make the race a certainty for a given horse comes in at the end to be a matter for much argument and delicate handling. At their respective weights it may look a very near thing for each of three or four horses, and as an owner naturally fancies his own horse most, he is usually reluctant to swim in with any other person or clique, unless he becomes of opinion that the doing so presents a certainty of the horse winning.

"In the matter of arranging a handicap," said a gentleman of much experience to the writer, "my arguments are simple enough. I put the case this way. By agreeing among ourselves we can land a first-rate stake, say sixty thousand; well, that is twenty thousand for each of us when so far as I can see we have a certainty. Is it not better, then, to co-operate? There will be

other races, and a horse will keep. Why oppose each other when, by working as one man, we can land the sum I have named?"

It has occurred before now that a horse which has been, so to speak, left out in the cold on the occasion of an "arrangement," has ultimately proved the best animal. Such rehearsals as have been pictured used to be common, and still take place.

"What a splendid field there is!" said one gentleman to another, a year or two ago, as a start was being effected for the Haymarket Handicap.

"Yes," was the reply, "no less, I see, than fifteen. What a pity that three only of the lot are trying!"

Great blunders are sometimes made by men who have horses in handicaps. However good a horse may be, and however long the animal may have been kept with a view to a grand *coup*, it may be found when the weights are published that it is not given such a good chance as that supposed to be conferred on some other animal, the result being that the owner does not accept, and probably, to his great chagrin, finds his rival also among the non-contents, his rival having been imbued with similar fears. At other times a lot of horses do not accept because "something" has been "thrown in" at a feather weight which everybody thinks cannot possibly be beaten, although in the end that something runs nearly last, Ruperra to wit, in the Royal Hunt Cup of 1880. Many a time and oft a horse not believed to possess any merit wins an important race, and owners and trainers alike find again and again, to

use the words of the Scottish poet, that "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

While perusing these remarks it should be kept in mind that there are not a few gentlemen on the turf who decline to take part in such schemes as have been indicated, but run their horses fair and square, so far as they can control them. Their trainers, however, may not always be quite so scrupulous. The "arrangements" referred to, it ought to be remembered, involve such an amount of chicanery, that the aid of one or two bookmakers must be called in, the doing so, of course, involving the making of certain concessions to these worthies. The knowledge thus acquired by such persons is at once used against the public, the betting public, who soon discover that their mission is to pay the piper. The main object of what is done in the way of planning and scheming is to secure, at the least possible risk, a large haul of money over a race, and, to accomplish this, all matters must be gone about with the utmost care and secrecy. To achieve such a consummation is the reason why not a few owners of horses place themselves entirely in the hands of some Dudley Smooth of the turf. The first advice given by such a person is, "Accept with your whole string of horses, we will need them all." As the business of arrangement progresses, each of the unintended animals is made in turn to benefit the bookmaker by being brought into the betting and quoted in "the market." The gullible public, unaware of what is being done, back all the horses in turn, so that those interested obtain a pretty good sum out of the "stiff ones," as they are called. When the public at length waken up to

the fact that a commission has been executed for a particular horse, they rush pell-mell to follow the lead, and in consequence the animal is speedily quoted at a price that will admit of splendid hedging, and in working a grand *coup* it is generally deemed prudent to hedge.

Gentlemen who race from their love of sport, or for the honour of the turf, do not, as has been hinted, recognise such doings as it is the mission of Mr. Smooth to carry out. When they find, after a trial with some horse of their own or one borrowed from a friend, that they have no chance of winning the race for which the horse has been entered, they at once strike it out of that race—"scratch it" is the usual phrase employed—so that the public may not be induced to back it. On the other hand, there are owners who never scratch their horses unless they find their intention of backing them anticipated by the public. In such cases, finding they cannot back the animal at their own price, they teach indiscriminate backers a lesson by withdrawing it from the race. It has become a debatable point in the ethics of horse-racing whether the owner of a horse, having once entered it in a public race, should withdraw it from participation in that race from not being able to back it on his own terms, because of Tom, Dick, and Harry having been more active than he has been in dealing with the bookmakers, and so forestalling him in the market. There are certain horses in every race which the public *will* not be withheld from backing; they are estimated on a review of their previous form to have such a fine chance, that no sooner is their weight for any given handicap made known, than

the public are quick to take all the long shots, leaving the owner—what is left.

It is most provoking, no doubt, for the owner of a likely horse to find himself compelled to put up with the skimmed milk of the market, persons utterly unknown to him having secured the cream. No wonder the owner, on receiving such provocation, works himself into a passion; no wonder the fiat of "scratch my horse" is at once issued. What though the act be productive of something like a sensation? A notification that "the favourite is scratched" brings curses loud and deep on the head of its owner. But probably he has become callous to public opinion—his argument is: "The horse is mine own to do with whatever I please; I bought him; I pay for his corn and hay; I find the fees of the jockeys by whom he is ridden; I pay all travelling expenses and entry moneys, and therefore I shall do in the matter as I think proper."

These are strong arguments undoubtedly, and well put, but they all point in the direction of gambling. And that being so, there arises another side to the story, which may be placed before the reader in the following words. In reality it is the general public who provide the money which the bookmakers lay to owners of horses; as some owners never bet, whilst others bet only to small sums, it is evident, therefore, that without the aid of the crowns, half-sovereigns, and pounds of the small bettors it would be impossible for the bookmakers to deal in those large sums which gentlemen occasionally back their horses to win. Were only the value of the stake to be run for at issue,

there would be no occasion for striking a horse out of the race at the eleventh hour, because of its owner being unable to back it. It is the large amount which can be won in bets that renders men so mercenary.

Speaking in a theoretical sense, it is undoubtedly more honourable for a man to strike his horse out of a race at once than to leave it among the competitors and arrange that it shall not win, which can always be made certain. The winning of a race even with the best horse in the world cannot be made sure, but to lose a race can be accomplished beyond a doubt, and there are even *gentlemen* on the turf—the more's the pity—who have not scrupled to lend themselves to such a fraud. It will be no exaggeration to say that during the course of the year two or three hundred horses will run to lose in the races that take place, and if only an average sum of £100 be got out of each — in some cases the result will be a gain of thousands— it totals up to a large amount.

Much of what is designated by turf critics the "in and out" running of handicap horses is no doubt due to such practices. One may often read in the sporting journals that "the running of Mr. So-and-So's horse was really too bad to be true; and we believe the animal will speedily see a better day;" which is just a roundabout way of saying the horse was "pulled," or that in some other way it was arranged the horse should not win the race. Such phrases of the sporting press are simply a way of veiling the fact of a fraud having been committed. Happily there are both owners and

trainers who are far above such practices, but that men are doing such deeds every day is certain.

VI.

Another phase of the chicanery of the turf may be now alluded to, arising from the mercenary spirit of certain greedy owners—it is the practice of an owner to take a big bet about one of his horses, and leave his "lot" in the hands of a bookmaker to "work" in the market as he pleases. The right of a man to wallop his own nigger has been asserted; in the same spirit there are men who, having accepted in a handicap or other race with four or five horses, claim to do with them as they please, and what this style of doing business leads to can be gathered from the preceding pages. The mode alluded to is a contemptible phase of turf action. In plain language, the owner so acting simply lends himself to a fraud, because the bookmaker, knowing that only the horse which he has laid against is intended to win, takes his measures accordingly, and manages so to bring the others before the public that they will all in turn be well backed by unthinking backers—the horse which is intended to win the race being kept, when possible, carefully in the background, stories about its condition being published which prevent its being noticed. The intended horse may of course be beaten, but the cunning of the transaction is in no way lessened by that fact. It remains that the owner, in conjunction with the bookmaker, tried to do "a bit of thieving," for which, in other circles,

he would be written down a blackguard. On the turf, however, morals are not quite so severely measured.

Not a few men are unfortunately compelled to the exercise of such chicanery by the "force of circumstances." There are men now on the turf who, while they are nominally the owners of a stud of race-horses, are in reality slaves of bookmakers. They have at some meeting extended their arm too far, and have been unable in consequence to respond to the call of time. In other words, in expectation of some of the horses they had backed winning, they betted to a greater amount than they found themselves able to pay. In such an ignominious position they frequently become tools of the bookmakers, and run or do not run their horses as they are told by their master, who, although imperative enough in his demands, may be a pleasant fellow withal.

Bookmakers are fond of doing business with those they call "the swells." Although gentlemen may get into their books, and be due them considerable sums of money, there is always the chance of some day being paid, while they are able in the meantime to turn them and their misfortunes to good account. There are men now on the turf who, it is said, owe thousands of pounds to bookmakers, and even, it is said, to their jockeys.

To those to whom the turf and its surroundings are as a sealed book, such a statement may appear like an outrageous calumny; but it is true, nevertheless, there are dozens of "swells" at the present moment who are under the thumbs of the bookmakers. If the Honourable Tom Twinkleton

has a horse good enough to win the Derby, or the Royal Hunt Cup, or some other important race, big Brassy, the bookmaker, has no hesitation in laying freely against the "hon. gent's" colt, because Twinkleton dare not run unless Brassy please; and unless it *suits* Brassy that it should run and try, Brassy won't please, because the honourable but impecunious gentleman being due the bookmaker a couple of thousands, he cannot do as he pleases in the matter of running his horses under pain of cashing up or being exposed. No wonder, therefore, that Antelope, the Honourable Tom's horse, is so well beaten in its trial the week before the race that it is scratched—much to the consternation of its backers, it being second favourite at 9 to 2. But big Brassy is not ungenerous, he puts the Honourable Tom on the winner, and the honourable gent nominally wins a couple of monkeys (£1,000), one of which is paid to him, the other being placed to his credit. Your shrewd bookmaker likes to play with his fish, an "honourable" must be tenderly handled, because he has many friends; and it is to the interest of a "metallician" to keep sweet with young "swells" even although they are bad payers.

The "mercenaries of the turf," of whom there are many hundreds, owners and bettors, do almost anything to obtain money; they will practise all the tricks which have been described, as well as others of a still more questionable sort, they will submit to any degradation in order to earn a few hundred pounds. In conjunction with a dishonourable trainer they will permit their horses to win or lose false trials, or pull, or poison, or

otherwise stupefy their horses, so that in some future race they may get their animals apportioned a weight far below what they ought to carry. To cheat the handicapper is thought to be fair game, to bring off "certainties" is a matter of weight; horses, therefore, are run with the view of getting off weight, and at this branch of their business some owners and trainers exercise great patience, and will wait year after year in order to pull off a good thing.

There are so-called "gentlemen" on the turf who will bribe a telegraph clerk in order to obtain news of a trial that may have been sent over the wires, or suborn a stableman of a popular stable in order to know what is doing in it; they will even connive with a bookmaker's assistant in order to get an inkling of his employer's commissions. Indeed, there are gentlemen now on the turf who do not scruple, when opportunity offers, to take advantage of their friends and daily companions by laying odds against horses which they know will not win, or have no chance to win even if they run; and there are "gentlemen" who lend themselves to bookmakers to do their commissions, who will either back or lay a horse at their bidding. These toadies of the bookmakers, and they are more numerous than is supposed, never question the morality of what they do, but do as they are bid to do, and ask no questions. These mercenaries have no scruples against being "put in" by the bookmakers to lay as much as they can against the chances of a horse which will not be wanted, or to obtain the longest possible odds against a horse which it is known will ultimately "come"

in the market, which long, *id est*, liberal odds, the bookmaker might not obtain if he himself were to ask for them.

Bookmakers are somewhat fond of working their commissions by the aid of persons who are known as "mugs," that is, persons who are presumably greenhorns; but the mugs have to be frequently changed, as they are soon spotted by the shrewd persons they try to "have." No kind of dirty work is too bad for the mercenaries of the turf, some of whom if the reward were sufficiently tempting would think nothing of "nobbling" the finest animal that ever ran. So that he can make money out of his stud, the mercenary owner will either run or pull. No man knows better than he does that "losing a race can be made a certainty," and that in many instances larger sums of money can be made by keeping a horse in the stable than by running it on the racecourse.

The knavery of the turf is so ramified that it is very difficult to tell either where it begins or ends. The telegraphic wires, as all owners of race-horses, bookmakers, and bettors are aware, are now extensively used for the communication of turf information. In towns where there is a great deal of betting, and in consequence several book-makers, receiving from half-a-dozen to twenty messages every day, denoting changes in the betting or other occurrences during the progress of a race meeting, the telegraph clerks have been known to be so tampered with that information of an important kind meant only for one person has been made public. It is said that in some of our large towns the telegraph clerks have become

demoralised, and that many of them bet on the sly, making use of information which has been obtained in their official capacity, and which they ought not to divulge. Ingenious plans have been devised by these persons in order to utilise messages forwarded from one turfite to another, or from a "tout" to his employer.

Say that a message is sent from an agent in London to a bookmaker in Liverpool, that Judas, an acceptor, is being heavily backed for the Cesarewitch, and that from being at 50 to 1 the previous night he is now at 100 to 6; the clerk will delay the message on some pretence or other for ten or twelve minutes, so that a confederate may have time to visit one or two bookmakers and obtain the longer odds, well knowing that the effect of the message will be to make the horse named a prime favourite in the local betting, so that if 50 to 1 can be obtained, a profit may be made by retailing the bet at a third of the odds. That represents one mode of procedure; another plan of petty swindling which has often been tried with success is for the clerks of one town to get from those of another town the result of some important race with great rapidity, and *knowing* the result, have matters so planned that a confederate will be able to back or lay against, as the case may be, the actual winner or some of the losing horses, with persons who think it too soon for the decision of the race to be known. The plan of working this kind of fraud is for a series of signals to be agreed upon in order to denote the winners and losers in a race. The confederate then proceeds to the Club or bookmakers' chamber, half an hour or twenty minutes before the time

set for the race, and talks over the chances of the various horses, asking the state of the odds, etc. By-and-by his "pal" arrives with the news, but he says nothing, he simply sits down, wiping his forehead or blowing his nose as the case may be. This is the signal agreed upon, and the confederate in a most nonchalant manner says: "Very well, then, Bill, I'll just have a couple of sovs. on Busybee for a win, and a couple on Clarion for a shop." The bookmaker, knowing his client has never quitted the room, suspects nothing, but takes the money and enters the bet. In ten minutes afterwards the official message comes in: "Busybee, first; Mussulman, second; Clarion, third." Such practices, it is said, are common enough.

VII.

Turf chicanery finds a wide field in the executing of what are called "stable commissions," a fact which can be best illustrated by narrating a typical case.

Mr. Salisbury Moor, having been informed by his trainer that his horse, Fatcheeks, had won a very excellent trial for an important handicap, resolved in consequence, in conjunction with Bill Gaiters, his trainer, to back his animal to win the odds to £300; the odds against the horse (there being three in the same stable, each thought to have a better chance than Fatcheeks) being at the time nominally 66 to 1. Gripely—"Bill Gripely," a well-known and smart "man of affairs" in racing matters—was duly instructed to invest the money at the best price at which it could be got on. While that commission was being exe-

cuted, the business of the turf money market was not so open to the light of day as at present, so that a deal could be accomplished without much publicity. Bill Gripely, the commissioner alluded to, and his confederates, Warp and Woof, the bookmakers, were at once able to "tumble" to the situation, namely, that a great trial had been won, as Mr. Moor seldom put more than £20 on one of his horses. So thinking, the trio determined upon securing a very profitable slice of the pudding for themselves. Beginning business at once, the odds of 1,000 to 16 were obtained from four different sources, which bets were followed in due course by sundry others, till, in the end, a pretty considerable sum had been secured, probably not less than £30,000.

Of this handsome realisation of the commission it was not deemed necessary to return the owner more for his £300 than (in the circumstances) the paltry sum of £6,000. The owner of the horse, knowing full well that he had been victimised by Gripely and his coadjutors, resolved to punish the conspirators by striking his horse out of the race. He found, as he supposed, that his commissioners had determined to keep some £25,000 to dole out as the horse advanced in favouritism in the betting. The commission was begun on Monday, and on Thursday forenoon the result was intimated to Mr. Moor, who, as soon as he found out what had been done, struck his horse out of the race, much to the chagrin of the conspirators, who lost a few hundred pounds over the transaction.

Many similar stories might be related, but one serves to show this mode of chicanery as

well as a dozen. As a matter of fact, turf frauds of many kinds, but especially those kinds which entail no penal consequences, are plentiful enough even at the present time. Not many months ago, a sporting writer in alluding to a popular northern handicap wrote in the columns of his journal: "It is quite clear the way to victory is being cleared for the favourite. I question if more than nine horses will be found at the post, or if more than two of these will be trying. *Faugh!* How the dead ones do stink, to be sure."

THE LADY ELIZABETH SCANDAL.

THE sayings and doings of the turf world in connection with "the Lady Elizabeth Scandal" formed the subject of newspaper comment to such an extent at the time, that nearly every person in the habit of reading the public prints must have been somewhat familiar with the unhappy story, which may be briefly retold in these pages.

Lady Elizabeth belonged to the Marquis of Hastings, and was at one time first favourite for the Derby won by Bluegown, the property of Sir Joseph Hawley, in 1868, much to the astonishment of hundreds of persons who believed the Marquis's filly was "sure to win." Lady Elizabeth, during her two-year-old career, had never but once known defeat, as can be seen by referring to the turf chronicles of 1867, in which year the value of the stakes won by her reached a total of £9,665. The race which her ladyship failed to win during her two-year-old career was an important one, namely, the Middle Park Plate, which race fell to fortunate Sir Joseph by the aid of his horse, Greensleeve; Rosicrucian, an animal belonging to the same owner, running second. Had

the Marquis won the Middle Park Plate, Lady Elizabeth's total winnings as a two-year-old would have amounted to a sum of over £14,000.

No sooner had the struggle for the Blue Ribbon of 1868 been decided—in which Lady Elizabeth was nearer last than first, although she started the undoubted favourite for the event with odds of 7 to 4 betted against her chance—than persons began to shake their heads and give utterance to the usual stereotyped remarks germane to such occasions, as, "I told you so," "A rank stiff one," "What a scandal," and so forth.

In plain language, it was assumed by a large section of the public that Lady Elizabeth had never been intended to win the Derby, but that, on the contrary, the mare had been for months an abject "market horse," and that thousands of pounds had been invested on the animal for the benefit of the Marquis and his aiders and abettors in the fraud; that all connected with Lady Elizabeth, from her owner down to the boy who every morning removed the litter from her stall, had made fortunes by means of the milking pail which had been in such constant requisition! Moreover it was currently stated among numerous reports circulated that Admiral Rous had asserted that the mare, just previous to the race, had been heavily drugged with laudanum; but the Admiral, in a letter to *The Times* newspaper under the date of June 15th, 1868, gave an emphatic contradiction to that report. In continuation, the Admiral went on to say: "My belief is that Lady Elizabeth had a rough spin with Athena in March, when the Days discovered she had lost

her form—a very common occurrence with fillies severely trained at two years old; that when the discovery was made they reversed a commission to back her for the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket; and they declared that Lord Hastings would not bring her out before the Derby, on which he stood to win a great stake. I am informed that when Lord Hastings went to Danebury to see her gallop they made excuses for her not to appear. If he had seen her move, the bubble would have burst. But the touts reported 'she was going like a bird.' Ten pounds will make any horse fly if the trainer wishes it to rise in the market. She has never been able to gallop the whole year. Lord Hastings has been shamefully deceived; and with respect to the scratching of The Earl, Lord Westmoreland came up to town early on Tuesday from Epsom to beseech Lord Hastings not to commit such an act. On his arrival in Grosvenor Square, he met Mr. Hill going to Weatherby's with the order in his pocket to scratch The Earl, and found Mr. Padwick closeted with Lord Hastings. In justice to the Marquis of Hastings, I state that he stood to win £35,000 by The Earl and did not hedge his stake money. Then you will ask, 'why did he scratch him?' What can the poor fly demand from the spider in whose web he is entangled?"

In consequence of such an outspoken expression of his sentiments by Admiral Rous, there ensued all round a very pretty quarrel. The Marquis of Hastings replied that the letter of the turf lawgiver was a tissue of misrepresentation from first to last, and that no single circumstance

mentioned regarding his two horses was correctly stated. The late Mr. Henry Padwick, who was at once, rightly or wrongly, "spotted" by the public as "the spider" of the Admiral's letter, quickly joined in the war of words. "I was desired," he says, "by the Marquis of Hastings—who did not intend to be at Epsom on the Tuesday before the Derby—to scratch The Earl for his Derby engagement. Lord Hastings informed me that he had determined upon that course, as Lady Elizabeth had arrived safely at Epsom, and was to run in the Derby. In consequence, however, of a conversation I had had with the Duke of Beaufort, I did not comply with Lord Hastings' request, but returned to town for the purpose of representing to him the conversation which I had had with the Duke of Beaufort. The conversation was to the effect that his grace wished Lord Hastings to reconsider his intention of scratching The Earl, as his doing so would be unsatisfactory to the public. I faithfully represented this to Lord Hastings, who, notwithstanding, decided upon scratching the horse. This he himself did by writing a letter to Messrs. Weatherby, which was conveyed to them by Mr. Hill. Shortly after the letter had been sent, Lord Westmoreland came into Lord Hastings' room, where there were already Mr. Coventry, Captain Barlow, and some other gentlemen whose names I do not remember. Before leaving the room, I mentioned to Lord Westmoreland that I had reported to Lord Hastings the representation made by the Duke of Beaufort, but without effect; and I added that Lord Hastings had sent a letter to Messrs. Weatherby desiring them to scratch The Earl.

I had no control over or interest in the horse, and I was no party to his being scratched; and Lord Hastings, in the presence of the gentlemen whose names I have mentioned, accepted the exclusive responsibility of the act. In conclusion, I beg most unhesitatingly to state that I had not betted one single shilling either on or against The Earl for his Derby engagement."

The trainers of Lady Elizabeth felt very much annoyed at the strong language which had been used by Admiral Rous in his letter to *The Times*, in which he asserted that Lord Hastings had been shamefully deceived (presumably by the Days), and that if he had seen the horse move "the bubble would have burst." An action at law was threatened by Mr. John Day, of Danebury, against the Admiral, but the threat never came to anything, as will be seen in the sequel; and here it may be proper to give Mr. Day's own explanation of the condition of Lady Elizabeth immediately previous to the date of the Derby. In his interesting work, "The Racehorse in Training," that gentleman explains "the mystery," which was, in fact, no mystery at all, the horse having, like many other horses, exhausted her form in her two-year-old career. It is only proper, however, that Mr. Day should speak for himself regarding Lady Elizabeth. He says, pages 156-7: "As a three-year-old she beat nothing. She ran four times and was never placed. Her first appearance in that year was for the Derby, her starting price in the betting being 7 to 4. No sporting man is likely ever to forget the sensation caused by her ignominious defeat. Nothing like it had been known for years or has been known since.

All kinds of sinister reports were circulated. She had been poisoned ; she had been pulled ; she had been trained to death. Nor were these all, for amongst innumerable insinuations then in circulation, too base for repetition here, it was pretty freely said that every man in the stable, as well as every friend of those in it, had made a munificent fortune by rascality at the expense of the ever confiding and credulous British public, which had been unblushingly and grossly victimised, and as usual left to grumble and bear it. But when we come to the facts of the case we find that nothing was ever put forward to show that the mare was either improperly treated or neglected in any way, and I think that we have a right to assume that there was no ground for the complaints, but rather that credit should be given to those in charge of her for assiduity in everything that skill or experience could suggest for her well-being, and that the whole mystery may be summed up in these few words : no robbery took place, nor was one ever contemplated ; the mare had simply lost her form—she was not so good as a three as she was as a two-year-old."

And certainly the man who trained the horse —and no man is more competent—should know, although it is never easy to knock a foregone conclusion out of the minds of a racing public very eager in general to believe the worst.

"But what, after all," continues Mr. Day, "it may be asked, was there so very different in Lady Elizabeth's running to that of hundreds of others of which nothing is heard afterwards ?"

No doubt the very most that could be made was made by the public gossip-mongers, out of

the "Lady Elizabeth Scandal," as it was called at the time. It is in some respects greatly to be regretted that a public investigation, in the interests of turf purity, did not take place. There can be no doubt that Admiral Rous thought he knew "something" more than was allowed to appear on the surface. Mr. Padwick made application to the Jockey Club for an investigation, but his request was not entertained as no charge had been made affecting his character. In these circumstances he wrote to the Admiral, asking that gentleman to reduce to some distinct form the imputations cast on him by the honourable gentleman's letter, so that he might meet and deal with him "in a manner which I have every confidence will induce you to acknowledge the injustice of those imputations, and withdraw the charges you have made against me."

The Admiral sent a prompt reply. It was in the following terms: "In answer to your letter, requesting me to reduce to some distinct form the imputation cast upon you respecting your connivance at scratching The Earl for the Derby after he was paraded at Epsom, and requiring me to withdraw the charges I have made against you, I shall be happy to do so if you will explain why The Earl (by your orders to Messrs. Weatherby) ran at Newmarket, in your name and colours, in the Biennial, and received forfeit in the match as 'Mr. Padwick's The Earl' against See Saw. If you had no interest in the horse, which you stated to me in your June letter, why were all the winnings, including the three Ascot Sweepstakes, paid to your account? These facts must be explained by Lord Hastings and yourself, under

oath at the tribunal you have advised Mr. Day to appeal to ; and wishing that you should exculpate yourself, and that you and Lord Hastings have been made the victims of a conspiracy, I am," etc.

Before going further, it may be as well to say regarding The Earl that, on its two-year-old form, according to "The Book," it did not seem to possess any great chance of winning the Derby ; as a two-year-old it ran twelve races and won four of them. But as a three-year-old the horse made a better mark, as it won six times out of seven, beating Bluegown in the Newmarket Biennial referred to.

From the answer returned to the Admiral's letter, it became known that the Marquis of Hastings being under large pecuniary obligations to Mr. Padwick, that gentleman held some of the unfortunate nobleman's horses in his power, The Earl being included in the number—the particular bond of obligation being a "bill of sale." Mr. Padwick explains that the money won by The Earl—which it was thought prudent should run in his colours rather than those of the Marquis—was placed to a separate account at Weatherby's, "and every shilling appropriated by the Messrs. Weatherby to the payment of the forfeits and engagements of the horses sold to various persons by Lord Hastings, under Lord Exeter's conditions. Even the winnings of the animals I purchased at his public sale (one-third of which the Marquis became entitled to) were paid over to Messrs. Weatherby to the private account of the Marquis ; and I have further contributed the sum of £1,400 out of my own pocket, up to this

moment, to enable him to keep faith with the public."

The Admiral did not take the trouble to write a long reply to this letter; a few curt lines, returning "the enclosures" (letters received at different times from Messrs. Weatherby on the subject of his own account), were all that were vouchsafed.

Mr. Padwick, after the lapse of a fortnight, again addressed himself to Admiral Rous; but the latter gentleman, having evidently conceived a strong opinion on the case, only wrote in a way to indicate that to that opinion he was quite determined to adhere, as the following extract will show: "In your letter of the 30th of September you refer, among other matters, to a bill of sale from Lord Hastings to yourself. A copy of this document is now before me, and I am bound to tell you that, having regard to the terms and other circumstances of the case, I do not feel justified in saying more at present than that, for the sake of everybody, it is essential that the facts should be thoroughly sifted by the examination of all parties before the tribunal to which you yourself have advised Mr. Day to appeal."

But the facts of the case never were expiscated in any court of justice; the legal proceedings which Messrs. Vallance & Vallance had been instructed by Mr. John Day of Danebury to commence were never instituted, as the following brief letters will show.

From Mr. John Day to the editor of *The Times*:

"On the 16th of June last a letter appeared

in your columns from Admiral Rous, under the title of 'Admiral Rous on the Turf,' containing reflections on me and my family. I have now to request the favour of your giving publicity to a letter which has been addressed to me by the Admiral, withdrawing his former letter, and a copy of which I beg to enclose."

The following is a copy of the letter referred to:

"As the legal proceedings pending between us have been stopped by you, I now withdraw my letter published in *The Times* newspaper on the 16th of June; and the fact of my having addressed a second letter to the editor on the same day requesting him not to insert the first, is a proof that I did not consider myself justified in desiring it to be published."

These letters reveal a curious ending to what might have proved, had it been suffered to become public, one of the most remarkable "cases" ever investigated in a court of law. One of the public journals of the time, in speaking of the withdrawal of Mr. Day's action, said: "The action is withdrawn, and the letter is withdrawn, but whether the action is withdrawn on condition of the letter being also withdrawn, or whether the letter is withdrawn on condition of the action being withdrawn, and which withdrawal was first proposed and first accepted, and from which side the surrender was suggested, we, at any rate, know not." But it certainly seems, from a passage in the Admiral's letter, that the trainer had the best of it. "The fact of my having addressed a second letter to the editor (of *The Times*) on the same day," writes the Admiral,

"requesting him not to insert the first, is a proof that I did not consider myself justified in desiring it to be published."

The Earl was not only scratched at the eleventh hour for the Derby, but was also in due time struck out of the St. Leger on the Friday afternoon before the Doncaster race, a certificate of a veterinary surgeon, of date, "London, September 5th, 1868," being published as a reason for the withdrawal of the horse from the great race of the north. When it became known that The Earl had really broken down, some little degree of feeling was expressed by the public in regard to this culminating misfortune which had befallen a broken man. And the reader may be reminded that at the date of the withdrawal of Mr. Day's action the Marquis had been dead for some weeks, and it might be that that fact of itself led to the cessation of proceedings at law.

From the sporting journals of the period a glimpse is obtained of the dealings of Lord Hastings with "the ring," and of the indignation of the magnates of the betting world because of his lordship's disinclination to hedge his "very fine bets." One journal, which professed to be well informed of the contents of his lordship's betting-book, said that the ring would have been well pleased to have given him a sum of £20,000 for his chances of winning the Derby with Lady Elizabeth, on the condition that he would devote the money so obtained to part payment of the arrears of his debts of honour—debts contracted on the turf after his liabilities on Hermit's Derby had been provided for. At the time of the

negotiations referred to, the price of Lady Elizabeth in the betting market was 3 to 1, so that it is obvious enough that the ill-starred nobleman would have won a very large stake if the mare had won the Derby.

His lordship, it should be stated, had made his bets on Lady Elizabeth through agents, whom the bookmakers, in the event of the horse being victorious, would have been bound to pay in full, whilst they had no guarantee that his lordship would devote the money so got to the payment of his debts, he being at the time due large sums to the men who had betted the long odds against the chance of his horse to his commissioners.

This narrative of "the Lady Elizabeth Scandal" has not been penned in a dogmatic spirit. It could have easily, had the writer so desired, been highly coloured. It is perhaps not the worse for being somewhat bald. Sufficient materials have been provided, however, to admit of the reader forming his own judgment on the whole matter; and one feature of the case is evident, and it is from what appears on the surface, the horse (The Earl) should have been eliminated from his Derby engagement months instead of hours before the time appointed for the race.

The following somewhat extraordinary extract from one of the sporting journals of the period indicated will fitly conclude this narration of a rather disagreeable episode of modern horse-racing: "Let it be noted that it is capable of proof that his lordship has not lost money on the turf; that, as a matter of fact, he has absolutely

won from most of the bookmakers; that three of his heaviest creditors have assured me they have on the balance paid him large sums of money; and that one gentleman, who paid him last year £24,000, is now out of pocket by his transactions with him to the extent of £4,000, and cannot even get an offer of settlement. Let it be remembered also that this defaulter has from the commencement trifled with, laughed at, and now defies his creditors; that he owes them thousands of pounds, which they have little hope of ever recovering; and that he has every prospect of winning from them, which he will put into his pocket and probably keep there; and the racing world and the general public have some means of arriving at a true conclusion as to the honour of a nobleman, and the prospects, under present laws, of the national sport of England."

RACING REFORM: SIR JOSEPH HAWLEY'S AND OTHER SCHEMES.

I.

Within the last twenty years many schemes of turf reform have been discussed, and it must be admitted that in the matter of the rules of racing several wholesale changes have already been made. Instead of entering upon particulars of what has been accomplished by the Jockey Club, or indulging in speculations as to what that august body is probably meditating in the way of farther racing reform, it may probably turn out that aid has come from an unexpected source, so far, at least, as one phase of reform is concerned.

The growth of "gate-money meetings" points to the solution of one vexed question of turf economy, namely, an abatement of several petty meetings which were once a feature of the racing season. Gate-money meetings, it must be admitted, are proving wonderfully successful. The effect of establishing these centres of sport (gate-money meetings) will ultimately limit the seats of racing; indeed, it is now prophesied that, after a few years, racing will no longer, as in past times, be "the free sport of a free people." It is being said that the day is not far distant when

Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster will remain—if they do remain—the only meetings in part open to the non-paying public. Newmarket may be said to be already moving in the direction of gate-money.

It is perhaps better that such a change should take place, racing being now more a business than a pastime. It is not an easy task to disguise the fact that the chief end and aim of the horse-racing of the period is gambling; the bigger the meeting the greater the gamble, as those who attend race meetings can discern for themselves. A few staunch votaries of the turf who do not bet are still left, no doubt, to indulge in horse-racing for itself, that is to say, for the pleasure they derive in witnessing the sport, and in some instances because it affords them an opportunity of trying their hands at breeding; but it is not too much to affirm that of every hundred persons now "on the turf," ninety and nine of the number are gamblers.

For twenty years and more the opportunities for gambling by means of the horse have been multiplying on all sides; at all meetings the loudest noise emanates from men who are trying to incite other men to gamble. To-day the horse is our greatest instrument of gambling. A hundred years ago the public were demoralised by means of lotteries; but the money then changing hands was assuredly not one-hundredth part of the amount which changes hands to-day in connection with one or two of our important races. Next in extent to the speculation of the Stock Exchange and produce markets comes the gambling which takes place on such popular

handicaps as the Cesarewitch, Cambridgeshire, and other struggles of the turf.

As has been hinted, the future of horse-racing ("the turf") is in some degree likely to take shape from the new departure in the form of gate-money meetings, as developed at Manchester, Kempton, Sandown, and other places. The joint-stock companies who usually inaugurate gate-money races can afford to offer immense inducements to the owners of the best horses to run them on their grounds; when the "added money" (?) to a handicap amounts to four or five or say even two thousand pounds, it is only reasonable to suppose that the owners of race-horses will compete for such prizes. It is shown on another page that to keep a stud of race-horses is an expensive amusement, and as few men are able to do so without looking for some return by which to lighten their heavy training bills, they are more likely to find what they want at the kind of meetings now so much in favour than at smaller gatherings held every now and then in different and distant parts of the country, where, although the stakes are much poorer, the expenses are quite as high, or even higher, than at Kempton, Sandown, Derby, Manchester, or Leicester.

It is thought by some persons well versed in turf affairs that the success attending gate meetings will lead to each company increasing their number, if they be permitted to do so, in the course of the year. The Jockey Club can, in some degree (and the greater the degree the better), regulate the "quality" of sport; but the stewards find it a work of difficulty to limit the

number of meetings. So long as the public support these meetings in a way that brings profit to their promoters, just so long will they continue to flourish and no longer. What the owners of horses who do not gamble desire is to win big stakes rather than little ones, and owners who keep animals simply for gambling purposes can, of course, offer no objections to well-attended centres of sport; it being borne in mind that the sixpences and shillings paid by the multitude for admission provide the stakes, just as the "small money" received from little gamblers enables bookmakers to lay big amounts to "the swells" against their horses.

Looked at in this light, the well-organised gate-money meetings now held in the vicinity of great seats of population will, in time, absorb a large portion of the racing capital and enterprise of the country, so that the small old-fashioned county gatherings will undoubtedly dry up. The "Innkeepers' Plate" and the "County Members' Cup" will speedily be no longer heard of; and a time will come when the hat will not be sent round among the tradespeople of a county for the purpose of providing a racing trophy for the local meeting. The only county races of the kind indicated will, there can be little doubt, dwindle ere long into farmers', hunters', and yeomanry meetings.

In seeking after turf reform, it must be borne in mind that there are some things which the Jockey Club cannot possibly accomplish; but it is undoubtedly the province of that body to regulate racing so far as the ages of horses are concerned; they can determine when two-year-olds shall first

run, and they can fix a limit, as indeed they have already done, below which the stake to be run for shall not sink. The Jockey Club did a wise action in licensing jockeys and other racing officials; that body may judiciously extend its authority so far as to license bookmakers, and also create a race-going police that shall be a terror to welshers and racing roughs of all kinds.

II.

Sir Joseph Hawley figured in his time as a racing reformer, and judging from what he said and did he was thoroughly in earnest. His propositions may serve as a text for an exposition of what is now held by some good judges to be most wanted in the shape of "racing reform."

By way of exordium, Sir Joseph laid down as a proposition that racing was no longer a national sport, but had become a "mere trade," so far as most of its followers were concerned. "The public are now convinced," said Sir Joseph, "that the system which has been of late years rapidly growing up in no way tends to improve the breed of horses, but is one of simple gambling, and in this state of things the Jockey Club silently acquiesce. Such an impression, rightly or wrongly formed, is most dangerous alike to the sport and the reputation of those who take part in it; but so long as the recognised authorities remain passive, and make no effort to bring about a better order of things, it would be impossible to remove it."

The proposals made by Sir Joseph for comparison with racing as it is to-day may be summarised as follows:

1. No horse to run in any flat race after November 15th or before March 24th, and no two-year-old before September 1st, any horse so running to be disqualified from entering or running at any meeting where the Jockey Club Rules are in force.

2. No entries for two-year-old races to be made more than fifteen days before the day advertised for running.

3. No horse under four years old to run in any handicap.

4. No public money, cup, or other prize to be given in any race to which two-year-olds are admitted, or any race under a mile, or to any handicap.

5. All entries to be made in real name of owner or part owner.

The Kingsclere Baronet also indicated some reformation or widening of the Jockey Club by his proposition "that the basis of the club be extended, and that not only more gentlemen who are large owners of race-horses, but those who take interest in racing as a means of preserving the breed of horses, be invited to become members." Sir Joseph, in formulating his Turf Reform Bill, undoubtedly indicated some of the blots incidental to modern horse-racing, as indeed previous turf reformers had done, and as has in some degree been done since he died. Under the rules of racing as now administered there can be no doubt that the gambling element of the turf has far greater scope than it would be allowed under the stringent regulations formulated by Sir Joseph.

Whenever any proposals are made for racing reform of a substantial kind, strenuous opposition at once begins, both within and without the Jockey Club. The members of that self-constituted body are difficult to move in such matters, some of them at any rate being pretty staunch believers in the doctrine of "use and wont." Some critics have asserted that the gambling element is at

times stronger within the club than out of it; at any rate, it will not soon be forgotten how one of its members at a prominent meeting created a "scene" in the ring because he had been anticipated in backing one of his horses—that gentleman's love of "the noble sport of horse-racing" is easily estimated. Probably before that time comes—it seems to be at present far distant—when no person will be eligible for election to the club who bets, much-needed reforms of various kinds will have been consummated. At some future date it may probably be enacted by the Jockey Club that two-year-old horses shall not run at Lincoln, nor at the earlier Newmarket meetings as at present, but be reserved for a later period of the season; in the meantime, however, with the sordid spirit of gambling pervading every nook and corner of the turf, it is vain to hope for much reform of the kind indicated by Sir Joseph Hawley.

Before leaving this part of the subject it may just be noted that there was no lack of two-year-old racing at Newmarket in the years (1882–83) which are selected as being representative. From April 11th to 14th six races took place in which two-year-olds were the competitors either in whole or part; for these the fields numbered respectively 6, 8, 3, 10, 8, and 3. From April 25th to 28th ten races were run at head-quarters, the fields for which averaged 11 horses. At the May Newmarket reunion (9th to 11th) there were thirteen races in which two-year-olds were engaged, being an average of say 6 horses for each race. The Newmarket July Meeting is celebrated for its two-year-old races, two of which are looked upon

with great interest. In 1884 nineteen races for two-year-olds were run at Newmarket during the first three meetings, and very fair fields of competitors were seen on the Heath. At the Newmarket April Meeting of last year (1890) there were seven races on the programme for two-year-olds.

From these statistics it will at once be apparent that if an abridgment of two-year-old racing is ever to take place it will have to begin at home, and the Jockey Club will require to set the example. Owners and trainers have, however, become so accustomed to the present early and lavish display of two-year-olds on all the racecourses of the kingdom that it will be difficult to enter even the thin end of the wedge. The racing public are wedded to things as they are, and yearlings have become so costly that owners and trainers are glad to see their horses earning money at an early date.

III.

So long ago as the year 1860 Lord Redesdale introduced a Bill into the House of Lords, in which it was proposed that, after January 1st, 1861, no horse should start for any racing prize carrying less than 7 st., under a penalty of £200 and forfeiture of the horse so running. The measure was opposed by Lord Derby, who thought the superior old horses would be placed at a disadvantage by having to carry 11 and 12 st. But why not, was asked, seeing that every colt running in the Derby carries 9 st., and every filly only 5 lb. less than that, whilst no horse in any

race, it is now the rule, shall carry less than 6 st. ? In favour of an increase in the scale of weights our two most popular handicaps may be cited. The Cesarewitch has only been won by horses carrying less than 6 st. on five occasions since 1860. Two Cambridgeshires only have been carried off during the last thirty years by animals bearing weights under 6 st. The City and Suburban Handicap has been won three times since 1860 by horses weighted under 6 st. The Lincolnshire Handicap has only been won once since 1860 by a horse under 6 st. Why a horse of any kind, even a horse of the most mediocre quality, should ever have been asked to carry the feather weight of 5 st. 7 lb. now seems preposterous! That a minimum weight of 6 st. 7 lb. should be fixed upon, with a range of 3 st. 7 lb., or even 4 st., as between highest and lowest, has been recommended by many who have at heart the best interests of the turf. No ill would result in consequence to the noble animal, and the scale would certainly admit of more *men* being employed to ride.

Much could be said on both sides of this question, but there are many engaged in racing who would never at any time have the weights interfered with—they are such believers in use and wont. This, therefore, is one of the matters to which the Jockey Club should again turn their attention ; there is more in what is asked for than the mere fixing of a weight suitable for the competing horses, or for the bringing together of the sixty or seventy animals entered for some well-known handicap.

What are called "flattering handicaps" very

often result in failure when the acceptances come to be declared. We read occasionally in the newspapers that "the Messrs. Asterisk have, as usual, succeeded in putting together an admirable specimen of their art, the fifty-nine horses entered being apportioned such weights as makes it difficult to find a flaw in the handicap," etc. etc.; but despite this flattery and a liberal bonus of added money, probably not one-third of the horses entered are found to cry content on the appointed day.

It is long since a professional handicapper was advocated. Admiral Rous was looked upon by the racing world as being, in his day, an adept in the art of handicapping; but a flaw was frequently discovered in some of his indictments, and in the opinion of really good judges better handicaps than those which, after the Admiral's death, emanated from the office of the Messrs. Weatherby were never made. Now that gate-money meetings are coming into vogue, the professional handicapper is imperatively required. A gentleman who put together the weights for a big race to be run at one of these gate meetings was heard to say, when his handicap was published: "By George, sir, I didn't know my own work"—it had been so mangled to suit particular owners, some of whom were shareholders in the concern. The appointment by the Jockey Club of an official handicapper for their own meetings was a move in the proper direction.

Another racing reform which would naturally result from the raising of the scale of weights would be the abolition of boy jockeys, who are really a blot on the turf. Many of these spoilt

children of fortune would be better at school than engaged in riding horses which many of them are quite unable to manage. A lad weighing 6 st. 7 lb. cannot, it is true, be very much of a man; but an increase of even half a stone on the present lowest weight would give a wider choice of horsemen than at present, and as the weights would be increased all round, older jockeys would more frequently obtain a mount than is now the case. Many of the liliputian riders are so early spoiled by one or two successes that it is to be regretted the system which called them into being was not abolished before it had time to take root. Many gentlemen have long since seen the evil of entrusting great interests to mere children. It has been often said of child jockeys when they have been employed to ride horses pitched upon to carry the fortunes of a stable, but which have failed to win the race, that "it was not the horse that was beaten, but the boy." It is earnestly to be desired, then, in the interests of all concerned that weights should be raised all round to a standard that will admit of a larger number of horses being ridden by men.

As to the distances fixed for races, it may be assumed that the Jockey Club should be able to lay down such rules as would be acceptable to the majority of owners. And here again the gambling element comes into notice in relation to the increasing desire that seems to be entertained for "short spins" for races, that is, of a mile or less. The horses which can be calculated upon to run for two miles and a half may almost be enumerated on the ten fingers, so that there is little room for betting on the result of races in which

they take part. The pronounced "stayers" are easily named, and, as a rule, these only will be backed in long-distance races. In Cup contests, for instance, the betting is in many cases nil, or at all events extremely limited, which renders such struggles distasteful to the betting division of our turfites. It is not so in the case of other races. There is abundant scope for betting in connection with the Lincoln Handicap, the Goodwood Stewards' Cup, and similar fixtures. The Cambridgeshire, too, is usually a good betting race for the bookmakers! In the fast run scrambles over six or seven furlongs, it is, in most cases, very difficult to pick the winner when from eight to fourteen horses are contending, hence a great amount of betting becomes incident to such races, and it is the betting element which plays the chief part in modern horse-racing; but, as it may be taken for granted that most of the members of the Jockey Club are themselves betting men, any reform of the kind indicated will be slow to make its appearance.

Of "added money" and other details of Jockey Club legislation it is not necessary to say more than that a better definition of added money than that in use would be a benefit to all concerned. The Club has the power to decree what it pleases, and the sooner it exercises still greater authority in all such matters the better. It may be found in the end that it will be desirable to classify meetings and grade the stakes accordingly.

With respect to the amounts of money run for, some reforms have already been established, and it may prove that by lessening the number of

races and doubling the stakes, some three-day meetings may be advantageously compressed into two days, which would be a gain to all concerned, except, perhaps, the bookmakers, for there is occasionally more betting over a small stake than there is upon one of three times the amount where the competing horses are, it may be, of a higher class. Another phase of racing economy may be here alluded to, and that is the propriety of peremptorily limiting the sport, so that it may not occupy more than four days of the week. There is not now any Saturday racing at Newmarket, and it would be well if none were permitted elsewhere; there should also be, as a general rule, no racing on Mondays. The tendency of late has been to increase the number of Saturday meetings, and in all likelihood ere many years are past we may have in England racing on Sundays! When it is considered that many seats of sport are far distant from Newmarket, from whence a large number of the competitors are brought, it is early enough to begin racing on the Tuesday, and Saturday should be left a clear day for going home.

The comfort of all engaged in the business of the turf would be greatly enhanced were the racing limited to four days; even the bookmakers, it is believed, would be glad to acquiesce in such an arrangement.

As is well known, the death of the nominator of a horse for a race renders the nomination void —a hard case in some instances, but for which no remedy has yet been devised. Much controversy has been expended from time to time on this feature of turf economy, and in all

probability a solution of the various problems involved when the death of a nominator takes place may some day be arrived at, when the proposal of "deposit your nomination money" may after all be found to be the best way out of the difficulty. With the payment of such large sums of ready money as would be involved, there would undoubtedly be a considerable falling off in the entries of certain classes of races—which many turf men think would prove an advantage.

Other disturbing matters which require to be dealt with by the Jockey Club are as pressing as these which have just been noticed. The "rough" and "welshing" element was never so rampant on some of our racecourses as it is at present, and the turf of late, even at Newmarket, has been invaded by brigades of blackguards, who, by means of the numerous lines of railways, find easy access to scenes from which they were excluded in former years by distance and cost of transport. The presence of numberless bands of insolent roughs, some of them in intimate confederacy, it is said, with the lower class of bookmakers, has not tended to the elevation of horse-racing, nor does it add to the good name of its votaries.

The complaints that find utterance as to the blackguardism which takes place on some racecourses are painful to contemplate. The welsher, in many places, seems not only to be tolerated, but encouraged. If a complaint be made of the most barefaced robbery by these persons, there is, at some meetings, no redress. The welsher is to all intents and purposes a thief under another

name, and on various racecourses is allowed to rob all and sundry with immunity from all consequences. As to the racecourse rough, he, too, is allowed to do pretty much as he pleases, and the members of the brigade to which he belongs have the resources of civilisation at their command. At one Epsom Summer Meeting a party of these bullies attacked a foreign gentleman, denounced him as a welsher, and robbed and maltreated him at the very entrance of the Grand Stand! Every person who has heard the cry of "welsher" uttered at a race gathering knows that it is the precursor to a scene of cruel violence and positive outrage.

No one can accord sympathy to the professional welsher; but bad as he is, he must be protected from lynch law. There ought to be some properly constituted tribunal to which he should be held responsible—his offence is the obtaining of money by false pretences, and it is incumbent on the Jockey Club to devise machinery for the trial and punishment of these pests of the turf. And care must be taken that the racecourse roughs are not allowed to devise plots with the object of having respectable persons attacked and robbed under the false plea of their being welshers. These are matters of police, on which the Jockey Club may, in all fairness, be asked to legislate. It has already done a little something in that way, but it ought to organise a band of special constables to assist in the regulation of the ring. Habit and repute welshers are as well known and as easily identified as the popular jockeys. They should be prevented from entering any of the rings where betting is carried on, and if

found betting "outside" should be promptly handed over to the police to be punished as rogues and vagabonds. A few sentences of sixty days with hard labour would very speedily diminish the regiment of welshers; as for the unmitigated rough, his fate should be that of the garroters—twenty lashes! It is somewhat remarkable that in some districts welshers are promptly dealt with by the authorities, while at other seats of sport they escape all consequences!

In the interests of law and order on the turf, the honest bookmaker should be licensed by the Jockey Club, and by the exhibition of a blue ribbon in his buttonhole, or some other mark of identification, be able to present himself to those desirous of betting as a person who would at once pay whatever amount he bargained to lose. These modes of dealing with the honest and dishonest betting men are obviously logical; at any rate, the hints given afford a foundation for action of the kind indicated, that it is surprising they have not already been acted upon.

The Jockey Club at the present time takes no official cognisance of disputed bets, that part of the business of racing being left to a committee of Tattersall's; but this inaction on the part of the Club is a blunder. It will be well for them to form a tribunal to deal with all disputes about bets—a tribunal which would give a prompt and, above all things, a logical decision, and so carry on from precedent to precedent. The present laws of betting are much in need of overhauling; indeed, to use an old phrase, they require "a new stock, lock, and barrel."

ASSUMED NAMES; JOCKEYS AND THEIR COMMISSIONERS; AND OTHER MATTERS.

WHETHER or not assumed names should be permitted in racing has been more than once submitted to the consideration of the Jockey Club. Persons, it is said, who are ashamed to run horses in their own name ought not to be "on the turf." The admission of assumed names is, however, a feature of turf economy which carries its own condemnation, and need not be wrangled over. In reality the bearers of such names are known to their turf contemporaries, and as assumed names do not save them from being liable to the pains and penalties of wrong-doing, should they do wrong, why they should wear a mask is difficult to understand.

Some little inquiry into this matter was at one time made by the writer.

"Why is it," he asked a famous racing critic, "that Brown does not race under his own name?"

"Oh, don't you know? His father is old Vellum, the dissenting bookseller of Ave Marie

Street, and it would never do to let it be known that his son is on the turf."

"And Jones; how comes he to sail under false colours?"

"Well, you see, his father is an ecclesiastical tailor, a purveyor of robes to the clergy, and likes the sport; but for obvious reasons does not appear himself as a racing man, and so young Mr. Chasuble is 'on the turf' as Mr. Harry Jones."

"Just so. And Robinson—who is he?"

"Robinson is said to be a wholesale dealer in decayed horses."

There are, it may go without saying, many persons engaged in racing whom the turf would be better without, and it has been hinted "that in times past" a few of these gentry could ring the changes of racing in such a way as to render the game highly profitable. But it is not "times past" that have to be dealt with, although there is no security that the malpractices of former periods are not features of the racing of to-day. With one class of persons who assume names the turf could well dispense. It is not a little remarkable that the Jockey Club tolerate men on the turf who try to conceal their identity under assumed names.

A matter of turf reform that may be commented upon here is the irritating delay which occasionally takes place, especially at Tattersall's, before judgments can be obtained in affairs which are in dispute. The Maskelyne case may be cited as an example, not on its merits, however, but because of the fact that although the St. Leger was run in September, the decision against

the backers of the horse was not given until the month of February, after a period of five months had elapsed. Such decisions ought to emanate from the Jockey Club; it is remarkable that it should be possible to accept an entry for an important race about which there should be any dubiety.

The question as to whether jockeys should be allowed, either directly or indirectly, to keep race-horses of their own ought to be seriously grappled with by the only tribunal which can competently discuss the question; although the Jockey Club has decreed that, with one or two exceptions, no jockey shall be an owner of race-horses, it is well enough known that ways and means are found to evade the law. That there are jockeys on the turf who are quite beyond suspicion in all their actions is certain, but for many reasons jockeys should be prohibited from keeping race-horses. It is anything but pleasant for a gentleman who employs a jockey to ride his horse in an important race to find that he is just beaten by an animal said to belong to the jockey. The lad may have ridden an honest race, but will hardly be credited with having done so. When gentlemen hear the whisper, "Will he *try* to win for his employer, or will his own horse win?" they can scarcely feel comfortable. One honest meaning jockey, it is known, never takes a mount when one of his own horses is to run. It has been said that a jockey has as good a right to have horses of his own in training as a trainer, and so he undoubtedly has. But it falls to be considered whether or not it is politic that trainers should run horses of their own. In such cases, however, the men who

require the services of trainers and jockeys have the remedy in their own hands—they should make it a rule not to train in a stable in which the trainer keeps race-horses of his own, nor should they employ upon any occasion a jockey to ride who is an owner of race-horses. There would be no hardship in such prohibition. Jockeys and trainers rich enough to keep race-horses ought to retire from business.

Another nuisance of the turf which is attracting much attention at the present time, and which imperatively demands investigation and reform, is the heavy transactions reputed to be made on behalf of jockeys in the betting rings. "Will Integrity win, think you?" asks one turfite of another. "Well, on public form he ought to do so; but his jockey, I know, has backed Malpractice," and so a doubt is raised as to the honesty of the rider of Integrity. Men, too, are now pointed out in the ring as "So and So Bunkum's" (the jockey's) "commissioner," or as Grabmore, who executes the behests of Tom Strappem, the trainer, and it is a fact that many jockeys have heavy "settlings" at the clubs every Monday in the course of the racing season.

Apropos. Some three years ago a gentleman who had a colt running at a fashionable racing centre in an important race, for whom he had engaged one of the best jockeys of the day, meeting an intimate friend in the paddock, asked him if he had backed The Chanter, his horse.

"No," was the reply, "not yet. I am hanging on here till I know what Billy Mitchell does. What Billy Mitchell does I shall do."

"And who the deuce is Billy Mitchell, may I ask?"

"Oh, Billy is your jockey's commissioner, don't you know."

The commissioner, on the occasion referred to, did not back The Chanter, which only came in third; his orders were to back Billy Purves, which proved to be the winner. Was the owner of The Chanter victimised by his jockey on the occasion, or was the information simply withheld that there was a better horse than his colt among the starters? Numerous incidents of a similar kind might be related, and it has been said again and again that there are even men of position on the racecourses of the kingdom who delight in doing commissions for jockeys. Said one of these gentlemen one day to a prominent owner sportsman: "Well, your horse won't win; your jockey has backed The Starling," and so it happened. No positive accusations are here made against individuals; but a turf system which admits of jockeys riding one horse and backing another animal in the same race to win them a large stake, is, to say the least of it, susceptible of some improvement; but where all, with but few exceptions, are preaching a gospel of gambling, reform seems, at the present time, to be far off.

Three or four trainers are also known as heavy "speculators," and of some stables, of which it is said the principal patron does not bet, the same cannot be said of the trainer, who is likely enough a very heavy betting man, all the more because his chief employer does not himself bet. It has been sometimes said, indeed, of such

stables, that the chief is but a cipher, and that the trainer rules the roost.

Some trainers, it is well known, bet only with the cognisance of those for whom they train, that is to say, if they think the horse has a good chance of winning the race he has been entered for. Other trainers bet on their own behalf, either personally or by the aid of a friend or a commissioner. The trainer of a horse which won the Derby a few years ago was said to have risked on his chance the enormous stake of £7,000. The case of Bob Leathers was much talked about a few years since. He had two horses in training for a big handicap for one owner. One, the worse of the two, as Leathers well knew, was at a short price, the other was at 20 to 1. The trainer piled the money on the non-favourite, but the fact coming at length to the knowledge of the owner, he quietly scratched both horses a few days before the race, and Leathers and his pals were left lamenting; as all who knew the particulars said, "It served them right."

It is not the first occasion on which it has been asked: "How curious it is that Mr. Bloom's horses are always so unsteady in the market, seeing that he never bets!" The reply to such a remark is likely to be: "Oh, but his trainer does, and you know he and Binks, the bookmaker, are almost always together." The inference is obvious. Again, Mr. Trumper keeps a very large stud, and pays his training bills with exemplary punctuality; but for all that Mr. Trumper is only the nominal possessor of so many race-horses. Ted Rubyman, the well-known turf commissioner, keeps the key of the stable, and Mr. Trumper's horses only

"spin" when Rubyman finds it to his advantage that they should do so, and at all times the commissioner has the best of it. If Trumper's horses are not trying, it is certain that they have been well milked for behoof of trainer and commissioner. In consequence, old Robert Girth, Trumper's trainer, is a rich man, who could at any moment throw up training and live upon his means. *Verb. sap.* In such matters a strong arm is required to wield the besom of turf reform.

One other subject may be now discussed. Gentlemen are known to give heavy presents to jockeys riding in a race in which they themselves have a competing animal. Surely that practice is indefensible—in the opinion of the writer it is very reprehensible, and ought to be sternly put down. For one owner of a horse riding in a race to say to a boy who is piloting another gentleman's animal in the same contest, "I have put you on a hundred to nothing, my lad, if I win," is little less than criminal.

The rumours, too, which during late years have been prevalent of "a ring," of which certain trainers and jockeys reap the benefit, have yet to be effectually sifted; where there is smoke there is sure to be fire. The difficulty of obtaining reliable evidence as to such goings on is no doubt great, but not insurmountable; at any rate, an effort should be made to trace some of the rumours to their fountain-head, and if there be guilt, no punishment which may be meted to the offenders will be thought too severe.

The Jockey Club has, it is known, taken action of a kind in the matter of the scandals referred to, particularly as regards the immoderate betting of

three or four of the horsemen of the period, and the men who act for them and serve themselves at the same time. Particulars of what has been "discovered" have not been permitted to transpire, but at the time these remarks are penned (May, 1891) the licenses of two or three jockeys have not yet been renewed, and some persons have been "warned off." The chief difficulty which the Jockey Club has to encounter is lack of direct proof of any evil having been committed; the stewards cannot take action on the mere breath of rumour, and turf evil-doers knowing that, are sufficiently cautious in their operations to render proof difficult; but it is stated the stewards have at length so closed in their nets as to have "bagged" some of the transgressors, or, at any rate, have placed them in such a position as to be able to demand that they shall "prove their innocence" of the charges made against them, some of which, it has been rumoured, are of a serious kind, many persons being implicated. The call for an examination of the bank-books of some of the accused must have startled them not a little, and the demand of whence came this "monkey," or from whom did you receive that "thou" has had to be answered.

"Turf vitality" is a question that has of late years more or less exercised the pens of some keen critics of horse-racing; but the vitality of the turf may be taken for granted even by those who are despondent in consequence of the increase of short-distance races, and the consequent degeneration of our breeds of horses with "stamina." There is nothing to be despondent over or to grumble about, and there is at the present time

a plethora of sport. More horses are now being bred for racing purposes than were ever bred before; our public stables are everywhere full of high-mettled steeds. Many farmers find a business in supplying hay and corn for the stables of Newmarket; trainers' bills become yearly more and more onerous; but for all that, constant accessions to those who carry on the sport of kings are being recorded. The value of the money stakes and trophies of the pastime, which are now being run for, goes on increasing; twenty years ago, a matter of £200 was thought to be a stake worth winning, now £2,000 may be added to a handicap without exciting any sense of wonder. Who, then, dare say, in the face of such facts, that the decadence of the "national pastime" has begun? Clerks of courses, during the last ten years, have experienced a flourishing time, the public attend on our racecourses in increasing numbers, every newspaper of importance devotes a large portion of its space to the news of the turf, whilst three daily papers cater specially for the sporting public, and it is no exaggeration to say that the wires of the telegraphic system are largely employed in distributing news of all kinds respecting the horse-racing of the period. The messages incident to the conduct of "sport" at Epsom and Ascot, as also at Goodwood and Doncaster, are marvellously numerous. To conclude, it has to be said of "the sport of kings" that, so long as it is surrounded by that army of gamblers, which now so fatly flourishes on all our racecourses, it will continue to be what it has long since become, a monstrous game of speculation.

JOCKEYS.

In Newmarket and other racing stables there are a very large number of boys employed—one for each horse—most of whom are apprenticed while very young to the trainers, to be taught the business of a groom. Only a small number of these boys develop, however, into passable jockeys, and fewer still into what may be termed great horsemen. Many of the lads grow so rapidly that they soon become useless in the racing saddle. Every now and again, however, a lad of merit and mettle emerges from the crowd of his fellows and earns a reputation as a consummate horseman; but as there are more than a thousand stable-boys, and only, perhaps, some twenty jockeys of repute, it is obvious that the prizes, as in other professions, are few, and the blanks many. These stable-lads are taught their business with much care, and in every respect are well looked after. They are taken to church every Sunday, and in some training establishments there is Sabbath school and other teaching as well. One trainer, a remarkable man in his calling, not satisfied with two visits to church for his lads, invariably read to them at night one of Blair's sermons. If one of the boys was so

unlucky as to fall asleep, he was at once brought to a sense of his iniquity by a touch or two from a long whip, which his master kept beside him ready for use.

Discipline must be observed in a racing stable, but, as a rule, the lads are humanely treated, corporal punishment not being resorted to now, as it used to be in the days of old. As an illustration of jockey life half a century ago, it may be mentioned that a Yorkshire trainer, named Smith, was invariably severe with his lads, but "was cruel only to be kind." When administering a round of the cane, he used to utter a kind of apology. His usual homily to his victim was: "Thou'lt come to me in ten years' time, my lad, and thank me on thy knees for saving thee from the gallows." The race of old physical force trainers is nearly extinct, and their successors of to-day are generally well-educated men, learned in the character and structure of the animal they train. At many of the racing stables the wives of the trainers take a warm interest in the morals of the boys, and look after them with motherly regard. On some training grounds no work is done on Sundays, on that day the horses are merely exercised.

In course of time, one of the many lads engaged in the stables shows himself to be of the stuff of which successful jockeys are made, and that being so, makes his way to the front, and after a few trials finds himself elevated to the proud position of premier horseman, with every prospect, if he be careful of his earnings, of making, in the course of a few years, a splendid fortune. But he must "keep his head" and not

forget himself, as many a jockey before him has done. "The evolution of the jockey" has, in one instance, been described by "Borderer," a well-known contributor to the literature of the turf.

It was "Borderer's" lot to see a little dark-eyed boy amongst a lot riding at exercise for an Epsom trainer some thirty years ago, and to ask the trainer about him.

"Yes, sir," replied the trainer, "that little chap has not been with me long; he is the son of a man who drives a mail-cart about London for the General Post Office. He gets kicked off twice a week, but is a nice boy."

"Let him ride in that trial to-morrow," replied I, "that we are arranging to have."

"He's hardly strong enough, sir; he only scales 4 st. 7 lb. That boy next him is much better."

Like a wilful fellow, however, "Borderer" would have his way, and the little dark-eyed boy, that looked as keen as a hawk, rode in and won the trial cleverly. "From this circumstance began my acquaintance with Constable, the jockey, for he was no other than my dark-eyed *protégé*. For me he won his first races, and in his earlier years I taught him to have money in the Savings Bank, and he seldom failed to come to me for advice, some of which, I trust, was for his good. A straighter lad than Constable never strode a horse. He promised me when he was free from his articles not to ride for a book-maker and never to pull a horse, and I believe he religiously kept his promises. It sounds egotistical to tell these stories, where the author

is himself concerned, but my readers will, I hope, forgive me. Pope is not far from the mark when he says, 'Just as the twig is bent the tree inclineth,' and so it is with jockeys as with other mortals."

The chief jockey is petted like a prima donna, and made a companion by sporting lords. His movements are chronicled as carefully as those of a Prince of the Royal blood. His cartes-de-visite are in constant demand. He is surrounded by a host of parasites; his "mounts" are backed till they are quoted at the shortest odds; his opinion of the animal he rides is anxiously asked for by owner and trainer; while the ragged regiment of gamblers who pin their faith to his horse are pleased with a smile even from his valet. Sporting journals publish his portrait, and garnish their columns with criticisms of his riding and anecdotes of his career; his bon-mots are circulated as good things, and his clothes are imitated by the vulgar. Moreover, he earns a larger income than a Prime Minister, his services being intrigued and paid for with a power of diplomacy and at a rate of remuneration only known "on the turf."

To readers not versed in the ways of racing it may be explained that when a jockey is so fortunate as to win a race he receives a fee of five guineas, but when not successful in achieving the first place he receives only three guineas. He is paid two guineas for riding in trials on occasions when it is desirable to ascertain the power of some horse to win a particular race. A few jockeys, seldom heard of as winners of races, earn a considerable amount of money by riding in trials. Payment for trials is sometimes, however,

included in the retainer a jockey gets from his master. Jockeys of celebrity are often retained by noblemen and gentlemen specially to ride their horses in preference to those of other competitors, for which they receive a handsome wage or retaining fee in addition to the usual payments for their services in the saddle, win or lose. They may thus be engaged by several masters during the same season, having first, second, and third calls, according to priority of engagement; so that a retained jockey has not the power to ride for casual fees, unless when his services are not required by one or other of his regular employers, and it rarely happens that one or other of a jockey's masters has not a horse for him to ride in all the classic races.

Pre-engagements, then, although remunerative, are not always advantageous. A jockey who might have ridden a Derby winner has often been compelled to mount in that race, in the vain hope of victory, an inferior horse, because of having to obey the call of one or other of those who had retained his services.

The fees earned by a successful jockey, speaking roundly, form the least portion of his income, as the presents given him by owners of horses and numerous "admirers," in the shape of bettors who have backed his mounts, are frequent and valuable. Gold watches, diamond rings, and breast-pins set with rubies; riding horses, dog-carts, and yachts; as well as suits of clothes, new hats, boxes of cigars, and cases of champagne, fall to the lot of fortunate jockeys who win important races. A noted professional horseman a few years ago received, it was said, in

two seasons as many boxes of cigars as would have stocked a modest shop. The same lad was also presented, in the course of his career, with seven gold watches (he always used a silver one) and seven finger-rings set with diamonds, as well as with other valuable jewels. Money gifts to successful jockeys are now, however, the order of the day, and that such gifts are often of great magnitude there is abundant evidence to show. It is well known, for instance, in turf circles that the jockey who rode Roseberry, the winner of the Cesarewitch at Newmarket, was presented by the owner of that horse with a cheque for £1,000; a similar sum being given to the jockey who rode the winner of the Cambridgeshire, also won by Roseberry. Such sums, large as they undoubtedly are, extravagant as they may indeed appear in the eyes of non-racing people, have been more than once bestowed for work well done on the race-course. So far back as the year 1824, Benjamin Smith was presented with a testimonial of nearly £1,000, subscribed for by a number of persons, on the occasion of his admirable riding of Jerry in the great St. Leger Stakes at Doncaster. The jockey who rode the winner of a sensational Derby was presented by the owner of the winning horse, Hermit, with a sum of £3,000. Another gentleman gave him what in racing parlance is called a "monkey," which is £500; whilst a present of £100 was bestowed by a third person. Numerous offerings of lesser value, as also some gifts of jewellery, were likewise sent to the hero of the race, who is said to have netted over £4,000 by his exertions on that one occasion, which is about double the sum paid to Sir Walter

Scott for writing his celebrated poem, "The Lady of the Lake."

These princely gifts, as they may be called, contrast with those modest presents which were given to jockeys by their masters and patrons at an earlier time. After John Day, who was one of the chief jockeys of his time, had in one week achieved victory in two of the classic races for his master, the Duke of Grafton, his grace sent for him and said: "John Day, I am going to make you a present for the manner in which you have ridden my horses this week; I am about to give you £20 in bank-notes of Messrs. ——'s bank at Bury St. Edmund's, most highly respectable bankers." That sum was considered a handsome present in those days, when a successful jockey, if a married man, was generally rewarded with a side of bacon, a cheese, a bag of potatoes, or a barrel of home-brewed ale, in addition to his wages, for at the time indicated horse-riders were grooms rather than jockeys. Persons who "back," as it is called in racing argot, successful horses to win them large sums of money, are generally, in the exultation of the moment, very open-handed, and think it right to give a winning jockey a ten or twenty pound note, or even a larger sum, according to the scale of their luck. Upon a recent occasion, bank-notes of the value of £500 were anonymously sent to a jockey at Newmarket who won a race on a horse the victory of which at the time was most unexpected. The animal in question, during the winter preceding the race, had been made favourite, but latterly—that is, before the day fixed for the decision of the contest—the horse was represented to be out of condition and

not likely to prove successful; but the horse came to the post, started for, and won the race. The money given to the jockey by the gentleman was most likely a thank-offering for a windfall. Many a jockey has received in the same way an unexpected douceur, although not perhaps of so large a sum. Single sovereigns are often presented to jockeys by small gamblers. It is related of a successful light-weight jockey, well known on the turf a few years ago, but who, alas, poor lad, now lies under it, that he accumulated in a money-box, during one season, all the single sovereigns which he received as presents from gratified although humble patrons, and presented them to his sister, the sum so given amounting to a little over £300. Occasionally a jockey is presented with the horse he has ridden when it proves unsuccessful, and in some instances the animal has afterwards proved to be more valuable than was supposed when given away.

The policy of paying large sums to jockeys has frequently been discussed, and those in the habit of giving valuable gifts in money have been well abused for inconsiderate liberality. The interests at stake, however, since the horse became the instrument of gambling it now is, are so gigantic as to render it imperative that jockeys be placed beyond temptation. The total value of the stakes which were contested during last year (1890) amounted to considerably over £446,000, not to speak of the sums dependent on wagers, which were probably ten times that amount. Whether, therefore, in the face of such risks, £1,000 is too little, or too much, or just the right sum to be given with a view to secure a rider's

honesty, who shall determine if not the man who is the proprietor of the animal, and who has very probably backed his horse to win him twenty or thirty thousand pounds? It may appear to many an exaggeration that such amounts are made to stand the hazard of a race, but it is nevertheless true. Race-horses are frequently "backed" to win sums of from £1,000 to £100,000. The horse called Hermit, which was victorious in the sensational Derby already referred to, won for his owner £100,000; and the same sum was "landed"—the reader must excuse the slang—when Lecturer won the Cesarewitch in the year 1866. In important handicaps it is possible to back each of twelve of the horses entered to win from twenty to fifty thousand pounds.

The L. S. D. of modern jockeyship can be expiscated by taking a glance at the number of mounts obtained by three or four of the leading horsemen engaged during the racing season of 1890. In that year the chief jockey earned by his public riding alone the handsome amount of 2,271 gs.; the horseman who was second, earned 1,877 gs.; whilst there fell to the lot of number three in merit (or in success), 1,317 gs. These sums represent only the bare riding fees—there would in addition in each case be "retainers" two or three deep, as also presents in plenty, so that the gross amount stated, 5,465 gs., would in all probability be more than trebled in the course of the season. "I don't value my fees so very much, although they ain't to be despised," said, two years ago, a well-employed jockey, "it's the retainers I get and the presents sent to me that bring up

my income to the mark I like." Said another jockey: "My riding fees alone amount to a thousand a year, and I am satisfied; I earn a hundred or two by riding in trials as well, and I pick up an occasional pony by buying hunters for gentlemen who employ me to do so. A few presents also come my way; one foolish gentleman who won £3,000 over a mount of mine sent quite a lot of jewels to my wife and children."

With reference to the remuneration of jockeys there is this much to be said—they must make hay whilst the sun shines; youth very soon fades into old age, and gifts of horsemanship suitable for light-weight riding are not continued to jockeys for ever. Out of the hundreds of boys who annually join the racing stables, perhaps not ten will have sufficient nerve and ability combined to ride successfully in one of the great races of the season, even after they have undergone a lengthened novitiate. At the present time there are not more than twenty jockeys who have a claim to be considered first rate in their calling.

So far as income is concerned, even a fourth-rate jockey may be a gentleman; he may at any rate earn a thousand a year. The expert horsemen of the period enjoy a total immunity from all the coarser labour of the stable. The fashionable, or, as he is called in the slang of the turf, the "crack" jockey, as soon as his indentures have expired, requires only to ride his appointed horse; he has no grooming to do; he keeps a valet to assist him in changing his dress and to look after his "traps." He

travels from one race meeting to another in a first-class carriage, very probably as the companion of the nobleman or gentleman for whom he is going to ride or has been riding. In the winter season he "will to hounds," and enjoy the pleasures of the chase on his own thoroughbred; or he "will to town," and indulge in the theatre or the opera. When the world was without railways, jockeys required to walk their horses from one race meeting to another; and strings of these animals, accompanied by their grooms, might during the race season be encountered proceeding leisurely along the highways of the country at about the rate of sixteen or twenty miles a day. A celebrated jockey of his time records that his father, a trainer and owner of race-horses in a small way of business, sent him away while almost a child to travel the country with a race-horse, to appear at the different race meetings, enter his horse for those stakes and matches he thought the nag could win, and generally transact such business as was incidental to the situation. "With saddle strapped behind his dapper back" he did as he was bid, and in time became a jockey of renown, ultimately settling down as a trainer himself, in which calling he attained celebrity, training in his day several winners of the Derby and St. Leger.

Another feature of the past may be alluded to. A hundred years ago, the trainers of the race-horses were, as a general rule, the confidential grooms of the gentlemen for whom they acted. Now there are public trainers at Newmarket and elsewhere, who make it their

business to take charge of the horses of any number of gentlemen, and train them on terms mutually agreed upon.

There is one feature of jockey life which is likely, in the course of time, to die out—that is, the sweating jockeys had to undergo, and occasionally have still to endure, to be able to ride at a given weight. It is almost impossible for a growing, well-fed lad to keep from "making weight," and even set jockeys, men of mature years, must occasionally work hard to keep themselves down or bring themselves to scale after a winter's indulgence. In the old "wasting" days there were fewer jockeys than there are now, and no railways to admit of a jockey being whirled from Newmarket to Ayr on an hour's notice. At the present time there is a fair choice of jockeys at all weights to select from, so that sweating does not require to be so much resorted to, or, at least, not in the same degree as formerly. In some of the Newmarket stables, and in the Yorkshire and Berkshire stables as well, there may be found about twenty jockeys able to ride with ability at various weights.

Many anecdotes have been printed of the feats which were formerly accomplished by jockeys in order to reduce their weight. These men knew "Banting" long before the celebrated London upholsterer published his pamphlet, but did not systematically practise the art. Thomas Holcroft, the dramatist, author of *The Road to Ruin*, who was for a short period a jockey-boy at Newmarket, has described the painful process of "wasting" as it was practised in his day, about one hundred and twenty years ago, when

the lads used to walk about for hours enveloped in heavy horse-cloths, trying with all their might to fine down their "too, too solid flesh."

Jockeys have told the writer that "wasting" is a severe penance, and requires to be done carefully. On occasions of quick sweating, pains must be taken to prevent illness, as, if the process be too rapidly carried on, fever or death might result. It is known that a jockey, if not careful as to work and diet, will increase from twenty to thirty pounds during the winter season; but, by taking vigorous exercise, "buried in flannel," he can come back to his proper weight in about twenty days. When occasion required it, as when a jockey was anxious to ride a favourite horse, cases have been known where a reduction of half a stone was accomplished within twenty-four hours. It is painful to see some jockeys after they have been engaged in "wasting"; they look as if all their muscular strength had departed, and as if they could only ride in their bones. Daley, the jockey who rode Hermit in the Derby, was cast by nature in the mould of a thirteen-stone man, and to keep himself at 8 st. 10 lb. or bring his weight to that figure when much beyond it must have been an exhausting process. Many a clever jockey has gone to a premature grave from over-exertion in wasting.

Wasting regimen varies according to taste or the constitution of the man. As some of them say, "What is meat and drink to one jockey is poison to another." Frank Butler's usual diet consisted of a pint of champagne and a slice of dry toast after each walk, while after each race he partook of a small portion of gruel in which

was mixed a little brandy. A Yorkshire jockey, called Jacques—it is not on record whether or not he was, like Shakespeare's hero, a melancholy man—once reduced his weight no less than seventeen pounds in twenty-four hours. Three times within that period he walked from the grand stand at Newcastle to Gosforth Hall, a distance of three miles, making a tour of eighteen miles in all. Jacques was a famous and artful waster. His diet on the occasion under notice was a little tea with gin mixed in it, which caused him to perspire freely; a dry biscuit and a poached egg served in vinegar was all the food he took in twenty-four hours. Sam Darling, another olden-time jockey, walked on an average about five hundred miles a year in order to keep himself down to racing weight. Some jockeys used long ago to waste by means of hard riding, clad, of course, in heavy woollen garments; others preferred to do their penance in their walks from course to course, thus killing the proverbial two birds with one stone. John Osborne once relieved himself of seven pounds of superfluous flesh in one of these walks. Other horsemen have done the same. Many of the jockeys of sixty years ago were as good pedestrians as equestrians.

"Nimrod" tells us that the old system of wasting was as follows: "With jockeys in high repute it lasted from about three weeks before Easter to the end of October, but a week or ten days are quite sufficient for a rider to reduce himself from his natural weight to sometimes a stone and a half below it. For breakfast they take a small piece of bread and butter with tea in moderation; dinner is taken very sparingly—a

very small piece of pudding and less meat; and, when fish is to be obtained, neither the one nor the other is allowed. Wine and water is the usual beverage, in proportion of one pint to two of water. Tea in the afternoon, with little or no bread and butter, and no supper. After breakfast, having sufficiently loaded themselves with clothes, that is, with five or six waistcoats, two coats, and as many pair of breeches, a severe walk is taken, from ten to fifteen miles. After their return home, dry clothes are substituted for those that are wet with perspiration, and, if they are much fatigued, some of them lie down for an hour before dinner, after which no strong exercise is taken.

"From nine at night until six or seven in the morning were the usual hours of sleep. Purgative medicines were resorted to by those who did not like excessive walking, consisting of Glauber salts only. John Arnull once ate nothing but an occasional apple for eight successive days, in order to reduce himself to ride a particular horse for the Prince of Wales. In later days the system was much modified, particularly the length of the walk, and the custom at Newmarket at that time was to go four miles out, where the person sweating had a house to stop at, in which there was a large fire, by which the perspiration was very much increased. Indeed, sometimes it becomes so excessive, that he may be seen scraping it off the uncovered parts of his person, after the manner in which the race-horse is scraped, using a small horn for the purpose. After sitting awhile by the fire and drinking some diluted liquid, he walks back to Newmarket, swinging his arms as he proceeds, which increases the muscular actions. Sufficiently

cool to strip, his body is rubbed dry and fresh clothed, when, besides the reduction of weight, the effect is visible in his skin, which has a remarkable transparent hue. The most mortifying attendant on wasting is the rapid accumulation of flesh immediately on a relaxation of the system, it having often happened that jockeys weighing not more than seven stone have gained many pounds in one day from merely obeying the common dictates of nature, committing no excess."

It is essential that all jockeys should be careful about being of the proper weight, or when they are over it, of having the overweight declared when going to ride, otherwise they would lose the race if they should happen to be first at the winning-post. When the jockey cannot ride at the prescribed weight it is made up by placing slabs of lead on the horse inclosed in woollen pockets. In all races the clerk of the scales requires to be very particular in seeing that jockeys weigh exactly the weight allotted to their horse. The weighing-out of a jockey for his race is a work of nicety: he is placed in the scale along with his saddle, and he must be in the very pink of condition if he can ride a severe long race and afterwards scale the weight he drew before mounting the horse. Trainers and owners have frequently experienced an anxious moment at the weighing-in of their jockey after the race; the bridle has sometimes to be taken off the horse and thrown into the scale before the "all right" of the clerk can be given.

Among the miscellanea appertaining to the subject of jockey life it may be mentioned that

noblemen and gentlemen occasionally don the livery of the turf in order to ride at race meetings, chiefly, however, in hunting and steeple-chasing. They rarely display their talents in what are called "flat races"; but many gentlemen riders would make excellent professional horsemen, although, it is said, a professional can always give an amateur jockey a stone in the weights. There is a tradition in Yorkshire of a clever jockey who was a girl, but so far as we can learn it is only a tradition. Buckle was a successful and hard-working jockey; from 1783 to 1831 he was, indeed, the horseman of his day. An instance of his power of work may be stated—he would ride from his residence to Newmarket, take part in a trial, and then come home the same day to tea at six o'clock, the distance covered being ninety-two miles, not counting the riding he would accomplish on the course at the capital of the turf.

A great feat of jockeyship was that accomplished by Benjamin Smith, who rode and won a race after having one of his legs broken in the struggle. The rider of Caractacus, in a race at Bath, was so unfortunate as to break his stirrup leather, but he nevertheless defeated all his opponents, and was so clever as to bring the detached stirrup home with him, so that he was able to scale the correct weight. A clever horseman once upon a time won the St. Leger after his horse had run into a ditch, and seemed to have lost all chance of victory. George Herring, a jockey of the olden time, achieved a feat which is recorded among the miscellanea of the turf; he was so fortunate as to win nineteen

races in succession, without one single intervening defeat, a triumph that we are not aware has been attained by any other jockey.

The word jockey is in itself significant. One of the meanings of it, which Dr. Johnson gives, is, "a cheat, a trickish fellow." Another meaning given is, "to jostle by riding against one." To a great many the word is indicative of some phase of knavery. "He was jockeyed out of his money," is a phrase which denotes this. There is more in these meanings than is generally supposed. Those who are not behind the scenes of turf life have in general no idea of how races are run and won. They see the horses gallop from end to end of the course, but they may not be aware that each jockey has received from his master or his master's trainer particular instructions as to how he must comport himself in the race. The rider is not allowed to ride as he pleases, but must guide his horse at the will of his master. The directions given to a jockey are sometimes exceedingly simple. "Get home first," Lord George Bentinck used to say, "and to do that make every post a winning-post." Another owner will tell his jockey to "get to the front, and keep there till you are past the judge's chair." Some masters, again, delight in complex and garrulous instructions that would puzzle the wit of an old man to understand and obey, far less a jockey-boy of probably tender years. Any lad, if the horse he rides be only good enough, may win an important race, but in the end superior jockeyship generally gains the day; and it sometimes happens that the fastest horse in the strggule is beaten

by the superior acumen of the boy who rides the winner.

The talents of jockeys vary considerably. One will lie in wait with his horse and "steal" the race from his opponent so quietly and win by so short a distance as to excite wonderment as to how it was all brought about. Another boy, if he feels that the horse he is riding is equal to the task, will make his way to the front and force the race from beginning to end with, so to speak, a flourish of trumpets. All that a jockey has learned, all that he knows, must be brought into requisition in the supreme minute or two which is devoted to the struggle. If a jockey has any talent, then is the time for its exhibition. Whilst the race is being ridden the owner and trainer of the horse engaged in the contest busily survey the scene with all attention through their powerful field-glasses, so that they are able to see whether or not their instructions are being obeyed by the jockey who is riding their horse.

A jockey riding in an important handicap has need of all the firmness and nerve he can command. A moment's inattention may lose him the race; there are others quite ready to take advantage of any mistakes he may make. He must have a good head and a fine hand; with the one he examines and judges the horses which are racing alongside of him, so as to note their power and see what their jockeys are doing; with his hands he feels the strength of the animal he is himself riding, so as to be able to regulate its pace and "bring" it at the right moment for a supreme effort. Any want of ability or misconduct on the

part of a jockey in the riding of a race is at once detected by the questioning eyes which are ever following him as he rushes to the goal.

What are called "fine hands" are essential to a jockey; they are the instruments which indicate to him the strength and power of the animal which he is trying to guide to victory. Some horsemen have this gift in perfection, and have known how to use it to the best advantage. Strong horses will occasionally run away with the race, leaving the jockey powerless. In such cases what can a child, weighing perhaps six stone, do but sit still? It was a maxim of a celebrated jockey that a horse ought to be ridden as delicately as if it was being held in check by a silken thread; but each jockey in time acquires a style of his own. Some lads are famous for making their opponent believe the horse they are riding is quite out of the hunt; this is "kidding," and they so act as to put the rider of what may be a superior horse off his guard, and having done so, to a greater or lesser extent, they will sometimes by a final rush (if their horse is good enough) win the race, and so obtain the credit of being brilliant jockeys. Old horsemen of the "knowing" type will try what they can with safety, during a contest, to keep their younger brethren from scoring a win, all the tricks of the trade being brought into requisition on such occasions. A first-rate jockey, however, has qualities that are far beyond the range of mere cunning; he has a firm and graceful seat on horseback, "fine hands," and, above all, he is a good judge of pace, quite able to calculate whether the horse he is riding can last the distance he has to gallop, so as to be sure of winning,

or whether he will require to be eased in his pace, or "nursed" for a final effort. There are jockeys who, for sinister purposes, can make a great show of riding power, but who, for all their doing so, "pull" their horse to prevent its being first; but as a rule the morale of the modern jockey is fairly good. Black sheep are to be found in the flock, but the great majority of the public horsemen of to-day, notwithstanding what they have in their power, are beyond suspicion.

ABOUT THE JOCKEY CLUB.

I.

ALTHOUGH many sketches descriptive of the Jockey Club, its members and stewards, have from time to time made their appearance in sporting journals, no consecutive history of that institution has yet been published; and even were all the dribblets of information about it which have percolated through the press added together, the result would be rather bald. Till the Club itself shall put forth an account of its history, or allow some credible historian access to its archives with the view of placing before the public a full narrative of its origin and its ways and work, as also an account of the men who originated it and those who have carried it on, I despair of ever knowing more of it than I do at present. Few persons, indeed, other than those very intimately associated with the "sport of kings," know much about the interior working of what is undoubtedly the most remarkable institution of our day. Nor has it been given even to persons deeply interested in the business of the turf to ascertain with precision the varied functions of the Club, or the mechanism by which it moves. It would require

the sum of knowledge possessed by perhaps a score of well-informed outsiders to make up a chronicle that would form something like a history of the institution, or supply a reliable account of its means or motives of action, or the wonderful powers with which it has endowed itself.

The Jockey Club, without being incorporated by Act of Parliament, and without any legal constitution—a self-elected body, in fact—through its stewards—a council of three—acts as a tribunal, civil and criminal, in every matter pertaining to the turf, its authority in all racing matters being acknowledged throughout the United Kingdom. From its judgments there lies no appeal, there being no higher court. No alternative remains, "obey, or depart without the pale" is the order of the day. Sinners have occasionally shown fight, and bearded the lions in their den; but, as a rule, implicit submission is given to the mandates of the club; every one having a part, however trivial, to perform in the national pastime comes under its sway. Trainers, touts, jockeys, judges, and starters, all must submit to "the stewards," whose words are law. Trainers who may drug, or boys who may pull their horses, have cause to tremble; should their sins find them out, banishment from the turf at Newmarket—the chief scene of horse-racing in England—as well as from every other racecourse in the United Kingdom, would be certain to follow. A sharp eye is now kept by the stewards on all inconsistencies of form; should an animal fail in a task to-day, and accomplish a difficult feat to-morrow, it is almost certain the "council of three" will call to account those connected with the horse and demand explanation.

As has been stated, the inner history of the Club is not as yet public property. The Jockey Club is simply of the nature of a private society, and racing authorities differ somewhat as to the time when it was instituted. One writer says it was during the reign of George II.; another tells us the Club was constituted between the years 1750 and 1760, when a few gentlemen interested in the sport of horse-racing, and who, moreover, were in the habit of riding their own horses, banded themselves together, and became founders of the tribunal which at present governs the "sport of kings." The original title to enrolment, it has been stated, was the wearing of boots and spurs. The first official mention of the Club occurs in Heber's Racing Calendar for 1758, under the heading of "Orders," given for the purpose of compelling riders to weigh when they came in from running their horses in a race, on pain of being dismissed, which order is signed by Lord March and other noblemen and gentlemen then members of the institution.

In an excellent, although brief, sketch of the history of the Club contributed to the "Badminton Library," we are told that tradition points to its origin in the year 1750, before which time the usual meeting-place for gentlemen attending Newmarket was the "Red Lion Inn," the site of which is supposed to have been on the present Station Road. In 1752, the subscription-room was built, and it may be taken for granted that the Club would then be formed, or had been formed a little time previously. It was not till the year 1770 that stewards began to be regularly appointed, and their duties defined;

there were stewards, however, eight years previously, but the functions they fulfilled are not known. From its beginning, the members of the Jockey Club were persons of high social position.

Strictly speaking, the Jockey Club had no authority or power to extend or enforce the observance of their laws at any other meetings than those held at Newmarket; but it soon became evident that a uniform and general application of its rules or laws was desirable, and therefore by a sort of tacit understanding it gradually became customary for all race meetings of importance to place themselves under the laws of the Jockey Club by a general consent and acknowledgment of its authority. In many cases, however, there was a doubt respecting the extent and power of application of the said laws, and therefore, in 1831, the Jockey Club notified that their rules and orders applied to Newmarket *only*, but they recommended their adoption to the stewards of other races, and in places where they were publicly adopted and recognised the Jockey Club would investigate and decide on disputes submitted to them for adjudication, but not otherwise. It was also made a condition that when the question or dispute submitted originated elsewhere than at Newmarket, the statement of the case must be reduced to writing, and must be referred through or with the sanction of the stewards of the races where it happened.

I am indebted for these remarks which, so far, indicate the rise of the Jockey Club to power, to an anonymous volume published in

1863, which contains many observations on the powers and duties of the Club, and the mode in which they ought to be carried into execution, the object of the commentator being to point out how wonderful a circumstance it is that the whole racing community can be held in check by a self-constituted body. That is certainly remarkable, but is not more so than that, at every race meeting, tens of thousands of pounds sterling change hands, as it may be said, by means of a nod of the head of one person to another, neither bill nor bond being required to bind the transaction, which as a rule is honourably implemented by both parties.

What probably in the beginning most helped to give the Club that power it now exercises was its interest in Newmarket Heath. For two centuries and more Newmarket has been to trainers and jockeys what various seats of some particular industry are to the persons interested in that industry. The Jockey Club, which has no palatial London dwelling-place—having, as a matter of fact, only an office there for the transaction of business—possesses a suite of apartments at Newmarket, and holds in its own right, or by lease—chiefly the latter—all the land of the Heath now being used for the various racecourses or public training-grounds, from which it derives a large income, each horse exercised at Newmarket being charged for at the rate of five guineas per annum. Considerable sums of money are also derived from charges of admission made at various stands and enclosures pertaining to the different racecourses, and these are being multiplied by order of the Club, which

seems to be fashioning racing on the Heath pretty much in the same way as if the meetings held under its auspices were gate-money meetings.

II.

The "Rules of Racing," which have for a long period given law to the turf, and the code of honour pertaining thereto which all racing men respect and obey, have been from time to time revised and made more perfect by the Jockey Club, which numbers at the present time about one hundred members, and makes itself felt through the stewards, to whom, for all practical purposes, its powers are delegated. During their period of office, to which they are nominated by their predecessors, the stewards address those who are interested in the sport of horse-racing through the official "Calendar," which is published in London by the Messrs. Weatherby, of Old Burlington Street, who may be termed the mouthpiece of the Club. In racing circles these gentlemen are much respected, one of them being "keeper of the match-book," and it would be rather difficult to say what functions connected with horse-racing they do not take part in.

Messrs. Weatherby, in addition to being, as may be said, clerks of the course for all races run over Newmarket Heath, and therefore recipients of entries, scratchings, etc., also officiate in a certain sense as bankers to a considerable number of gentlemen who own race-horses and have payments to make in connection therewith.

By payment of a slight commission on such transactions as take place, gentlemen are saved the trouble which pertains to receiving stakes they may win, or of paying personally such entry-money and forfeits as may have been incurred in the races they have been entrusted by clients to enter horses in. The gentlemen likewise keep a record of sportsmen who, for various reasons, prefer to pursue their career on the turf under an assumed name ; as also a register of the racing liveries or "colours" selected by owners to be worn by their jockeys, and of these about nine hundred different arrangements are annually chronicled.

Among their other duties, Messrs. Weatherby edit and print the Book and Sheet Calendars of the Jockey Club, in which race meetings are announced, entries of horses in various races published, handicaps made public, and through which the general business of racing is made known to its votaries. Nominally the headquarters of the Club are at Newmarket, but it may be assumed that the larger portion of the business is transacted at the offices of Messrs. Weatherby, in the great metropolis.

The Jockey Club is, of course, best known through its works and the laws laid down for the government of the turf. The "Rules of Racing" are entirely the work of the Club. For the information of persons who have never been behind the scenes, these rules may be here briefly glanced at. They provide for all the contingencies which may be expected to occur during the progress of sport ; these are so well provided for, indeed, that if a jockey meet with an accident or

be killed at the winning-post, provision is made for his being carried to the scales to be weighed. An explicit date is set down when flat racing shall begin and end in each year. The powers bestowed on the stewards of the different race meetings throughout the country are generally defined; the gathering has to be under their direction, they must regulate the conduct of all officials and persons coming to the meeting on business—that is, trainers, jockeys, and others. The power of punishing evil-doers is vested in the stewards, who may fine or suspend any person in fault. Stewards of meetings, it is commanded in the "Rules of Racing," shall exclude from the stands, and other places under their control, every person who has been "warned off" Newmarket Heath, persons who are in the unpaid forfeit list, also every jockey suspended for corrupt practices on the turf, while as a means of ensuring good order at meetings it is ordained by the "Rules of Racing" that "the clerk of the course, or corresponding official, shall be the sole person responsible to the stewards for the general arrangement of the meeting," a clause evidently devised to bring some kind of machinery to bear for the exclusion of roughs and welshers from the racecourses of the kingdom.

The following remarks will be generally accepted as being greatly to the point: "If an individual member of the turf suffers a pecuniary wrong, it is the Jockey Club to whom he applies for redress; and should his honour be assailed, he places his reputation before the same authority for vindication. In truth, looking

up as the sporting public do to this body as the chief and sovereign head of their own community for either approbation or condemnation, and with such serious obligations on their own part, and weighty and grave matters to deal with and adjudicate upon as regards others, it behoves them to be careful in their own actions, and tender in investigating and deciding upon the action of others. To have the moral right of sitting in judgment upon and deciding a question of honour with respect to others, they must themselves be beyond reproach as reflected in their own character and actions; but their verdict can never be impeached as long as in their own persons they set an example to others of high and honourable conduct."

III.

The jurisdiction of the Jockey Club will always, in my opinion, be incomplete till it accepts the responsibility of laying down the law in questions as to disputed bets, and of deciding when horses are in a race or when they are not; as, for instance, in the case of Maskelyne, about which there was a few years ago much discussion, resulting in the illogical conclusion that, although the entry of that horse was informal, and consequently inept, those who backed it were ordered by the committee of Tattersall's to pay their bets! Why should it be possible to make an informal entry of any horse for any race? Hitherto it appears to have been among the unwritten laws of the turf that any person might enter any animal he

pleased in any way he liked, without let or hindrance, and any one can still do so, and thus open a wide door to fraud. To promote the interest of bookmakers possessing a dishonest turn, half-a-dozen Maskelynes might be entered for important races. Such entries, no doubt, as in the case of the horse named, may hitherto have been accidental; but in future such entries might be made all but impossible by being brought, by order of the Club, under the cognisance of some responsible official whose duty it should be to oversee all entries and check the age and breeding of the animals submitted for the various races.

With regard to bets, it is notorious that in the case of disputes a really logical decision on the merits of a case can seldom be obtained. Decisions are often given on what may be called a "sentimental" view of the subject; it would not be difficult to cull from the annals of Tattersall's a string of judgments each of which would put the other out of countenance. The committee to whom is confided the giving of a decision in a case of disputed betting is too big. A very small tribunal, always composed of the same men, the consistency of whose decisions could be watched and discussed by those interested in the purity of the turf, would act with such promptitude as would enable "quorums" to be dispensed with—the "quorum" system, indeed, might be advantageously done away with.

The unique position occupied by the Jockey Club, which has been, so far, described for the benefit of the uninitiated, is, of course, known to all interested in the business of racing. The Club, as lawgiver of the turf and as its own

executive, is despotic; it makes laws and alters them at discretion; the plain truth is, it seems to be perpetually engaged in the patching of the "Rules of Racing," which have been the growth of the last seventy or eighty years, and which, instead of being occasionally patched, ought to be revised from beginning to end—or, perhaps, if they were "entirely reconstructed" it would be better. In all probability the original framework has been so patched as to be past recognition. Any person who takes the trouble to look over the "Rules of Racing," which are to be found in "Ruff" or any of the other guides to the turf, will at once see that many of them might be with advantage altogether excised. The terrible penalties against horse-watching, especially in regard to trials, might at once be removed from the statutes; as they stand they only provoke laughter; in fact they are altogether obsolete, and seem to us moderns "full of sound and fury."

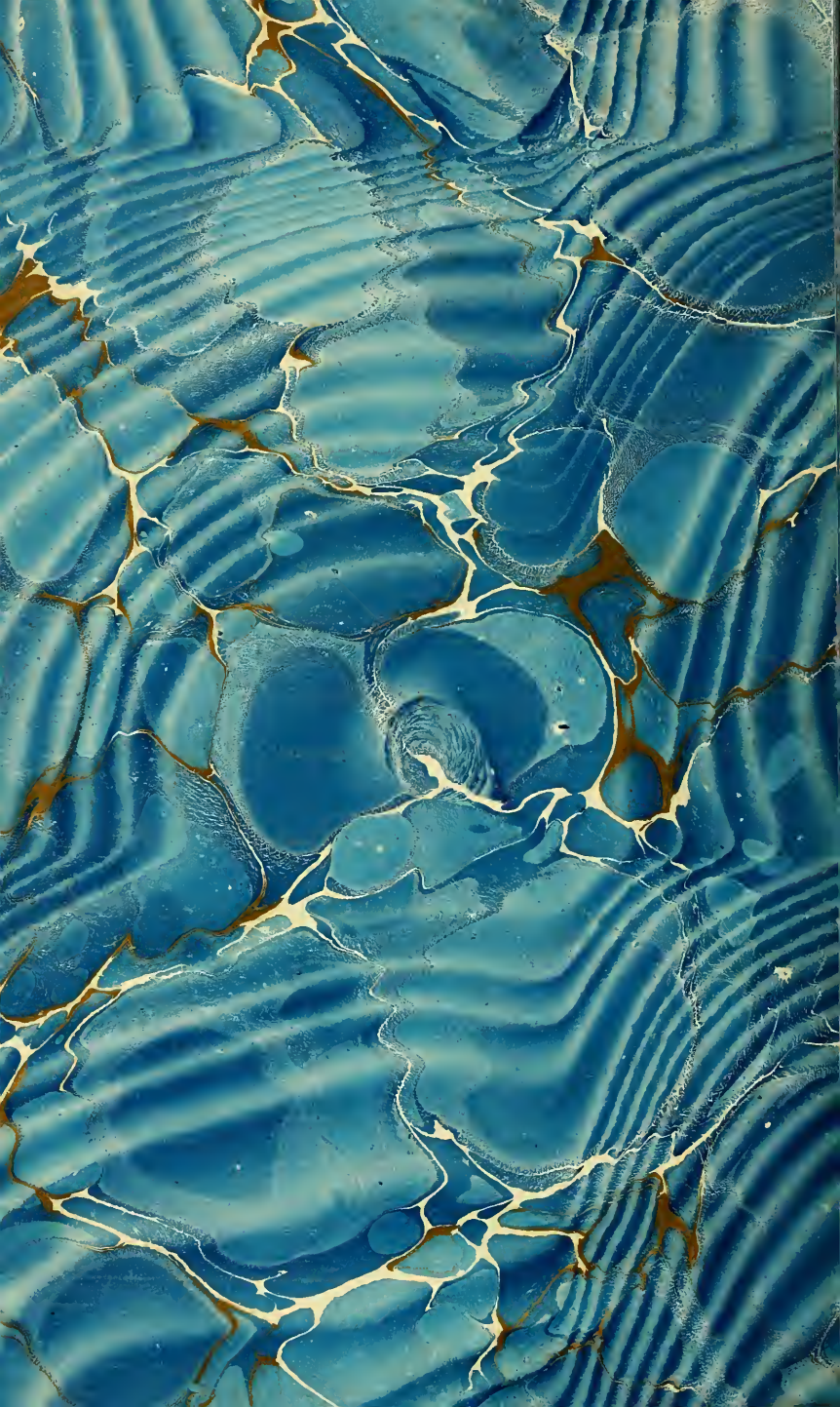
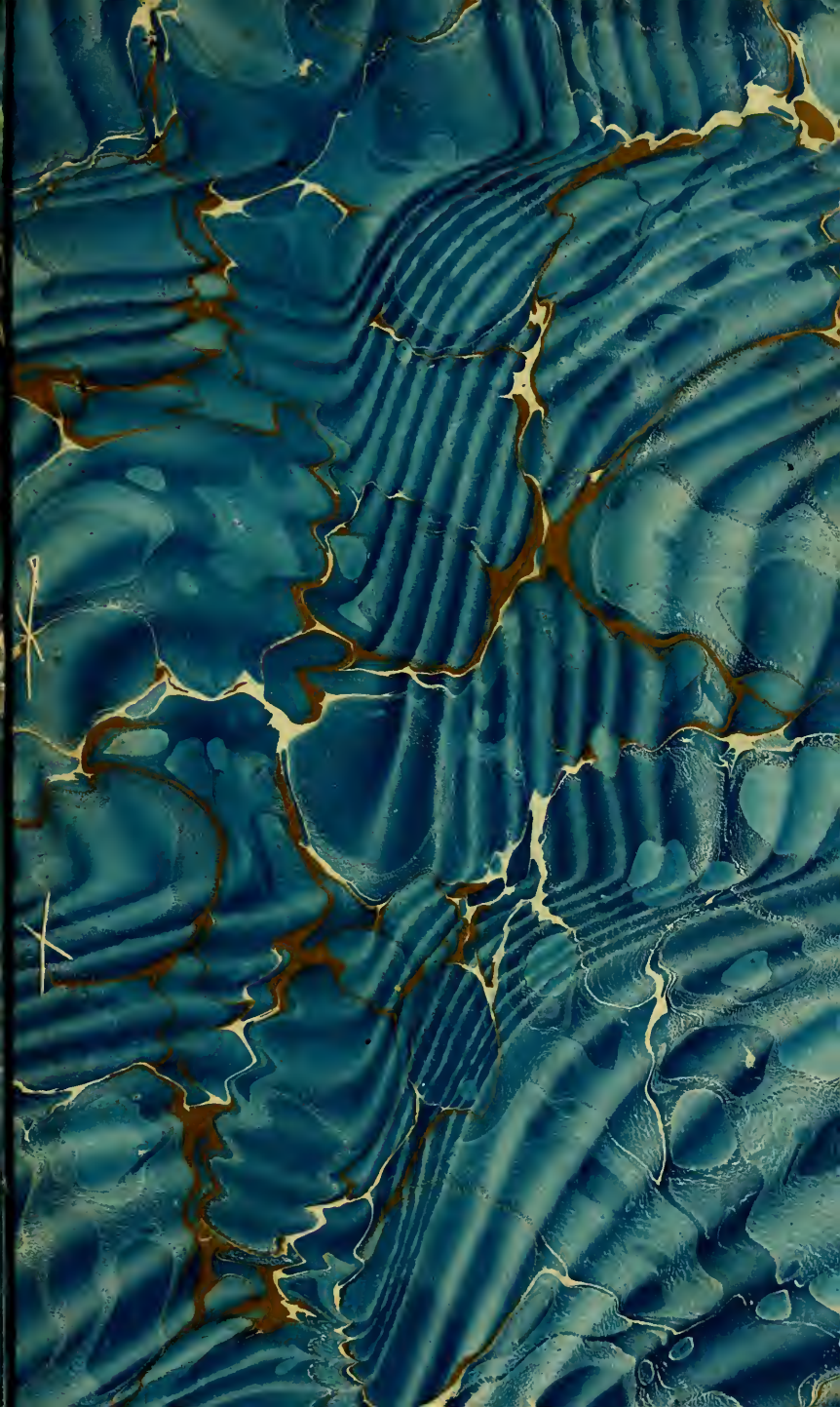
The following sentences comprise the rules of racing, so far as they relate to "corrupt practices," among which will be found what is said in regard to the watching of trials: "(i.) If any person corruptly give or offer any money, share in a bet, or other benefit to any person having official duties in relation to a race or to any jockey; or (ii.) If any person having official duties in relation to a race, or any jockey, corruptly accept or offer to accept money, share in a bet, or other benefit; or (iii.) Wilfully enter or cause to be entered or to start for any race a horse which he knows to be disqualified; or (iv.) If any person be detected watching a trial, or proved to the satisfaction of the stewards of the Jockey Club to have employed

any person to watch a trial, or to have obtained surreptitiously information respecting a trial from any person or persons engaged in it, or in the service of the owner as trainer of the horses tried, or respecting any horse in training from any person in such services ; or (v.) If any person be guilty of any other corrupt or fraudulent practices on the turf in this or any other country ; every person so offending shall be warned off Newmarket Heath and other places where these rules are in force."

These laws were evidently devised in favour of betting owners, who cared little about racing except for the opportunities afforded for gambling. During these latter years the Jockey Club has been criticised by several sporting writers with unsparing severity ; various faults incident to a pastime which within the last sixty or seventy years has developed into an immense institution of the gambling order having been improperly laid at its door. The Club, or at all events the men who direct its work, are not seldom held up to the public as "anserous noodles" of the deepest dye, as "men, indeed, who could not be entrusted to groom a horse, far less to make laws for the regulation of horse-racing." Nothing comes easier to some writers when, unfortunately for the public, they are entrusted with the use of pen and ink, than abuse ; but happily abuse is not argument, and no writer desirous of seeing the turf in a flourishing condition, or who is anxious to have its unsavoury surroundings eliminated, can ignore the useful work done by the Club within the last ten or twelve years, which may be assumed as the precursor of more

good work to follow. What may, however, be very properly charged against the Jockey Club is that, being a dealer in racing itself, it is wrong for it to regulate the racing of other companies; it is, in reality, as if one firm of tailors were to constitute itself the supreme head of the trade, and say to all other tailors: "You shall do as I tell you; you must cut your cloth as I dictate, and sell at the price I name." The Club has in its day done much to further the interests of the turf, but much remains yet for it to do—not so much, however, in the devising of big stakes to be run on its own race-ground, but in various reforms incidental to race-running and in codifying and revising the laws of the turf.

THE END.

CHARLES DICKENS AND EVANS, CRYSTAL PALACE PRESS.

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